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# JOHN DENTIL

Come behind the closed doors of the world's most rocking-secret society

By TYSON KABANI 32

FRONT: CITY OF CHAMPIONS • 10 / MUSIC: CHROMEO • 31 / FILM: BROKEN FLOWERS • 40

# IS THIS AN ALBERTA WORTH CELEBRATING?

Can you imagine working in a place where people wet themselves at their work stations because their bosses won't give them permission to go to the bathroom?

How about a place where workers are often denied pay for hours of work they are forced to do before and after their regular shifts?

Or where people face a high probability of serious injuries - including back injuries, repetitive strain injuries and deep knife cuts - every time they go to work?

Or where people run the risk of being fired if they report their injuries or if they complain about being required to work six days a week, week after week?

If these sound like stories from the Third World, think again.

#### THIS IS ALBERTA'S SHAME IN 2005.

The workers in question - mostly newly arrived immigrants - are employees at the Lakeside meat-packing plant in Brooks, Alberta.

They've formed a union and they've been trying to negotiate a first contract.

All they're asking for is the same kind of working conditions and fair treatment that other Albertans take for granted.

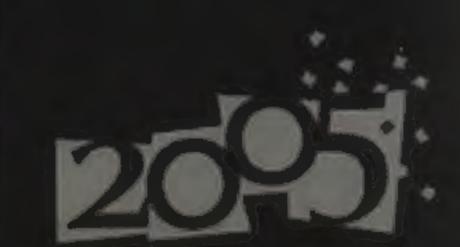
Unfortunately, managers from the U.S.-based corporation Tyson Foods – which owns the Lakeside plant – have dug their heels in. They refuse to accept the workers' appeals for bathroom breaks, fair pay and improved safety.

#### YOU CAN HELP! Call your MLA.

Call the Premier. Tell them you think the situation in Brooks is Alberta's centennial shame. Tell them to use their power to impose an agreement that is fair and binding on both sides. Also, don't eat at McDonalds. Don't shop at Costco. They serve Lakeside products.

Let's celebrate our province's 100th birthday by guaranteeing that all Albertans receive

#### FAIR TREATMENT IN THE WORKPLACE!



A message from the United Food and Commercial Workers, Local 401 and the Alberta Federation of Labour

"WHEN I CAME TO CANADA, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND THIRD-WORLD WORKING CONDITIONS."

- Godwin Iwanegba, Lakeside Packers Employee

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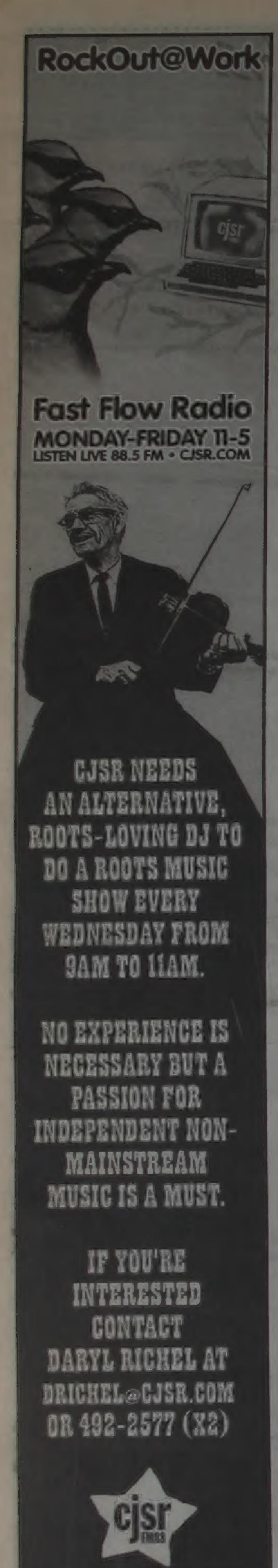
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The Illuminati - according to some, a super-shadowy secret society that continues to shape world events to this dayoriginally began as a short-lived Bavarian republican movement started by an ex-Jesuit named Adam Weishaupt and his pal Baron Adolph von Knigge in 1776, drawing mostly on former Masons fed up with the Roman Catholic church's dominance of their culture until the church forced the society to disband in 1784. But what does this have to do with the rock band The Illuminati? Well, nothing. They just thought the name sounded cool • 32

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some pathos,

# three

ADIMA

#### BY RICHARD BURNETT

#### Crazy like a fox

There are so many great new writers in Canada that I've lost track of who's who, not to mention who's "post-gay." One writer I've no trouble remembering, though, is Matthew Fox, whose fab collection of 11 short stories, Cities Of Weather, I've read on the beach, on the balcony and over a couple pints at my preferred watering hole.

Fox's own favourite neighbourhood bar in Montreal is around the corner from mine, which is where you'll find the Windsor native when he's not writing. Which is kind of appropriate, really, since Fox is a typical post-gay Montrealer.

"I find Montreal to be a gritty place," Fox says. "It's not hard to live here on an economic level. But it's difficult on a political and emotional level. You cannot deny those feelings when you live here. Montreal is constantly challenging; you have to think where you stand all the time, and everybody has an opinion. It's a town of individuals whereas Toronto is so excited being itself—as a concept. We don't do that in Montreal."

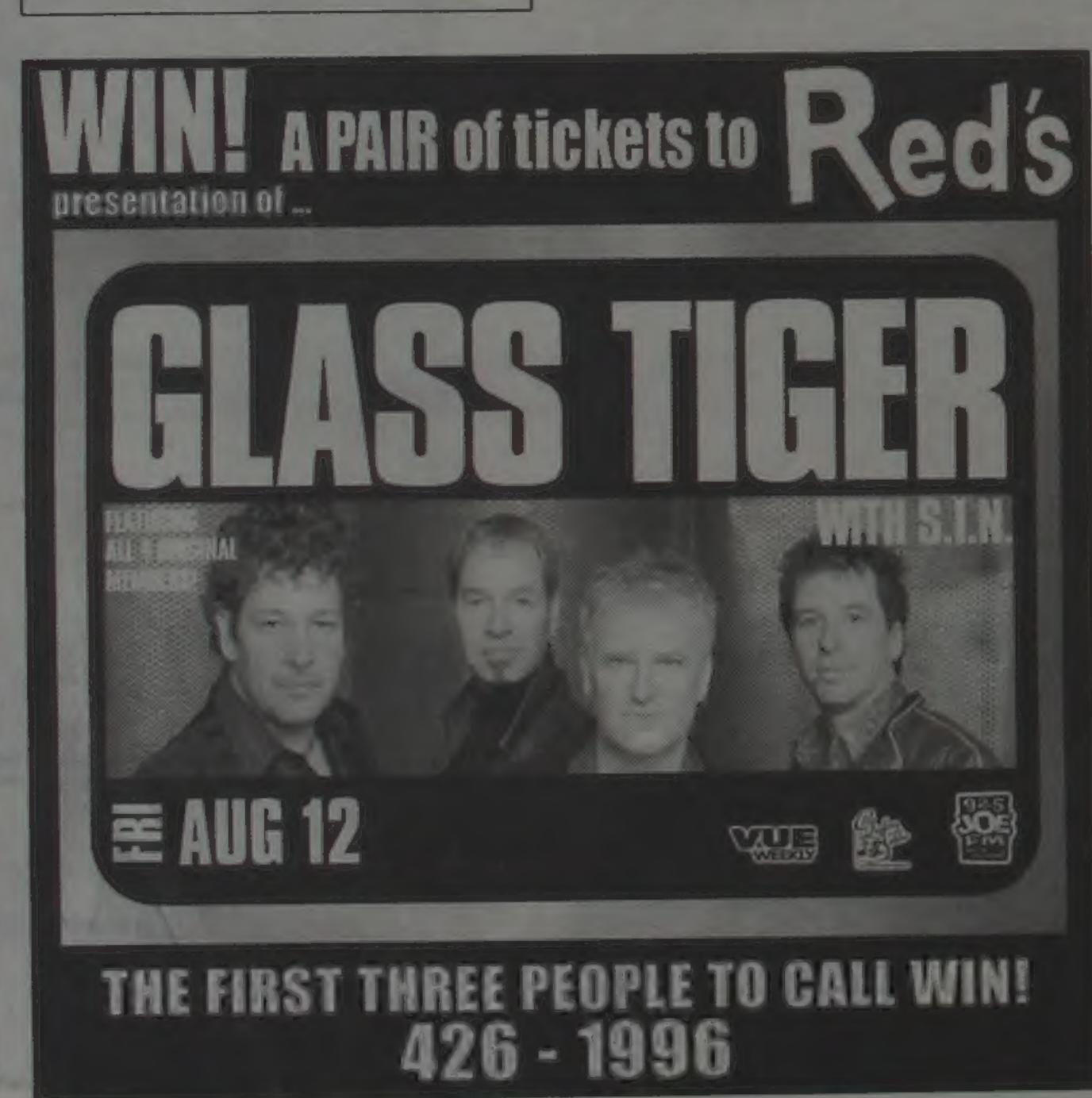
Indeed, there are two things you'll notice when you read Fox's stories: he's in love with this city, and he's definitely gay. But Fox, an associate editor with the award-winning Maisonneuve magazine (move over, Walrus), has been dubbed "post-gay" by literary critics who just can't get over their own heterosexuality.

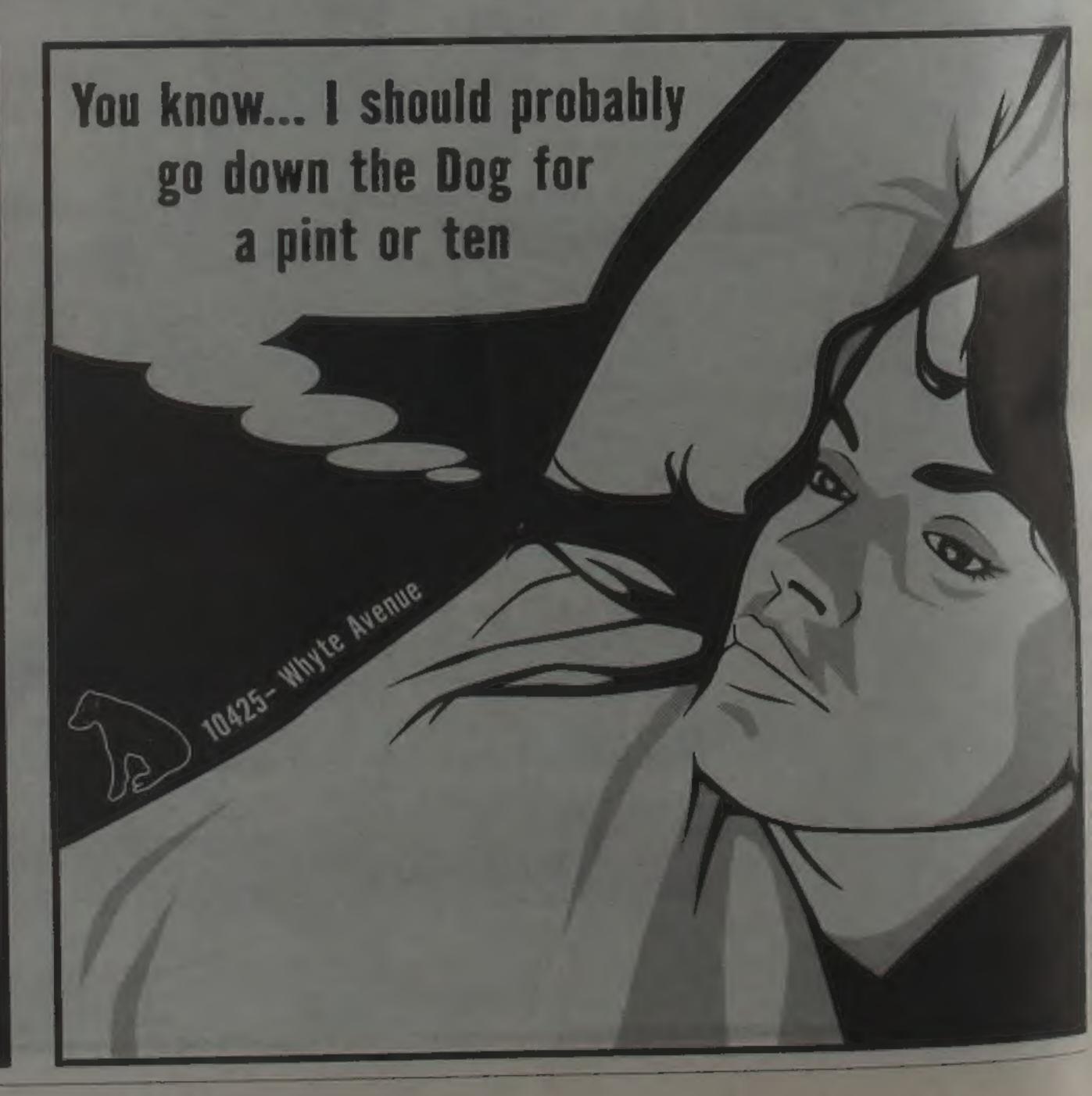
"I don't really think about [whether I'm post-gay] when I'm sitting there writing," Fox says. "I'm relieved about that. It's only afterwards dealing with your publisher, or when you're doing readings, that you have to think of those things. Almost every interview I do journalists ask me, 'Are you a gay writer or a writer who happens to be gay?' And my answer is I don't understand the difference. I'm a young writer, I'm Canadian, I'm gay--my market is small enough."

But is Fox post-gay? "I'm not over being gay and there's no getting over it," Fox says. "My book has been described as post-gay as just another fact of life. But I'm not wild about that term. It's just another buzzword that pigeonholes how to think of gay people. It's more about them (straight people) than about us."

#### The Not-So-Gay Games

Pretty well everybody knows where I stand when it comes to the lack of leadership at the Federation of Gay Games. Depending on which side you





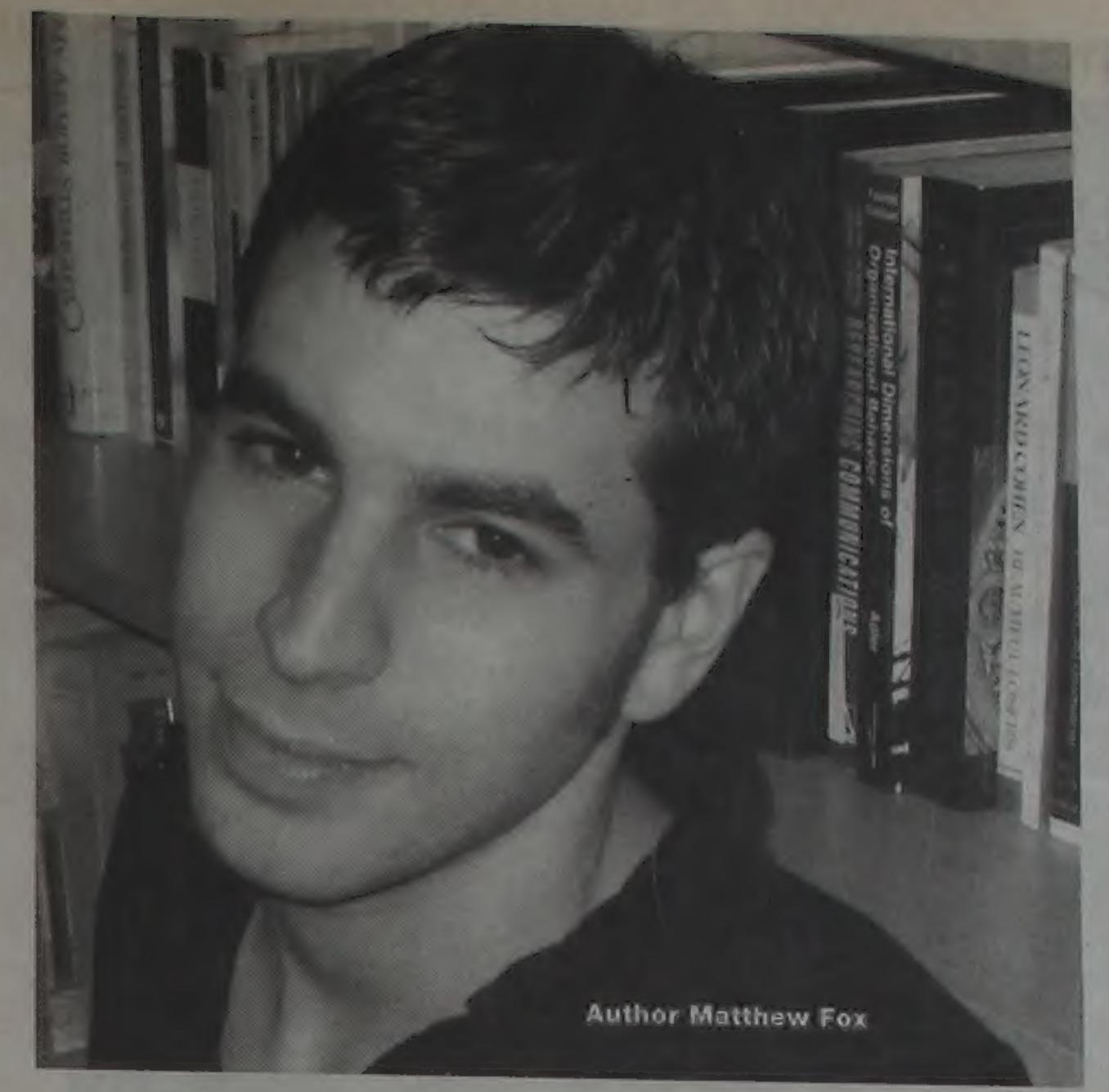
yanked the 2006 games out of Montreal. That city will now instead host 16,000 athletes at the 2006 inaugural OutGames while the FGG has awarded the 2006 replacement games to Chicago.

But things aren't all wine and roses in the Windy City these days. When Chicago 2006 organizers aren't battling unjust boycotts by religious fundamentalists, they're putting up with newsmakers like Paul Weldin, general manager of the Chicago Gay Men's Chorus, who was arrested July 21 for possession of 31 grams of crystal meth with intent to traffic.

Warps the Gay Games next summer, what with all the parties and stuff—and that's if athletes can even get into the States in the first place. Earlier this year Argentine actor and comedian Fernando Pena was denied his visa renewal by the U.S. Consulate in Buenos Aires because he is HIV-positive.

While America bans almost all HIV-positive travelers because HIV is classified as a "communicable disease," Canada does not. In fact, the Canadian visa application for Temporary Residents (which includes short-term visitors) was revised this year and Canada no longer requires disclosure of HIV status on the application form. Plus, gay foreigners can come here and get married

Ultimately, the worst thing Chicago has going for it is the president of the United States. As long as George Dubya sits in the oval office, and as long as America has troops on the ground in Iraq, then athletes from the



rest of the world will choose Montreal over Chicago.

If you don't believe me, check out NYC's failed bid for the 2012 Olympics. The city placed fourth in a race dominated by Paris, Madrid and London, the eventual winner (although considering the costs for security in today's world, who the fuck would want to host the games in the first place?).

Sports Illustrated reports, "While expressing admiration for New York and its bid, many IOC members confessed

privately that they could not support a U.S. city at a time when the country's international relations are so poor."

As Montreal-based IOC veteran Dick Pound, head of the World Anti-Doping Agency, pointed out, "It's a superpower's fate that there be times when you are not popular."

After the resounding success of the 2005 FINA World Aquatic Championships in Montreal last month, I say you'd better book your hotel room now.

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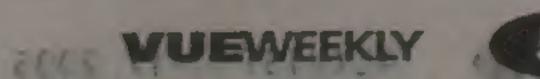
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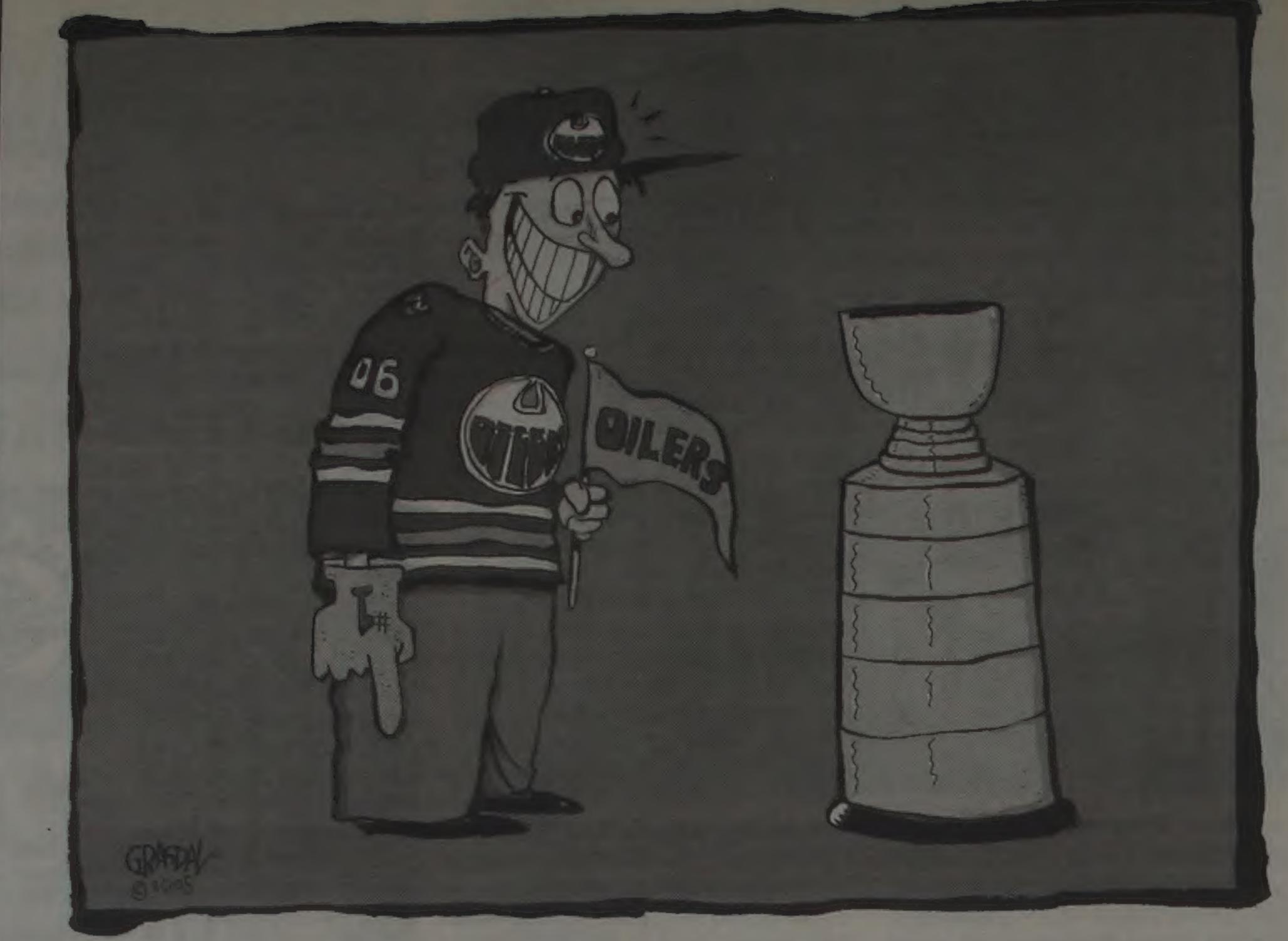
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news

BY CHRIS BOUTET

#### WEST: DISGRUNTLED!

As all of us Westerners clearly know, we've been totally getting screwed when it comes to the Canadian political scene. How, you ask? HOW?? Well, you know, with like, that senate... thing... and all those "fat-cats" in Ontario with their, like, ignoring our... stuff. And, uh, what else-oh yeah, a little more-than-30-year-old-issue called the goddamned NEP; remember that? That was pretty shitty, probably. Look, the point is, everyone in Canada are stupid jerks except for us, who are awesome. Which goes a long way to explain why a little more than one-third of Westerners in Canada said they think their provinces should consider seceding from Canada, as was suggested by the results of a poll released earlier this week.

Oh, I know; the West hates Ottawa you're spitting coffee all over this paper in disbelief right now, I'm sure. But according to a report in the National Post, the almost-certainly-not-skewed poll commissioned by Western Standard (an ultra-right-leaning magazine founded last year by former Reform and Alliance Party activist and Rahim Jaffer impersonator Ezra Levant) found a full 36.4 per cent of people aged 18 to 29 in B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba agreed that Western Canadians "should begin to explore the idea of forming their own country." And, of course, the most support for the idea was to be found in Alberta, where 42 per cent of those surveyed were practically already

picking out what colours should be flown on the new country's flag.

"Westerners are very frustrated with their position in Confederation," said poll author and Lethbridge Community College poli sci professor Faron Ellis in an interview with the Post. "This level of dissatisfaction at a time when Canada is not facing a major national crisis could be a sign of worse things to come. Canadians across the country should be aware that if these are the bedrock levels of frustration without a crisis, the next crisis will have Westerners at least debating the concept."

Huh. Man, you'd think all this is allegedly overwhelmingly pervasive separatist sentiment in the West would have turned into a least a one seat for a party like the Western Canada Concept Party, The Separation Party of Alberta or the Western Independence Party of Saskatchewan over the last couple decades. But if it was in the Western Standard, it must be true!

#### INTERNET: POPULAR!

So that internet thing's gotten pretty big lately, hey? It's used to be that it was only all the rage with "the kids," but just as those smarmy AOL commercials of yesteryear predicted, simply everybody, from your mom and your dad to kind-eyed old Grandpa Joe, are online these days. Sure, it's likely they're mostly using it to share recipes and photos of cake-faced babies or cats wearing funny little cat costumes-but still, the fact remains: the internet is neat. So neat, in fact, that a recent poll is showing the net has already surpassed the neatness of radio, and is threatening to overtake that neatest information source of all, the television.

According to a report by ctv.ca, a recent survey conducted by Ipsos-Reid found that the amount of time the average Canadian spends online has increased by almost 46 per cent over the last three years, to 12.7 hours a

week from 8.7 in 2002. Says the study, this increase seems to have come at the expense of radio, as results also show that the average internet-using Canadian only spends 11 hours a week listening to their squawk box, down from 16 hours three years ago.

The study warns that if this trend towards increased internet usage continues, it won't be long before even television falls to the wayside—in fact, this appears to already have happened among Canadians aged 18 to 34, with the study claiming that young folks spend upwards of 14 hours a week online, compared to 11.7 hours listening to radio, 11.6 hours watching TV, and, most ominously (at least for people in my line of work) a scant 2.5 hours a week reading newspapers.

What the fuck, jerks? What do you have against newspaper, huh? Sure, they cost thousands of dollars to produce, use a ton of paper, give you the same information you'd be able to find online and make your fingers all inky and things, but... uh... hmm.

#### SPILL: CANCEROUS!

As if it wasn't bad enough that Lake Wabamun is currently the proud wearer of a wildlife-killing, million-litre bunker fuel slick courtesy of the Canadian National Railroad Company, it turns out that their may be also be a couple thousand litres of an unreported carcinogen somewhere in the mix there, too.

According to a report from the CBC, Alberta Environment is investigating the contents of one of the 45 leaking tankers, which CN claimed to be carrying lube oil, but may actually have been full of an oil used to treat utility poles, prolonged or repeated exposure to which has been linked to skin and lung cancer. CN's vice-president of transportation services Doug Miller has since come forward saying they were aware of the tanker's contents, but "there was obviously a miscommunication."



vuepoint

BY ROSS MOROZ

#### Plans derailed

Last week, Canadians witnessed two seemingly unrelated transport mishaps, which our national news media helpfully designated as being either "miraculous" and "tragic"\_ the miracle was the casualty-free crash landing of Air France Flight 358 in Toronto; the tragedy, the unwelcome addition of 1.3 million litres of fuel oil to Lake Wabamun after a CN train derailed there last Wednesday, poisoning wildlife and forcing the village of Wabumun, which relies on the lake for its drinking water (not to mention its economic viability and quality of life) to truck in potable water from nearby Stony Plain and suspend swimming, boating and fishing in the lake. The passengers of Air France flight 358, meanwhile, are left thoroughly shaken and luggage-less, but largely without serious injury.

Despite what news anchors are saying, the improbably happy ending to the Air France disaster is no miracle, anymore than the befouling of Lake Wabamun is a tragedy. Both are simply accidents, and predictable accidents, at that. No matter how safe an airline or railway is, eventually there will be a crash or derailment, and it is in recognition of this undeniable but unpopular fact that Air France and Pearson International have trained their staff and readied their equipment and planning for this uncomfortable eventuality. No one was seriously injured or killed on Flight 358 is because of luck, certainly, but also thanks to the quick and efficient response of the flight's crew and the emergency personnel on the ground, all of whom had been trained for such an event.

Back at Lake Wabamun, CN crews quickly cleared their track of debris after last week's accident, but seemed in no humy to deal with the environmental damage to the lake. When area residents demanded the corporation clean up its mess, CN officials waxed exasperated about the difficulty of procuring clean-up equipment for this "unique situation."

This seems a bit, well, stupid, considering how many CN trains pass major waterways carrying toxic materials every single day in this country. Granted, the vast majority of these shipments pass without incident, but just as major airlines develop comprehensive safety and contingency plans to deal with unfortunate but inevitable crashes, so too should CN have had some kind of ability to clean up inevitable environmental disasters.

With another derailed CN train currently spilling sodium hydroxide into a river near Whistler, B.C., the only tragedy in the news this week is the continual recklessness of companies like CN.



# The '70s Dimension plunges viewers into the strange, kitschy world of vintage TV commercials

#### BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Studying a sheaf of important-looking papers. Suddenly, he pauses, thoughtfully strokes his chin and stares fondly off into the middle distance. As the image fades to that of a beautiful but appropriately chaste-looking blonde—the man's wife—walking barefoot by a lake and sitting under a tree with their young daughter, we hear the warm, hulling strum of a guitar, the gentle plucking of a harp and a Claudine Longet-style female folksinger warbling these haunting words: "If you can't be with him... be in his mind... be a mind-sticker..."

The images continue: the blonde woman nuzzling her daughter's nose, the woman running down a series stone steps in a forest path, the cap being pried off a bottle of Tab cola. "Don't you want to have a good shape?" the song continues. "He wants you to have a good shape .... Shape with Tab...." Now a soothing male voice takes over the pitch: "Be a mind-sticker," he says. "Tab can help you stay in his mind, with a shape he can't forget. You know, keeping your shape in shape has its rewards." Under those words, we watch the husband and wife, finally together, giving each other a fond kiss before heading upstairs to their bedroom. "The Coca-Cola company wouldn't have it any other way," the announcer concludes. "So enjoy Tab-and be a mind-sticker."

Young, slender blondes will always have an honoured place in pop culture, but Matt McCormick knows that cheesy TV ads will always be the real mind-stickers. That jaw-dropping Tab spot is only one of dozens of vintage TV commercials and public-service announcements from the '60s and '70s that McCormick and his partner Morgan Currie have assembled in What the '70s Really Looked Like, the central feature of The '70s Dimension, the latest DVD to be released by San Francisco's innovative Other Cinema video label.

Other Cinema is devoted to promoting the

specialized art of "found footage" films-films in which a director takes existing, often longforgotten scraps of celluloid (usually discarded, undistinguished educational films, newsreels, stock footage, corporate documentaries and the like, the flotsam and jetsam of a century's worth of celluloid) and re-edits and re-scores it to his own, usually subversive purposes. The genre encompasses everything from Joseph Cornell's landmark 1936 experimental film Rose Hobart to mainstream efforts like Mystery. Science Theatre 3000, The Atomic Café and Woody Allen's What's Up, Tiger Lily? The Other Cinema company is currently at the forefront of the alternative side of the found-footage spectrum; it grew out of a series of popular Bay Area screenings organized by Craig Baldwin, whose 1991 film Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America, a gonzo "secret history" of American foreign policy, is one of the classics of the genre.

"IT'S LIKE RECYCLING," says McCormick. "So much of this stuff was created with the idea that it would be disposable, and I think there's something interesting about that. I mean, a lot

of work and energy and resources go into making a moving image, so that even something that was created

decades ago still can have value to it. And I think the embarrassing moments are just as important as the victorious ones."

What the '70s Really Looked Like isn't just an exercise in camp, although the ridiculous ads for Blatz Beer and Savage cologne are certainly pretty hilarious; as the title implies, it's also an exercise in cultural anthropology, a lesson in the evolution of mass communication and a telling glimpse at the obsessions and unconscious social and sexual assumptions of a bygone time. As found-footage director Ken Jacobs once said, if movies and television represent the "dream life" of North America, then the process of assembling these kinds of films is sort of like psychoanalysis—finding pop culture's strangest buried memories and airing them for the first time in decades.

Like Howard Carter unearthing the tomb of Tutankhamen, McCormick and Currie found almost all the material in What the '70s Really Looked Like in a single place. "I got started as a

filmmaker making a lot of found-footage stuff," McCormick explains, "and as I became known for those projects, people started to be on the lookout for that kind of material for me. And I got a tip that there was a whole bunch of TV commercials that were sort of rotting away in the basement of a TV station in Portland and were going to be thrown away." An employee at the station asked McCormick if he'd like to have it, and soon he found himself the new owner of boxes and boxes of 16-millimetre film containing, he estimates, something like 30 or 40 hours of footage.

"It took me years to get into it," McCormick says. "Initially, I used the footage just as fodder for my own films—recutting it and collaging it to my own ends. But then, at a certain point, I became more interested just in preserving it instead. I eventually realized that so much of this stuff was interesting and funny already, I didn't need to do anything to it; it was better just to show it the way it was."

Indeed, it's hard to think of a more quintessential '70s ad than the one that opens the collection, in which a square-jawed dude ("an

ordinary guy with an independent mind," as the accompanying jingle describes him) races his snowmobile through

the woods, stops to take a deep, satisfying drag on an Old Gold cigarette, hands the coupon to his girlfriend ("She saves 'em," he remarks to the camera. "It's the flavour I'm after!") and then hops back onto the snowmobile and speeds away. There's a anti-drug PSA starring poor old Henry Fonda, alienating himself even further from his dirty-hippie children. There's an Oscar Mayer PSA reassuring consumers that, contrary to what they may have heard in the news, hot dogs are made from only the highest-quality meat and the healthiest additives. And there's a couple of bizarre Air Force recruitment ads targeting women, and which seem bent on reassuring them that they can bring their cosmetics along to the job.

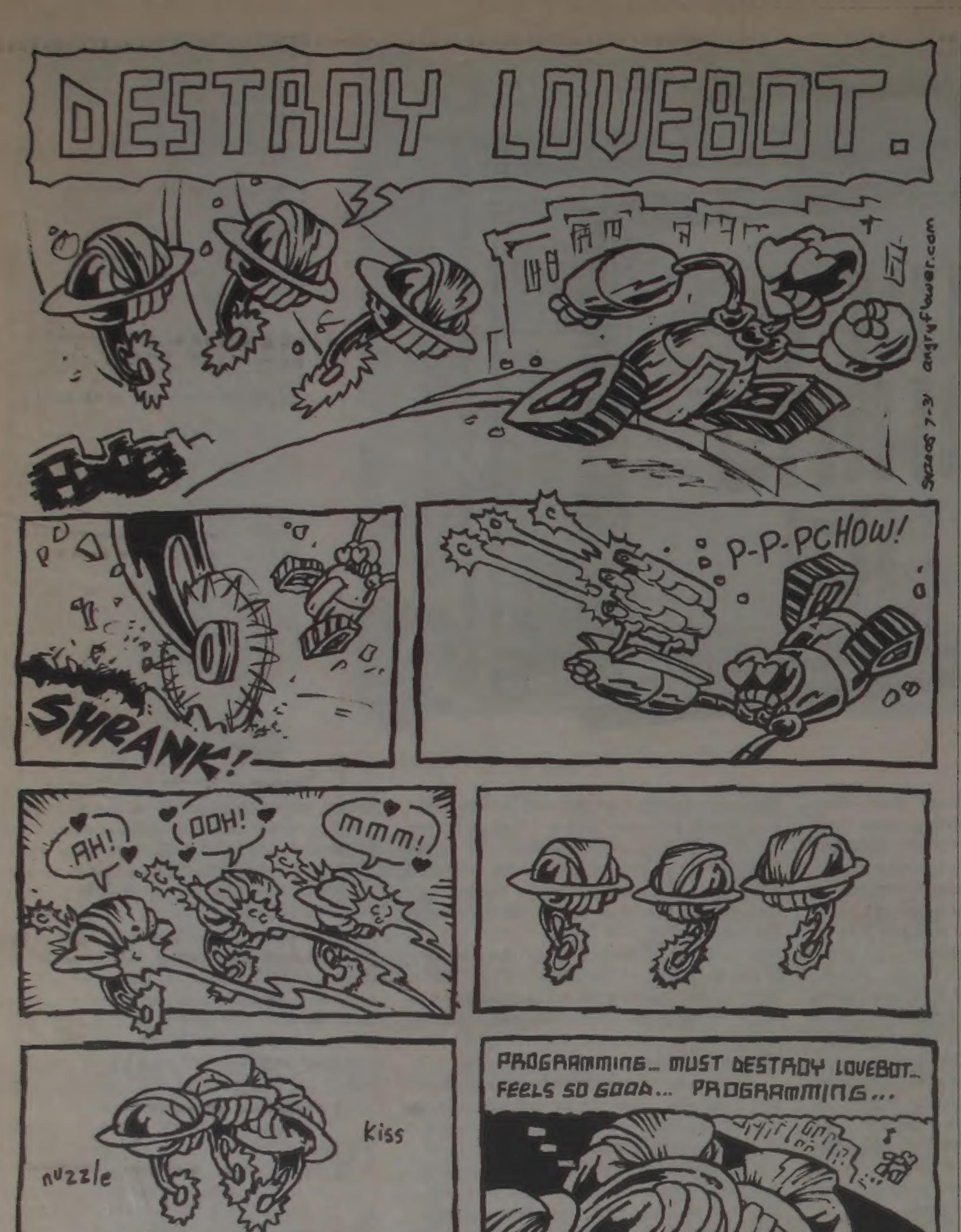
deserve our mockery. "There's definitely kitsch value to the collection," he says, "but if you look further, you'll see that there are some real big differences between ads then and ads now. The

thing I was really surprised by was that, compared to television nowadays, it seems far less politically correct but at the same time, much more progressive. Some of those public service spots are really challenging: they're pushing ideas like mass transportation, hiring ex-conseven the famous 'crying Indian' ad. Some of the religious ones are amazing, like the Baha'i ad that asks, 'Do you feel it's wrong for people to be extremely rich and extremely poor?' You really don't see stuff that gets in your face like that anymore—public service ads nowadays are these feel-good ads about volunteering or teaching your kid to read, nothing that really challenges you to change your attitude about the world."

At the same time, there's a goofy straightforwardness to the sales pitches in these ads that makes you realize how much the world (or at least the media landscape) has changed in the last 30 years—not necessarily for the better. When you watch Jack LaLanne, for instance, hawking some kind of cockamamie, hilariously low-tech piece of exercise equipment, his faith in good, old-fashioned American salesmanship seems almost touching in this age of ultra-slick Nike ads. "We can't be tricked in the old ways," McCormick says. "These days, when you see that Tab ad trying to manipulate you, it just seems so clumsy; it's easy to see through it. We're always evolving as a society. It's like the old Commodore 64 computers—they look dumb now, but when they first came out, they seemed pretty mind-boggling. So, 30 years from now, will people look at ads from today on a DVD called What the '90s Really Looked Like? and will they seem as silly? They probably will."

A glamourous brunette sits at her makeup table, inserting her earrings and putting the finishing touches on her hair before heading out on a fundate. "Today you're all girl—and today being a girl was never nicer!" enthuses a female announcer in friendly but official tones that make her sound like a cross between a next-door neighbour and a guidance counselor. "That's because this is the age of FDS. FDS was created for a uniquely feminine need. FDS—the first feminine deodorant hygiene spray! Lets you feel as fresh and feminine as you look!" The doorbell rings, and the woman rises, unhurried, to answer it, the picture of beauty and style. "Enjoy being a girl. Enjoy that feeling of confidence every day. Because this is the age of FDS!" O







#### dispatch

#### 08/08/05, His Nightmare

I was nursing a flat, geriatric draft lager at the Powerplant—literally nursing, medicating it with pinches of salt and squeezes of citrus to make its last moments more comfortable (for me)—when I was given a piece of information that rocked my world. That night at midnight, according to the Radio Industry Insider across from me, the venerable K-Rock was going to change formats. No details, nothing but a hopeful haze of guesswork, but the fact was 97.3 went off the air at noon, to resume broadcast at the Witching Hour. What could they be planning?

An honest-to-Satan hard music channel, taking the crustiest edge of Krock's current (tiny) playlist and expanding out into the thrashosphere? We couldn't see how the market could support it. Actually, we couldn't see how the market could support anything but the hoser hit-parade format Krock'd already staked out. Without Krock, what would the boys in the back shop rock out to while the secretaries cranked Cool 880 up to knob level two?

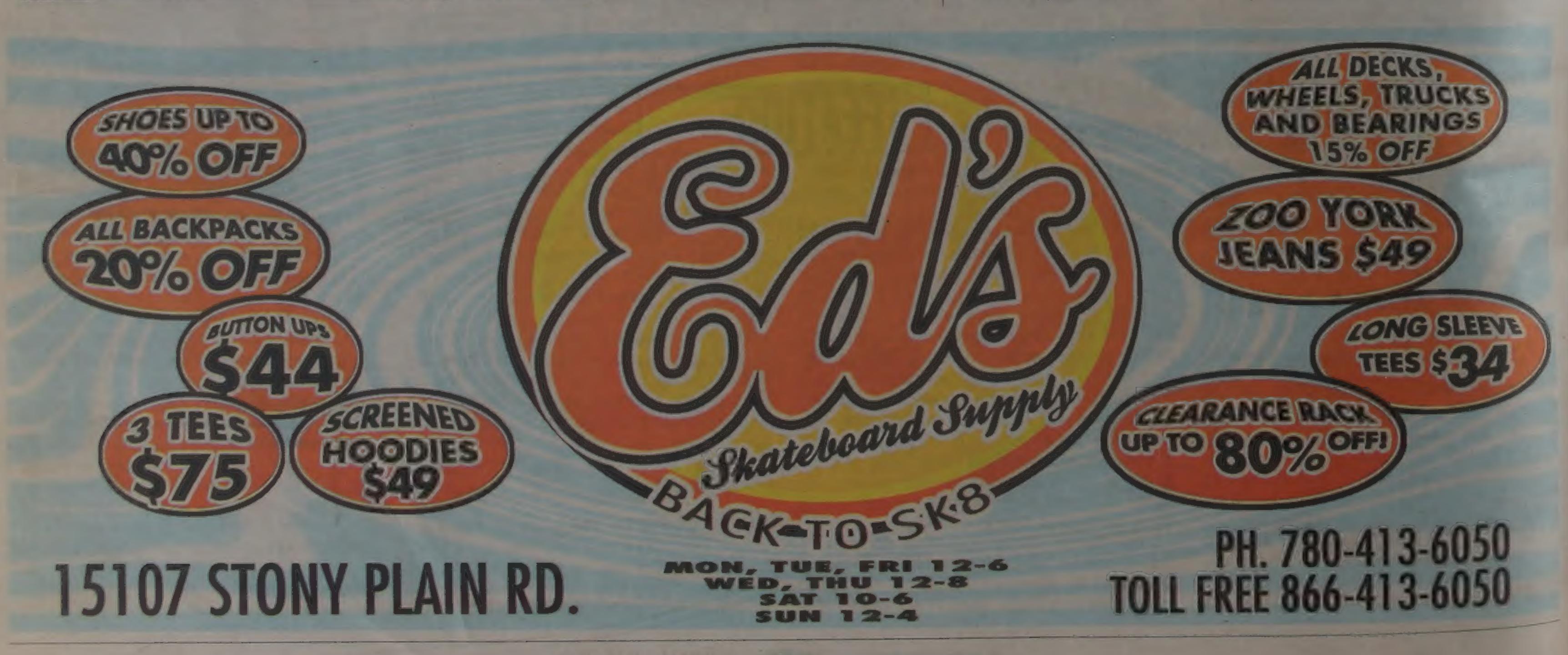
I raced home to fire up my nearvintage Kenwood KT-47 tuner, kicking it way past its high-80s comfort zone. At 97.3, there was Alice Cooper singing "no more... mister nice guy!" Not the song, just that clip looping over and over. Every so often, the old-guy-tryingto-sound-rockin' voiceover Krock loves would break in with things like "Call us schizophrenic... we've been called worse," "a new dawn is coming... at midnight," and even that old marketing shithead mantra "Change... is good." As my wine and patience dwindled, the Voice finally began to count down: "One minute until... the Change."

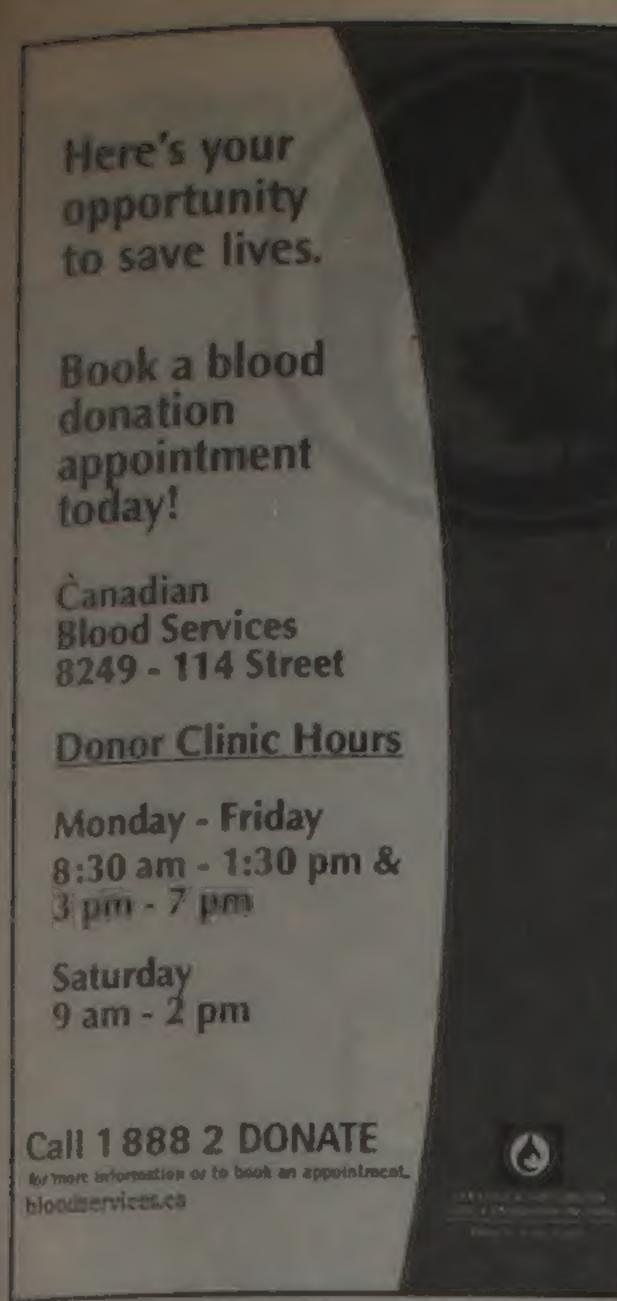
"The Change"? Was Krock going to an all-menopause format? Ha ha, no... their newest late-night D), ALICE COOPLER! Twelve hours of dead air and vaguely threatening promises to promote the arrival of yet another syndicated mainstream radio program, yet another boring host puking up the same singles and cramming them back into the belly of mass culture, making Edmonton's airwaves just that little bit more identical to those in every other C-level market in North America.

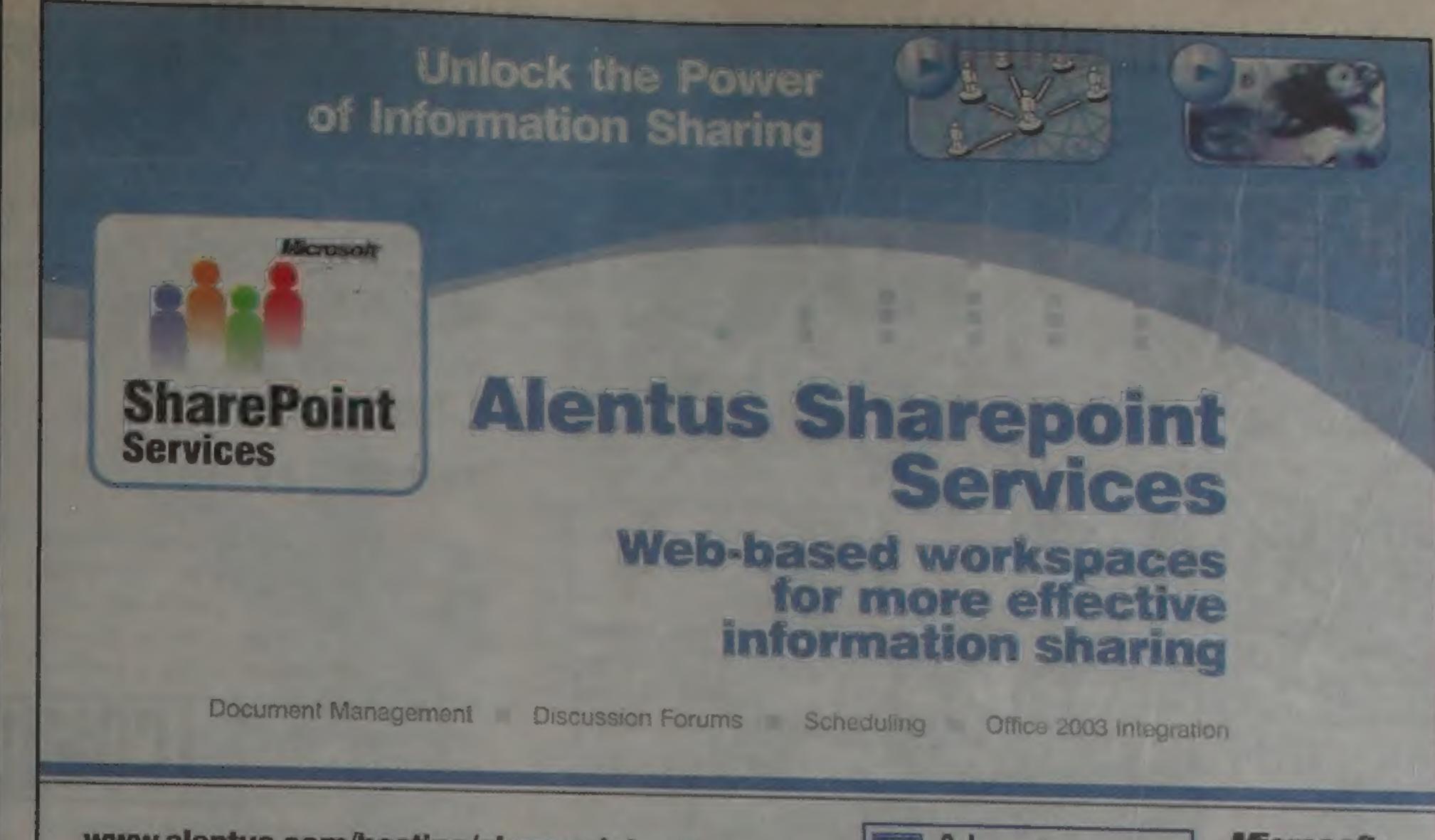
"Wait a minute," you say; "Boring? This is Alice fuckin' Copper, here! Buddy, there's. Alice Cooper, the character, and Vincent "Alice Cooper" Furnier. the slightly dorky recovering alcoholic whose shock-rockin' legacy lives on only as gimmickry and royalties. Despite what Rocking Old Man Voice would have us believe, Nights With Alice Cooper isn't hosted by Stage Alice but by Golf Alice. Golf Alice kicks his show off with the Stones' Start Me Up, and moves on to overplayed singles from Bowie, the Beatles and The Nuge, before reading his email: "Dear Alice, your show is amazing... you have the same opinions as I do!" The guy's a madman!

Now, boys, don't get me wrong...! dig Alice. The image illustrating this column is from the cover of Lace and Whiskey, scanned off my own beloved LP. And Golf Alice isn't all that bad a radio host, either; he's chatty and informal, meanders a bit. Sometimes he seems to be talking to someone in the background who never picks up the cues, making Alice sound endearingly like a nerd trying to get a party game going and being ignored by everyone. But the difference between the "edgy" schlock-shock promos and the on-air reality is so jarring the whole thing's a joke.

And as for "Edmonton radio never being the same" and "The Change," well... that was all bullshit; Krock's still cribbing their playlist from the same old mix-tapes they find under the seats of shitbox dudemobiles, pumping out the same blaring ads ("Men: every woman is at risk for... Shrinking Diamond Syndrome"), and giving jobs to the whitest, boringest broadcast-school gabblers they can find. Welcome (back) to my nightmare; all's right with the world. —Darren Zenko











AND STREETS











# Lady and the Gramma Lillian Tama trator and comic Jillian Tama

Jillian Tamaki revels in Edmonton's tragic little quirks with City of Champions

BY CHRIS BOUTET

s we Edmontonians know, there's a quirky uniqueness, a sense of real singularity about our city that's difficult to pin down—there's a certain charm in being a former

boom town that went bust before it even figured out how to boom

properly, sure, but it goes beyond that. We're the one liberal stronghold in an otherwise fervently conservative province; a blue-collar oil town with an almost shocking commitment to environmental issues and the preservation of its river valley; the hosts of both a vibrant arts community and endless stretches of joyless, brown industrial parks; and a city that celebrates its glory days with such zeal that it hasn't even seemed to notice that those days are once again just around the corner.

Indeed, our idiosyncrasies are so many and varied that more seasoned. Edmontonians probably look right past them. But when freelance illus-

moved here two years ago—from Calgary, no less—to take on a contract at gaming company Bioware, she brought with her a fresh pair of eyes which saw a beauty and a sense of humour that simply had to be documented.

"It's funny, because I think a lot of people think that Edmonton and Calgary are pretty much the same city—and there are a lot of similarities, for sure—but there are actually some huge character differences between the two," Tamaki explains offer a cup of coffee at a Mill Creek

café. "Edmonton very much has a small-town mentality, and I find It

to be so much less pretentious; I've never lived in a city where I've laughed out loud more at just stuff on the street, all the time. There are so many jokes here that everyone is in on—you can just mention that crazy lady who walks up and down Whyte Ave swearing at people and everyone knows who you're talking about. Or Donny the Push-Up Man; people know. And I think it's funny that way, like, the whole city is one big in-joke."

AS TAMAKI—whose illustration work has appeared in, among others, the New York Times, the Walrus, Macleans, the New Yorker and the far

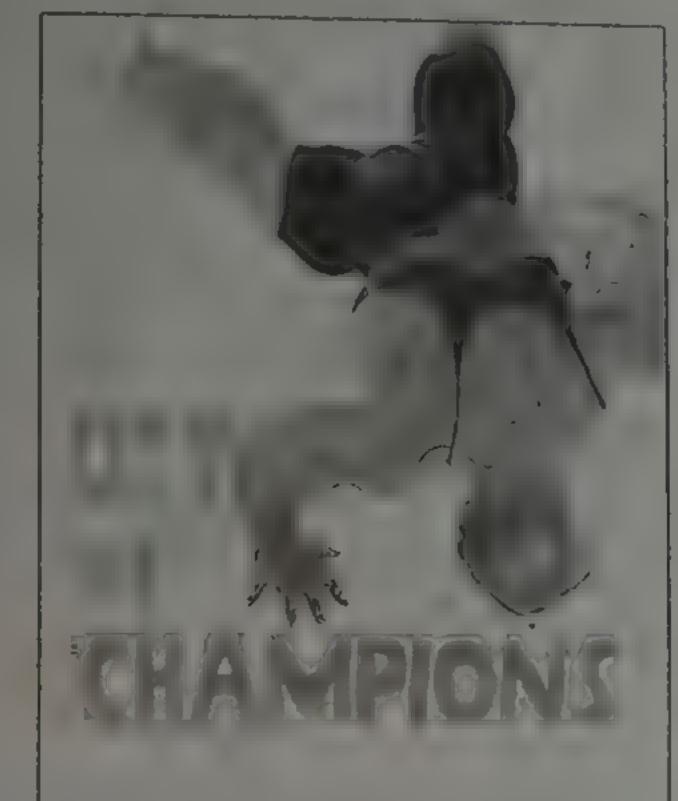


less impressive-sounding Vue Highly explains, what first began as a collection of rough sketches of the city around her eventually turned into City of Champions, less a traditional comic book than a collage of sometimes-connected thoughts and images which celebrates Edmonton as much as it painfully skewers it. Opening with scenes of snow-covered cars and bicyclists tipping into snowbanks before going into a short vignette on our cautious optimism following the end of the Oilers' Stanley Cup era, Tamaki's wistfully fragile, lightweight penwork eventually floats away from any sense of narrative convention, instead offering pages of all-too-familiar portraits and scenes that when viewed as a whole paint a startlingly clear picture of Edmonton life in all its charming grittiness and unsubstantiated sanguinity. Overall the effect is very objective and non-judgmental, and the book provides a unique look into · the side of Edmonton that Edmontoplans know so well, but which can be so easily missed by the casual visitor.

"A lot of it is artwork that I had been collecting for over a month, and it was really just whatever I saw that I thought was funny or had a lot of character," Tamaki explains. "In my illustration work, I usually try to find and emphasize character and personality, and there's so much personality in this city, so many remnants and relics. Like for example, I was riding around Mill Creek and I saw the pair of nylons stretched between two trees that I drew in the book, and it just fascinated me;

there's a narrative there that you have to fill in yourself, and there's so much of that here.

"As well, I think the fact that a lot of these sketches were done when I first moved to this city really gives the book more of a sense of objectivity and wonder and discovery than you'd normally have," she continues. "But at the same time, I didn't want to gear it towards outsiders; I



wanted this to be a book that only Edmontonians would truly get. I wanted them to see these images and even though they're not obvious scenes, an Edmontonian would know where everything was and who these people were. Because the funniest part about Edmonton is how funny we find ourselves, I think."

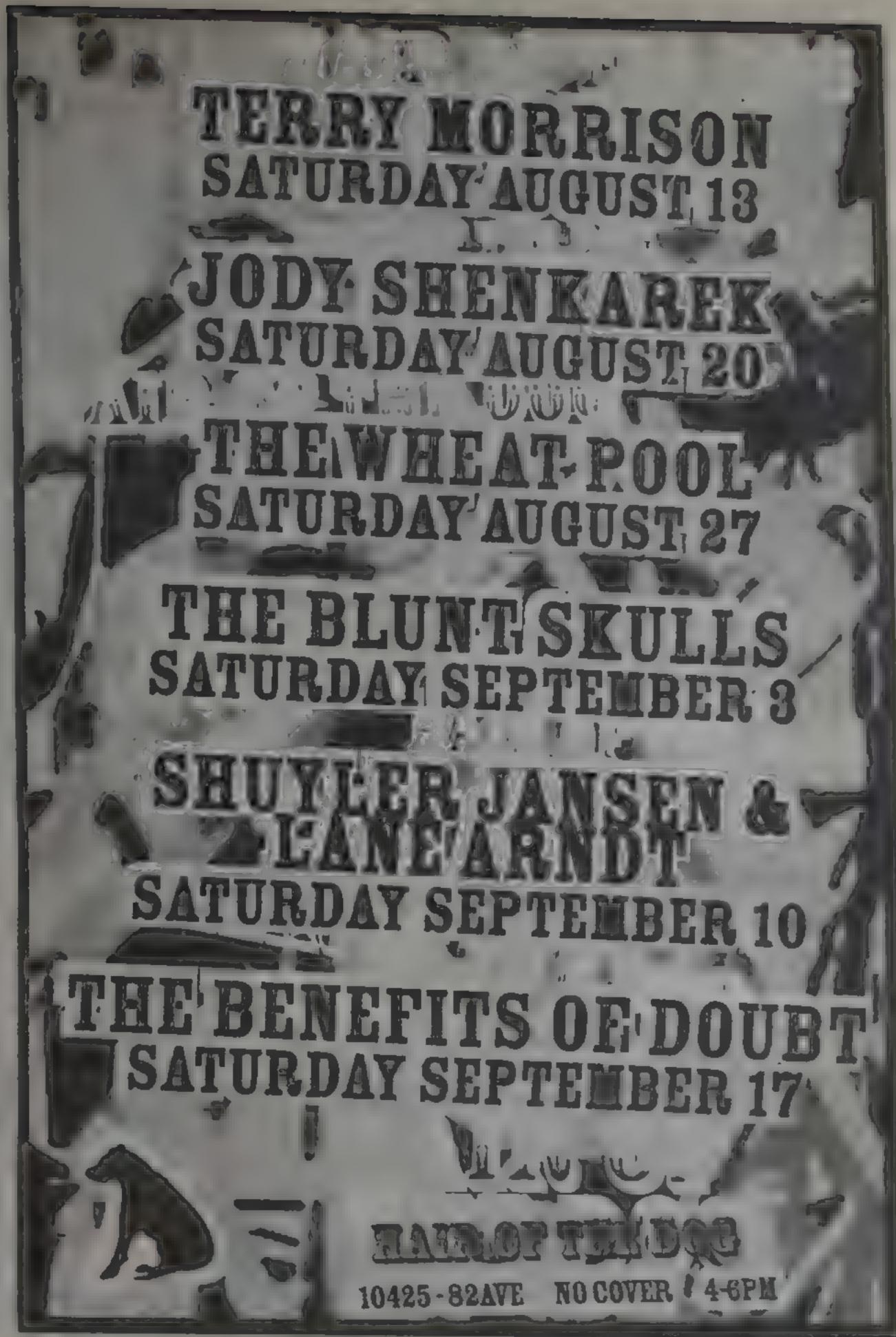
AS FOR WHY Edmonton has captured her imagination the way it

has, Tamaki, like most Edmontonians, finds it hard to pin down. "I don't know, it's tough to say. We're very resigned here, in that I think people acknowledge that our glory days are over-but at the same time, I don't think we do, there's still hope in the air," she offers. "I think a lot of people get down on Edmonton as an ugly city, but there's so much beauty here. And even where there isn't beauty, there's this sense of denial that makes it beautiful. Edmonton's heyday left a lot of imprints all over this city, and those days make up so much of the character in what Edmonton is now. There's a glimmer of hope that Edmonton will be that city it once was again, and that's just so endearing and charming."

Ultimately, Tamaki is excited about the project, and she hopes that people who read the comic (available at Whyte Ave's Ruckus Records and through her website at www.jilliantamaki.com) don't think that she's trying to talk down about their hometown, because she swears that's not the case—even if she is a Calgarian by birth. "I really hope that people don't hold that against me," she laughs. "I just hope people get this, that it has some sort of resonance, that they see the things in their lives and in this city. For all its shortcomings, Edmonton is a fun city and a good place to live. And it's a funny place. Like Capilano Mall: funny." O

CITY OF CHAMPIONS

By Jillian Tamaki • 24 pp. • \$5









#### BY CHRISTOPHER WIEBE

#### Take a walk on the wild side

Maybe it's a function of spending time out in the bush this summer-watching beavers in V-ing about a pond, following the song of a thrush through an aspen forest, hunting fossils below a cliff face—but I have become rather gloomy about city life.

Canadians are, on some level, in love with the urban: the 2001 census showed that 79.4 per cent of us live in urban centres of 10,000 or more. But why do we deliberately place ourselves in these fabricated environments, and at what cost to both ourselves and the ecosystems that surround us? We may now snicker at the redemptive power the urban middle classes ascribed to the wilderness in the period 1890 between 1930, which led to the birth of lakeside cabin culture and an appreciative audience for the Group of Seven. But they had something right; they recognized the importance of the land. The natural world, this great mystery of which we are a part, pulses with life all around us in spite of our efforts to tailor it into a vast primary resource warehouse, and yet we sit in our bungalows looking at our navels, comparing notes on the popular amusements of the day, and listening to dolts on motorcycles go crackling by.

Two recent books don't offer any antidotes for this urban malaise, but they do help unpack the Chinese boxlike nature of cities, theorizing how they work, and what their blithe surfaces hide. The title section of Meredith important human expressions of collec-Quatermain's first collection of poetry Vancouver Walking (NeWest Press) is a series of "walks" that examine the distance between what is and what was in the west coast metropolis. Prowling the streets, the poetic voice uses the histori-

cal record to illuminate present circum stances and vice versa, thereby reveal ing complexities rather than simplistic causal relationships.

Voices, observations, tangents thought, blend into one, breathler, mass that seem to mimic the interres tions and distractions that gree walker in the city. "Frances Street" sophisticated triangulation between Vancouver's first hospital, B.C. appalling labour saféty recordules 19th century, and the birth of prof sional nursing in the bloody crucible. the Crimean War: "the Grey Nuns a brewery / carted government freign / to fund free hospitals, orphanages nurses to homes of small pox, scar'er fever, typhoid / canoed the rivers uncharted / like Nightingale, she was of good family / she'd never end up an /'shacktown at the city dump / off Clark Drive / mufflers, tailpipes pain drums, piles of old tires, paint drum Full of rough-edged fragments resolve into striking wholes, Quarrent main's poems offer an exciting str. or for embracing the multiplicity of the contemporary city.

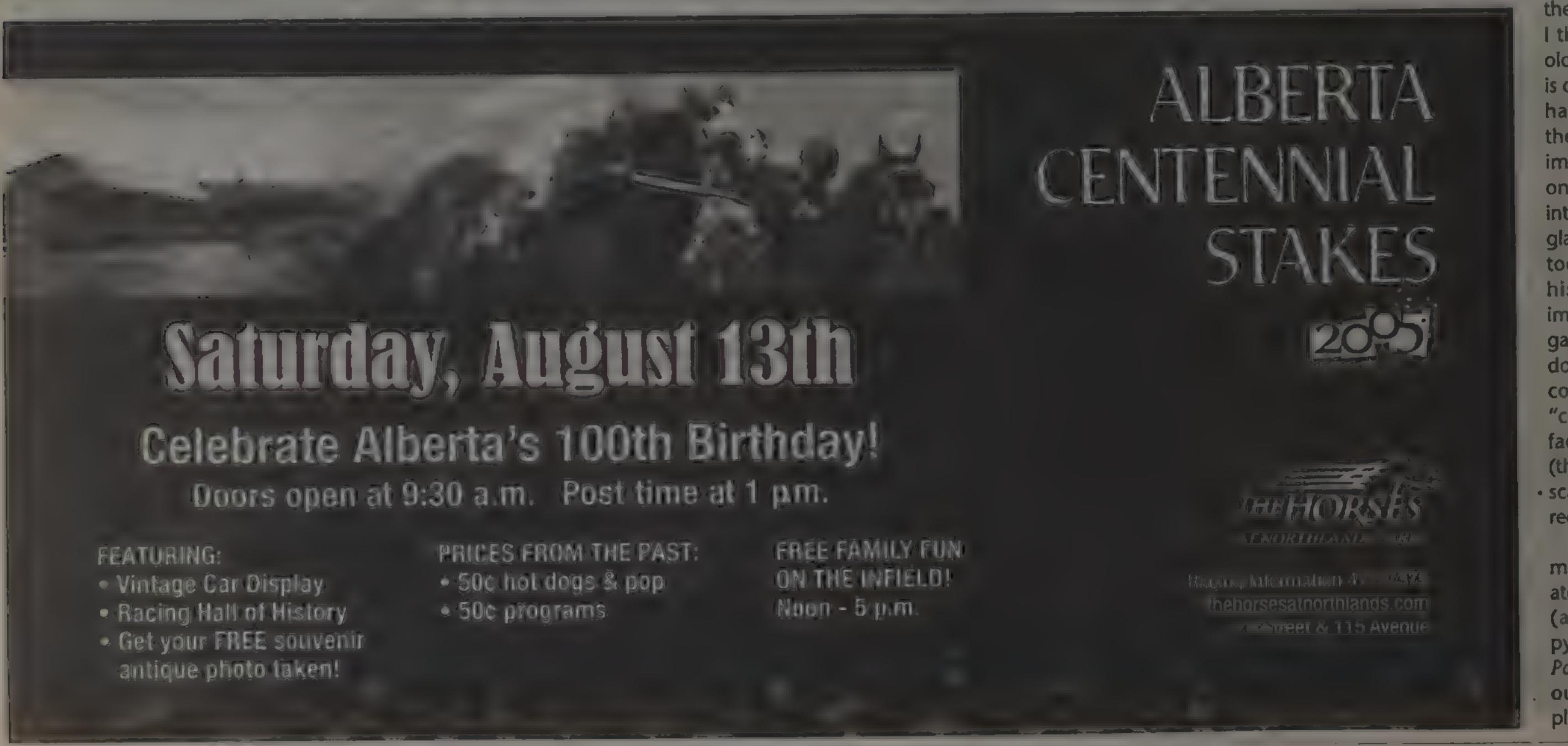
The other book I'd like to look is Graham Livesay's essay collect on ags. sages: Explorations of the Contempo rary City (U of C Press). Director of the University of Calgary's School of Archi tecture, Livesay explores eight thematic dimensions of how cities are built and experienced (including narrative, public gestures, and points of intersection) by drawing on a wide range of theorists from Paul Ricoeur and Marsh II McLuhan to Elaine Scarry and Miche. de Certeau. In "Buildings: The Anomalous Condition," he uses the idea of "différence" to look at the utility of unusual buildings as both landmarks and identity-shapers, and how they challenge neo-traditionalist approaches to architectural consistency.

I found his last essay "Surfaces: the

Role of Memory" the most intriguing of

the lot. In it, he argues that cities are tive memory. "Relics belong to the present and the past simultaneously," he writes, echoing historian David Lowenthal. "No artifact is static; they age, they are altered, and they become, in some case, obsolete. Artifacts of memory are past and present, historical and modern, they 'enlarge today's landscapes." This, I think, underscores the importance of older buildings. Their worn appearance is comfortingly human, and the fact they have often outlived the intentions of their builders makes them available tot imaginative re-invention. Livesay gues on to write that the materials that go into contemporary building (particulari) glass) are "too hard, too pristine and of too mediocre" to carry these traces of history, which in turn leads to flat, impersonal cities. Edmonton and Calgary, with their love affair with the buildozer and the extreme makeover, have consistently incinerated much of their "colour" and texture on the altar of the faddish new. "The material of the city (the buildings, infrastructure, and land · scapes)," Livesay councils, " provides a record of a city's past desires."

While Livesay's often terse and monotone style could have been moderated by a splash of wit or playful image (aren't all architects versed in the pyrotechnic sales pitch?), the essays in Passages are provocative looks at how our cities are shaped by builders and planners and understood by residents





### The hunt for Red Ox-tober

Okay, so the headline has nothing to do with this review of the Red Ox Inn. But come on.

BY CHRISTOPHER THRALL

Ford of warning: do not judge this book by its cover. In fact, to avoid forming any preconceptions, close your eyes as you drive toward the Red Ox Inn on its tree-lined residential street. (Drive slow, though; no one needs to die here.) A classic, olde European sign quietly announces the Inn's location and the small, slightly dingy Alpine exterior masks one of Edmonton's

hottest culinary finds.

My wife and I passed through the door early on a Thursday evening, expecting a kitschy European interior to match the exterior. My jaw hit the floor: this place was a contemporary bistro. The tiny restaurant held 12 tables, rich hardwood, brushed nickel fixtures and

my bride's purse.

bodies of former reviewers. Poor lain. [Hey! Without a body, you've got no proof! -ed.] Instead, my wife gave in to a craving for summertime sangria (\$7) and I asked for the closest they had to a shiraz. Our welldressed, handsomely tousled waiter

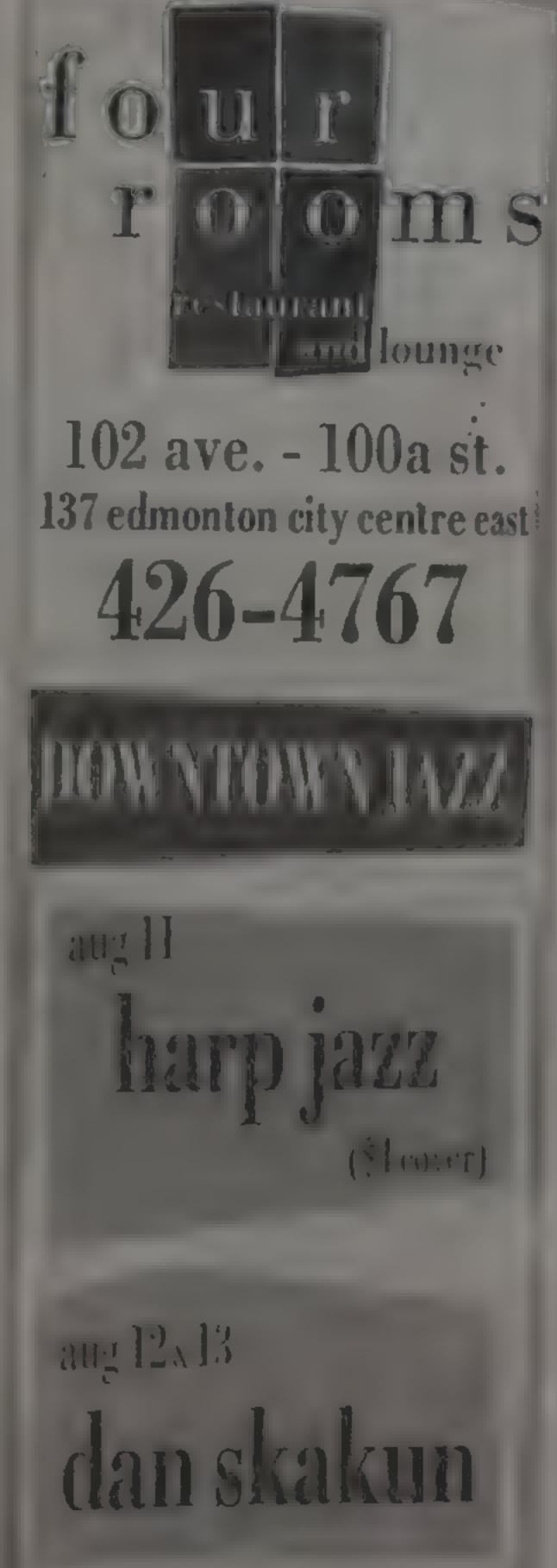
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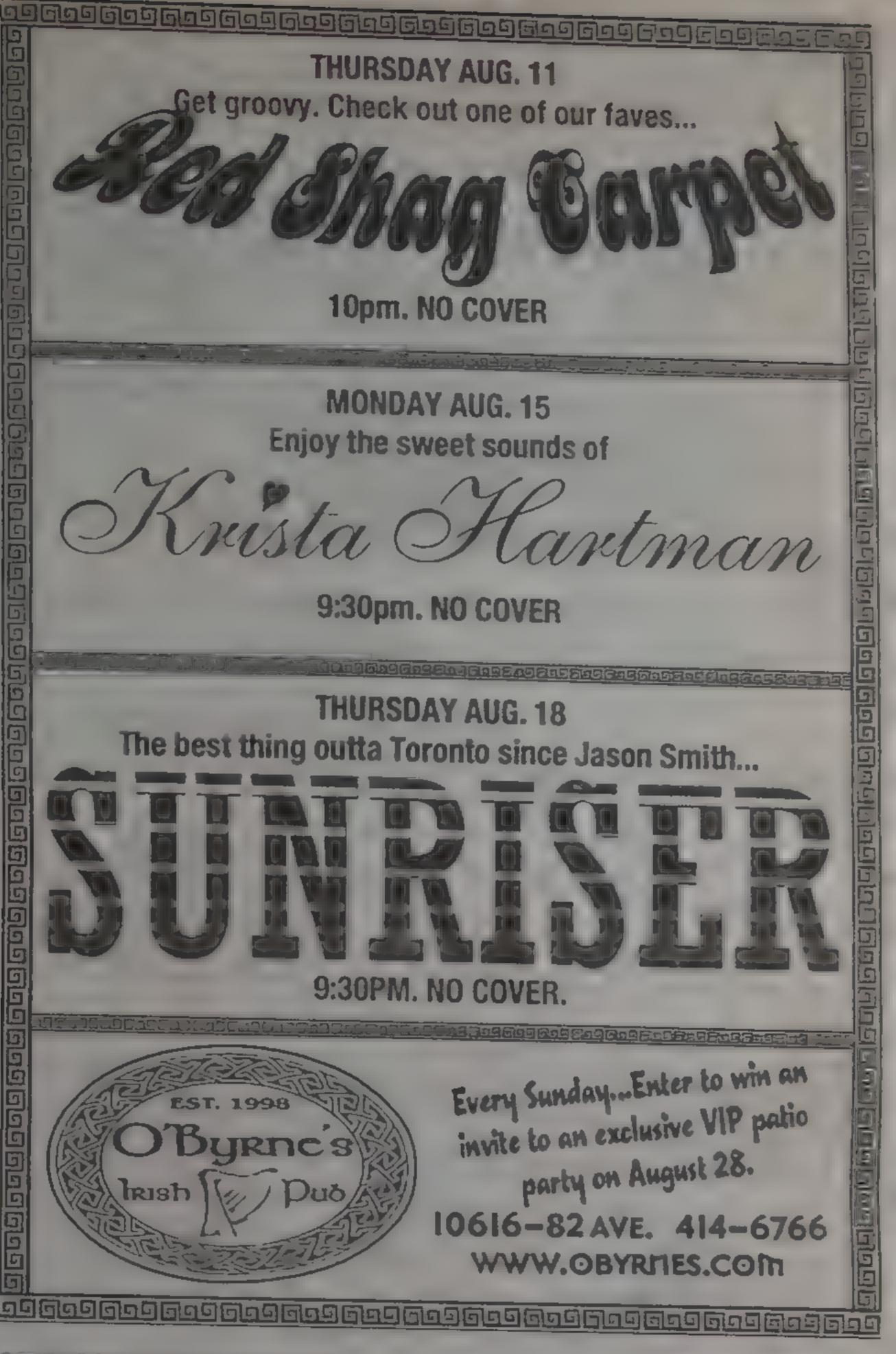


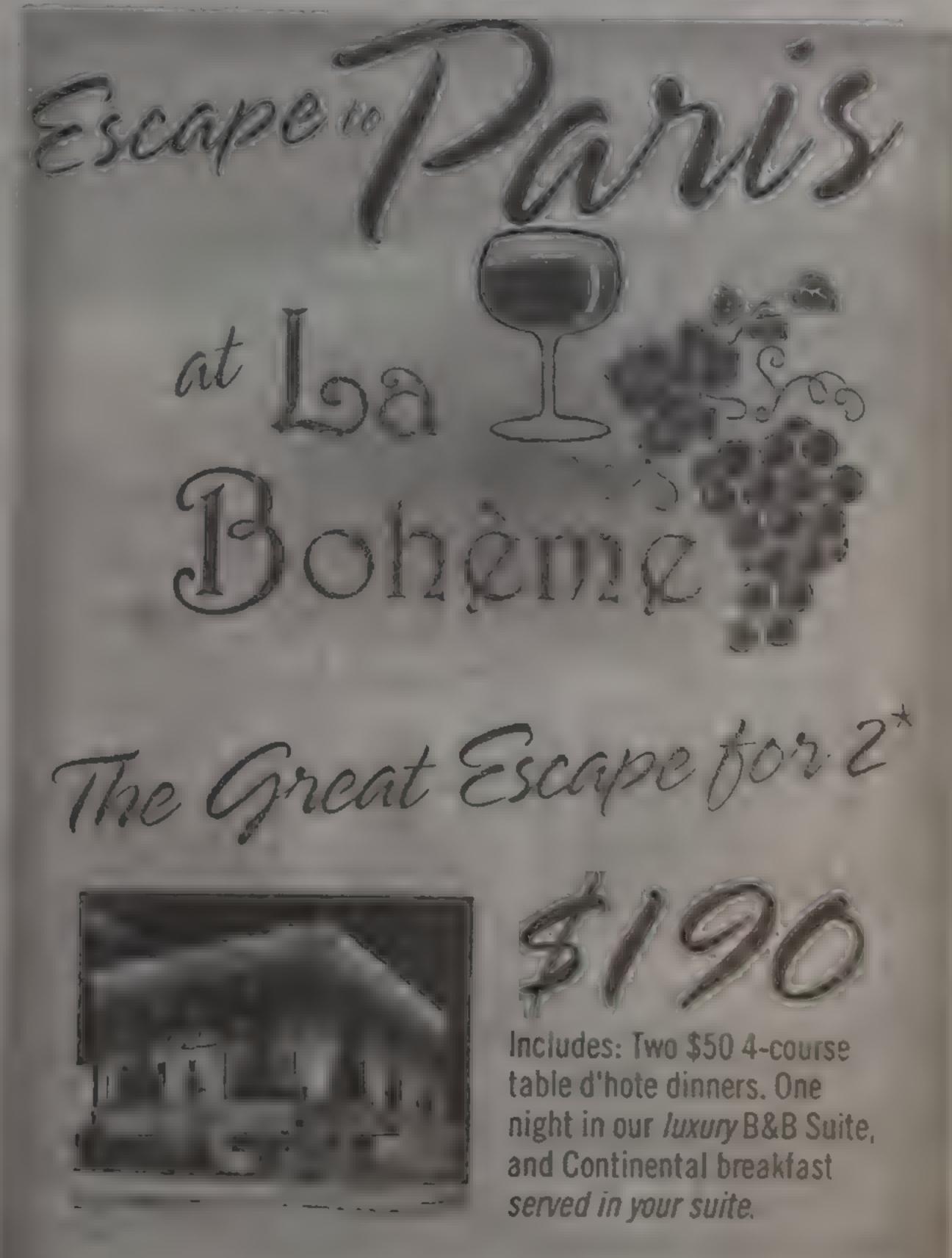
soft leather banquettes along every wall. Each table featured exquisite glassware and finely shaped cutlery that tempted us to smuggle it out in

We sat down and perused the wine list, unable to resist glancing at the very bottom. I briefly considered









6427-112 Ave • 474-5693 • laboheme.ca \* Valid 7 Days a Week

left us with the menus as he left to get our drinks.

At the Red Ox Inn, specialization pays. The menu offered exactly one of every type of dish, from surf to turf, fowl and veg. Appetizers fell to either side of \$10, while entrées reached the mid-to-high \$20 range. Each one was exquisitely described with a single line of text that hinted at its magnificence while painting culinary visions in our hungry imaginations. My bride succumbed to the

rite of passage among Edmontonians since it was built in 1952, without ever having tried this little restaurant. My beloved was just starting to get giddy with enthusiastic sangria sampling when the meals arrived.

Honestly, there should have been a fanfare. The two deep, white, circular plates were arranged to dazzle the eye while seducing the nose and lewdly propositioning the tongue. On my bride's plate, thin slices of chicken and proscuitto basked in a maple vinaigrette and cranberry-almond dressing. She stabbed a few errant cranberries with her first taste of chicken and a slow smile lit her face.

#### "The sign of a great meal is when neither person looks at the other, for fear of having to share."

free-range chicken breast (\$26), while I gave in to the lure of the day's special: a pepper-crusted halibut in a Dijon mustard butter sauce (\$31) that grew more tantalizing each time we overheard our server repeating it to a new table.

AFTER ORDERING, I sat back to enjoy the light jazz and my glass of Rosemount Jigsaw (\$8), an Australian shiraz-grenache blend. To my delight, the dark red wine was both smoother and mellower than the shiraz fruit-bomb I typically enjoy. My wife's sangria was terrific, sporting orange juice and a splash of soda in a tall, shapely glass of iced red wine. We marveled about living in nearby Strathearn Heights, which has been a

While my ecstatic bride savoured the sweet flavours, I yearned for a dish with a little more bite, and my halibut was exactly what I needed. The substantial piece of light, flaky fish assumed the flavours of both its cracked peppercorn crust and Dijon butter sauce for a zesty combination. The sauce also did wonders for my roasted baby potatoes and even the wilted mustard greens took me back to happy memories of small pats of butter melting on cooked spinach. The sign of a great meal is when neither person looks at the other, for fear of having to share.

However, the best taste of the. evening came from an unexpected spot on my bride's plate. Two small, dark orange discs were largely over-

looked in our enthusiasm for the meats. When I watched her eyes widen, then close, upon sampling one, I swiped the other. A little larger than a'two-bite brownie, the truffled squash cakes were cinnamonencrusted tastes of heaven. We eagerly searched around the rest of my wife's meal, but there were no more to be found.

PLATES CLEARED and beverages consumed, I managed to convince her to split a dessert with me. (This is generally as difficult as cajoling gravity into escorting a dropped item downwards.) We had a quick debate on the merits of crème anglaise on the blueberry bread pudding, then settled on the Warm Chocolate Cake (\$7). The cake turned out to be a tasty, cupcake-sized confection with a molten interior next to a single scoop of vanilla bean ice cream. After polishing off the dessert in short | raising order, I took out my debit card to pay for a wonderful meal.

Unfortunately, they don't take debit. The server directed me to a convenience store two blocks away for an ATM. For \$95 including tax and tip, we left with memories of a fine meal and a mildly disappointing finish. The entrées were magnificent and the décor was smokin', but the prices were a little higher than comparable hot spots on the Edmonton scene, and a four-block trip to pay for the meal couldn't help but leave a sour taste in my mouth. O

> RED OX INN 9420 - 91 Street • 465-5727



#### LEGEND

Price per person, before tax and tip

- Less than \$10

-- \$30 and up

-- \$10 to \$20

- \$20 to \$30

#### CLENORA GRILL

2222

#### 12327-102 Ave • 482-3531

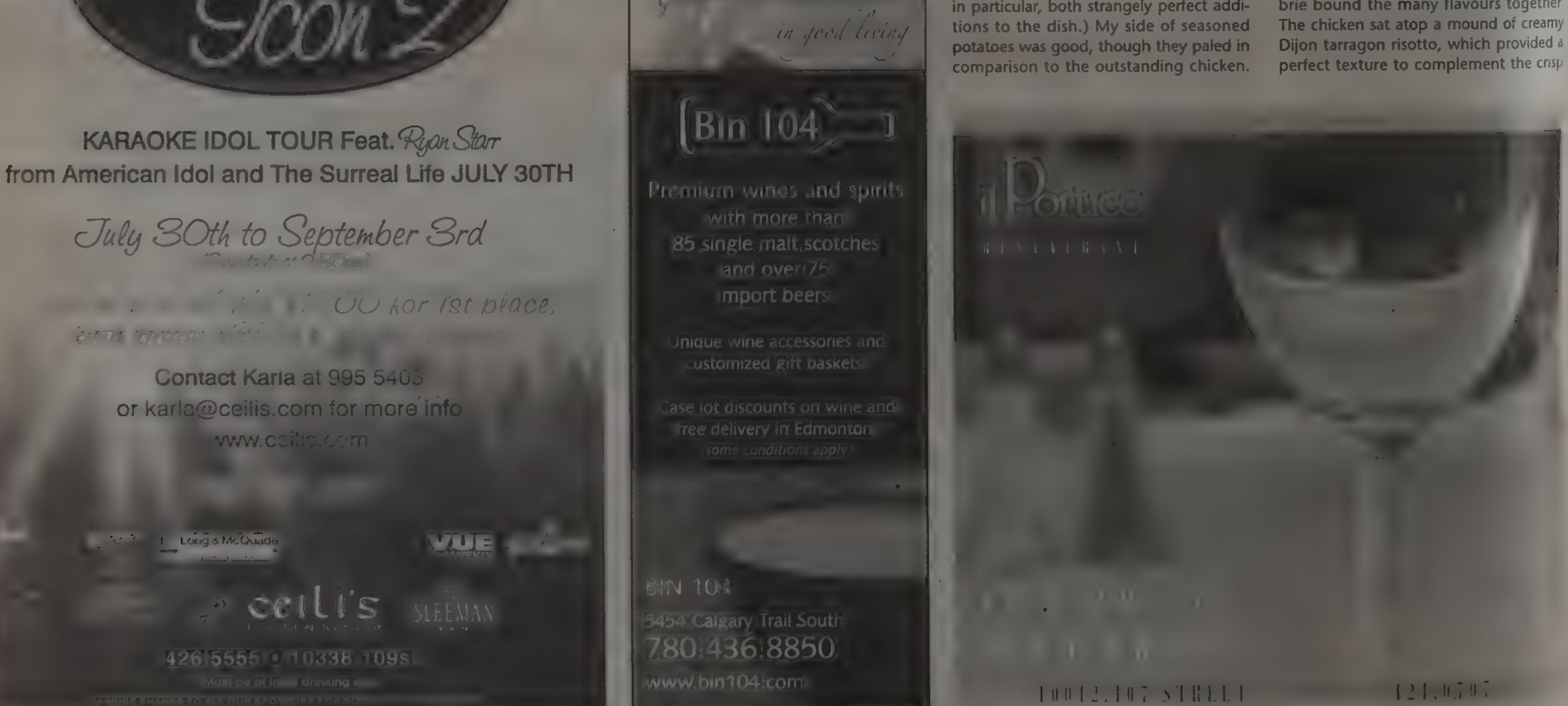
The Glenora Grill's menu is, in a word, creative. There are a lot of interesting flavour combinations, and a diverse mix of ingredients catering to clients who are culinarily conservative or gastronomically adventurous. There were plenty of options to choose from, though I settled fairly quickly on the Arabic Chicken (\$19), a braised chicken breast with raisins, pine nuts, eggplant and fresh tomatoes, with cumin-laced yogurt to top. My wife was in the mood for fish, opting for the Plank-Roasted Pacific Salmon (\$20), which came with crispy leeks and a cranberry aioli. To start things off, I felt like a soup, and seeing how our waiter heartily recommended the Tacoma Sweet Onion Soup (\$4.25 per cup), I thought I'd give it a try. My wife chose the Grilled Sliced Beef Salad (\$9.25), a beef-topped salad with fresh greens and a spicy tomato dressing. It took a while for our appetizers to show up, but when they did, they proved to be worth the wait. Garnished with a dollop of sour cream and some shredded parmesan, my sweet onion soup was, quite simply, the best I've ever had. My wife's salad was huge, and had the better part of a steak sliced up and spread on top. The spicy tomato dressing was, true to its word, spicy, and the greens were fresh and tender. I expected a lot from the \$9 salad, and, judging by my wife's reaction, it was worth the price. My Arabic chicken was seasoned with a deliciously complex group of flavours—the yogurt and cumin were typically eastern, while the almost salsa-like chunky tomato sauce that covered the chicken was full of unlikely bedfellows. (The raisins and pine nuts were, in particular, both strangely perfect addi-

Under all those crispy leeks, my wife's salmon was smothered in a thick layer of cranberry aioli, which she loved. She enjoyed her salmon, but seemed to be even more enraptured by the huge grains of rice in her apparently delicious side dish. Even though my wife hadn't been entirely able to finish off her main course she was excited enough about dessert that we decided to take a look at what they had. My wife instantly gravitated towards the chocolate mousse (\$5,75) while I picked the passion fruit cheese. cake (\$5.75), which was a violent shade of yellow/orange, and was brimming with passion fruit flavour. It was both intensely sweet and intensely sour, with deliciously perfumed taste. After what had been an amazing appetizer and an outstanding entrée, the cheesecake was the exclamation point at the end of the evening. At nearly \$81 including tax, our meal wasn't cheap, but the quality of the food, the level of service and the classy. but-comfortable ambiance made it an exceptional value. Average Price: \$555 (Reviewed 6/9/05)

#### THE MANOR CAFÉ

#### 10109-125 St • 482-7577

Although the Manor Café's exterior pre sents the grandeur of a wealthy attorney general's home from 1929, the interior pulses with modern style. Every room was gorgeously appointed, with lush attention to detail. Far from full on this Friday evening, the Manor Café felt quiet and intimate. After long minutes of eliminating culinary temptations one by one, my decision came down to two dishes. Would I indulge in the Moroccan fruit couscous (\$17) or the Thermidor (\$22)? After a brief but intense inner battle, chicken stuffed with lobster and brie won a victory over curry coconut cream and pineapple chutney. Aromatics and aesthetics doubleteamed me as I gazed at the wonder my server set down before me. Its skin perfectly crisped, the free-range chicken was lean and tender. Enveloped within the chicken, the lobster's mild taste slid subtly through the spinach and garlic. Warm brie bound the many flavours together The chicken sat atop a mound of creamy Dijon tarragon risotto, which provided a



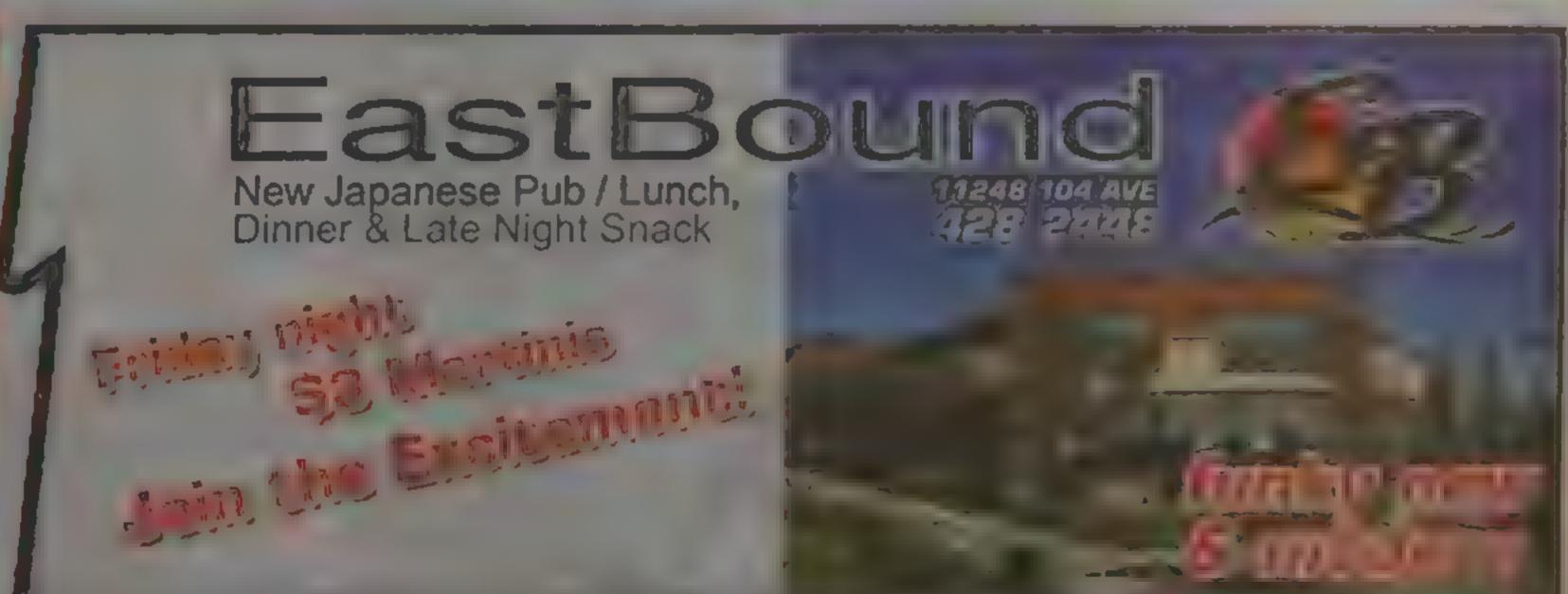
it Even the sautéed vegetables were n at onal, savoury cloves are a welcome 111 on to red cabbage. Needless to say, 1 I arred my plate and ventured back no de from my outdoor table for a coffee (\$1.95) and a look at the dessert tray. Half a sentence into the description of the first mouth-watering treat, I knew that I could not simply browse, and pointed at the white chocolate, strawberry and mango crème brûlée (\$7). After a few tastes of a decent gourmet coffee, the dessert of my dreams was set before me. I quickly devoured the plump strawberry and crisp cookie that festooned the cup so that nothing would distract me from the moment my spoon cracked that sweet crust. I mixed the shards with the rich crème to blend both flavours with the white chocolate and juicy chunks of mango. I ate slowly and each taste melted into pure paradise on my tongue. Average Price: \$\$\$\$ (Reviewed 6/9/05)

#### SYPHAY 6010-104 St • 438-8338

The inside of Syphay is cozy, obviously well-cared-for, and simple and honest in that family-owned-and-operated sort of way. It has the look of a restaurant that's a labour of love for the owner—it's not fancy, but it's nice. I had arrived with a bit of a hankering for peanut sauce, so we ordered a couple of plates of satay-style kebobs: one plate of chicken and one plate of beef, both of which had five skewers of meat and cost a very affordable \$6.95. To add a bit of variety, I thought I'd try Syphay's version of Pad Thai (\$7.95), a combination of stir-fried rice noodles, bean sprouts, green onions, chicken and shredded carrots, tossed together with peanuts and a dark, slick sauce. To complete the meal, we picked a side of coconut rice (\$2.75), which I tend to like, especially with Thai food. Obvious thought and effort had been put into the presentation of the food, making it look far more impressive and expensive than the price suggested. As soon as the main plates arrived, we realized that we'd ordered too much. The Pad Thai was particularly gigantic, and looked fabulous under the scattered crushed peanuts, the thick slice of orange and the fresh sprigs of cilantro. It was delightfully flavourful, with perfectly cooked noodles and a sauce that wowed us both (just sweet enough, but still with plenty of tang). The kebobs were also delicious, though it was the peanut satay sauce that really stole the show. It was thick and slightly sweet, with that wonderfully complex tart and peanutty taste that goes so well with grilled meat on a stick. Since we wound up sampling a wide range of things, including a dessert and an appetizer, we matringer. To hing vip a bill of around \$50 including tax, though if we'd cut back and only ordered a can of pop and one dish each, we could have easily walked away with a decent supper for two for around \$25. That's quite the value, considering the assortment of interesting flavours and the happy, attentive staff. 1 know I'll be back. Average Price: \$\$-\$\$\$ (Reviewed 6/16/05)











### These rocks were made for climbin'

Look out, rocks! Vue Weekly's official weekend warriors are back in Lake Louise

BY ERIK BEUKER AND JENS KILDEN

his time out, the Weekend Warriors head to Lake Louise to sample (again!) some of Canada's finest rock-climbing and touristwatching. There is a strong allure to this place, and while there we can't help but feel a little closer to heaven. In fact, it quickly becomes apparent that we just may have some of the world's most stunning scenery right in our own backyard.

MON, JULY 25 The final hours of work seem to move so slowly that one could almost swear the earth actually stopped dead in its orbit around the sun. Time literally seems to stand still. Then, as if awakening from a nightmare, it comes time to leave the shackle and chains of work behind, and head out to our second home for the summer: the Canadian Rockies. As the mountains appear on the horizon, our work titles dissolve and for the remainder of the trip we are only climbers. Talk about work or school becomes unacceptable.

As usual, we roll into our campground at close to 1 a.m.; however, to our disappointment we find that the only campground in the town of Field is full. Who knew? Now we must choose between driving back into Lake Louise to look for another campground or sleeping in our car for what little of the night remains. This would prove to be the worst night of sleep either of us have ever had. I can recall hearing sobbing in the middle of the night but am unable to determine from which of one us it came from. It becomes obvious that the reason some mistakes are so painful is so that they are not easily forgotten. Never sleep in your car... never!

TUE, JULY 26 Although we only managed to steal a couple hours of sleep between the two of us, we awaken in high spirits, as it is immediately obvious that the weather will be marvelous. The sun is shining, there are no clouds, and at 8 a.m., it must be 20 degrees out already. Sleep deprived but wearing smiles, we head into the small town of Field to revisit one of our favorite breakfast spots, Truffle's Pig Café. Breakfast is so good that we actually forget about our lack of sleep and are ready for an exciting day of climbing in an area appropriately

named "the back of the lake" at Lake Louise. There are so many reasons that this area has become one of our favourites, but among the top are the gentle stroll in and the amazing selection of great quality climbing routes. It's also exciting to meet fellow climbers who have made the excursion here from all over the world.

While warming up on the classic "Wicked Gravity," we find ourselves in the presence of several British soldiers who have come to Canada to train in our glorious mountain ranges. These foreigners feel compelled to remind us of our great fortune in living so close to such unmatched beauty; we can't help but grin. After a lot of talking and a little climbing, we decide to jump on other classic routes nestled further in

the area. Excitement slowly turns to fatigue and we decide to retire for the day knowing that we will be here for two more days. It's on the walk back to the car that Jens worthers his bleeding hands, a small price to pay for such climbing bliss.

We remain in high spirits because we know that there will be no sleeping in the car tonight, as we have been graciously granted accommodations at the stylish and comfortable Lake Louise Inn. The rooms are exceptional and offer a breathtaking view of the local ice-capped peaks and vast forested valley. We spend hours just sitting on our balcony staring in awe at the local splendour, and when we finally succumb to our fatigue, we sleep as though we have been drugged in the comfort of our beds. It's quite an experience to go from sleeping in your car to sleeping in one of the nicest hotels in the Canadian Rockies all in the span of 24 hours.

WED, JULY 27 Needless to say, we decide to sleep in and do so with the comfort of knowing that our favourite crag is literally only minutes away. I find myself getting up and looking out the window just to verify this a few times in the morning. Today we are excited because our friend Karly is coming down from Calgary to hang out with us. This provides us with the

unique opportunity to have someone take pictures while we climb, and also a relief from trying to belay and photograph with the same two hands Any fellow weekend warrior/climber can surely relate! Again, we cat quick breakfast and make the shear trek into the crag. Several hours, epic battles and torn fingers later we reemerge. Although physically exhausted, we are soon dolled up in our evening wear to sample the Lake Louise night life. Ironically, the most exciting pub in town turns out to be the one in our hotel. We relax by sipping a few drinks and listening to the charismatic house band that plays most music under the sun. We can t be happier with the atmosphere and convenience of staying within walking distance of our room. Night turns to early morning and we mere mortals return to our room for some much needed beauty sleep

THU, JULY 28 This will be our last day in Lake Louise. We can't help but fel a little anxious about packing the car because we know that we will soon be returning home and assuming our true identities. Suddenly titles like "student," "technician" and "slave to the big man" return to us. We decide to do some last minute climbing because we fear it may be a while before we're able to come back here I'm motivated to try a route that I ve been challenged by for a few years.

Amazingly, as we make the approach it becomes apparent that someone else has the same inten tions. As we get closer we are blown away to see that the guy on "my" route is probably old enough to get the seniors' discount at Denny's. We are in disbelief as we watch this unidentified man graciously send the route. Both Jens and I are speechless and at the same time ecstatic because this geriatric climber reminds us that climbing is a lifelong sport. As I ungraciously attempt the route I can't help but marvel at the former climber's grace. I am left exhausted but enlightened and we decide this is a good time to leave It's nice to finally drive through the mountains during the daytime as we usually don't arrive until well same dark and miss the show that the mountains put on.

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lalike, canoe, fish and more on northeastern B.C.'s Lakes and Trails Circle Route

BY JUDI LEES AND ANNE TEMPELMAN-KLUIT

ack your hiking boots, flex your paddling muscles, take binoculars and fishing rods and head to northeastern B.C. for a seven- to 10day, 1,500-kilometre trip along a route that will reward you with pristine lakes, rivers and waterways, rolling ranchlands, lush valleys and unspoiled wilderness. Fishing, hiking, canoeing and bird watching are only a few of the activities that will keep you enthralled along the way. When you consider that golfing, mounting biking, river rafting, trail-riding, and some of nature's marvels spiced with First Nations and Gold Rush history are also part of this road trip, you'll wonder if a lifetime is enough to explore all this area has to offer.

This intriguing loop, appropriately dubbed the Lakes and Trails Circle Route, can begin in Kamloops, a hilly, flourishing town nestled in the Thompson River Valley. Before you take to the open road, stroll the Rivers Trail and take in some of the town's galleries and shops. Here, one can flashback to wilder days aboard the Spirit of Kamloops' steam train. Once enbeard passengers experience a taste the v.r', west during the re-created ' at Iran Kabbery' -- Bill Miner and be, gall pung gang board the train, 'taar'' heerfu'ly as they hand out Illare to side-eved children.

The golf ball flies well in Kamloops's dry air, and there are many different fairways to test this theory. While part of the family takes up this challenge, others can explore the great outdoors in a whole different fashion at the B.C. Wildlife Parkwith sightings of grizzly bears, mountain lions, birds of prey and more.

AS YOU DRIVE NORTH on Highway 97 to begin your exploration, you soon realize how intriguing the landscape is. All along the road, lakes and streams beckon, but the Kamloops region also boasts desert terrain. Cowboys and cattle share these scenic, rolling hills with cactus, tumbleweed and sagebrush. You can fish for succulent Dolly Varden in the North or South Thompson rivers, or divert to any number of the more than 200 lakes within a short drive of Kamloops. At Walloper Lake, Lac Le Jeune, Stake or McConnell Lakes—all on the Lac Le Jeune Road and less than 25 minutes drive from downtown-flyfish for the small but delicious Kamloops fighting trout, or rainbow trout, BC's most sought-after freshwater fish.

Hikers can follow well-marked trails (that are used by cross-country skiers in winter) at these nearby lakes. There's more than 150 kilometres of trails, known as some of the province's best Nordic skiing routes. Camp out, dine on just-caught trout and nod off to the loon's haunting cry. You will also be tempted, just past Kamloops, to turn off and visit Sun Peaks Resort. In a province renowned for ski resorts, Sun Peaks is the largest area in the interior, with three mountains and a charming alpine village. Golfers might want to try out their new 18-hole golf course, while others will want to mountain bike or hike the flowerspangled mountain meadows.

Back on Highway 97, you come to Cache Creek, where travel-weary gold-seekers used to stop near the small stream to rest on their long journey. Today's driving explorers still stop at this locale (situated on the Gold Rush Trail) for a good night's rest and hearty meal before continuing on their travels. Then on to Hat Creek Ranch, where the Barnard Express stagecoach used to overnight; today you visit the restored site that includes a blacksmith shop and Roadhouse. There are also guided tours to a nearby Shuswap Nation village--see an array of displays depicting early life for First Nations, complete with a visit to a rare circular pit house known as a "kekuli."

Take a brief detour south of Cache Creek to historic Ashcroft for the thrill of river rafting, or to absorb the region's pioneer history at the Ashcroft Museum. Back on Highway 97, spend time at the fish hatchery at Loon Lake Provincial Park, where juvenile Kokanee salmon and rainbow trout are raised.

Forty kilometres further on, Clinton still basks in its gold-rush fame. Stop at the local museum and view pioneer artifacts-including infamous Judge Matthew Begbie's desk. Known as the "Hanging Judge," he used to travel here and sit in the local schoolhouse. As you continue north, you are driving the original Gold Rush Trail, following the path of fortune seekers.

IF YOU HAVE A HANKERING to saddle up, this is a great area to book into a guest ranch. At some ranches you ride the range and round-up cattle; at others, you are pampered—a spa treatment after a trail ride, perhaps? Others cater to families and offer something for everyone's must-do adventure list.

Don't miss Chasm Provincial Park, featuring one of Nature's rarities—the spectacular Painted Chasm. At the end of the last ice age 10,000 years ago, water from the melting glaciers carried so much silt that it carved the eight-kilometre long, 600-metre wide and 300-metre deep slash through the earth, revealing the colours and textures of 12- to 25million-year-old volcanic rocks.

From 70 Mile House (one of the many communities named for the Cariboo Waggon road mileposts that begin in Lillooet) it's a short drive to Green Lake and beyond to Watch Lake, where there's trail rides, canoeing, swimming and fishing. This is the gateway to the numerous South Cariboo Lakes.

Back on the highway at bustling 100 Mile House, a Barnard Express and Stage Line stagecoach from the 1860s is displayed outside the Red Coach Inn. Hit the fairway or a trail ride before taking a short detour west to Moose Valley Provincial Park. The access road needs a four-wheel drive or high-clearance vehicles, but it's well worth the effort. This wilderness park, renowned for wildlife viewing, hiking and bird watching, also has an enchanting chain of 12 lakes. Take a leisurely two-day canoe trip, or paddle part of the chain in a day. Some short portages may be necessary if the lake levels are low. Provincial parks abound in this area, all with great fishing and water activities, wildlife viewing—moose are common here-and hiking, but if you keep driving, Lac La Hache, famous for its Kokanee trout, is the next stop.

At Williams Lake, the focus switches from fish to horses—if you

are there in July for the rambunctious four-day Williams Lake Stampede! The rolling benchlands north of here have long been the province of the Shuswap nation. At the Xats'ull Heritage Village in Soda Creek, visit ancient petroglyphs and a traditional sweat lodge to get an idea of the Shuswap way of life. This is a particularly captivating location as you drive a long, winding lane to the village that overlooks the Fraser River and borders a First Nations burial ground.

QUESNEL IS THE NEXT major stop on the highway, at the confluence of the Fraser and Quesnel Rivers. Stroll along the river walk and imagine the days when paddle wheelers plied these waters in 1863. Here, gold seekers left the Fraser and struggled east to Barkerville. Try your luck, pan for gold at the mouth of the Quesnel River, visit the Quesnel Museum and Archives to see thousands of artifacts dating back to pioneering life—from ranching to logging treasures, to one of the most impressive collections of Chinese artifacts in North America.

Still in the pioneering spirit, you may wish to divert to Wells and Barkerville along Highway 26, an idyllic country road (watch for bear and moose). Along the way, visit Cottonwood House Historic Site; you'll particularly enjoy the beautifully-restored roadhouse at this stop where stagecoach drivers and guests overnighted (open May through until the September long weekend).

The tiny, artistic community of Wells boasts wooden boardwalks. false-fronted craft stores and art galleries. You'll be surprised by the wealth of artistic talent in this tiny town, and make sure you drop into

SEE NEXT PAGE



#### Lakes and trails

Continued from previous page

the Wells Hotel; it has been beautifully refurbished.

Barkerville is a restored Gold Rush town where businesses operate just as they did more than a century ago. As you stroll the streets, you'll hear stories of the past from costumed entertainers and it's easy to believe that you have stepped back in time. There's panning for gold—as well there should be, in the town where Billy Barker struck it rich. Take in a performance at the Theatre Royal for a glimpse of the town's history, or take a stroll uphill and visit the locale's cemetery.

NEAR BARKERVILLE (32 kilometres east) is the incomparable Bowron Lakes Provincial Park in the Cariboo Mountains. This canoeing circuit of 10 large lakes and small waterways is 116 kilometres long and lures adventurers from around the world. Ranked

Outside magazine, this is an adventure for the hearty—as it can take between five and 10 ten days to complete. Truly one of the best known and best loved canoe or kayak circuits, this wilderness sanctuary is home to moose, deer, caribou, mountain goat, black and grizzly bear. To maintain its pristine environment, the number of groups allowed on the lakes are carefully monitored and reservations are essential. Bookings open in January.

you'll be almost exactly in the middle of the province, surrounded by the aptly named Interior Plateau, where two great rivers (the Nechako and the Fraser) meet. This thriving city is rich in parkland. An excellent place to stretch your legs is on the Heritage River Trail, 10 km along the Fraser and Nechako Rivers. Visit the Railway Museum and watch for beavers in the Forests for the World; you can also learn about forestry, once the mainstay of the city. The Fraser-Fort George Regional Museum tells about the Carrier Indians in the area and follows a transportation theme, from dugout canoes to stern-wheelers and the railroads. The city opens up to wilderness with more than 1,600 lakes and rivers offering endiess opportunities for fishing, boating, hiking and wildlife viewing.

Take the Yellowhead Highway 16 east from Prince George to the tranquil community of McBride, tucked into the Mount Robson Valley. The highway here parallels the Fraser River with lovely spots to stop for picnics. This scenic area is a favourite with hikers, fishers, white-water enthusiasts and birders. An array of bird species have been noted at the Horseshoe Lake Bird Viewing Station—including Canada geese, goldeneye ducks, swans and blue herons.

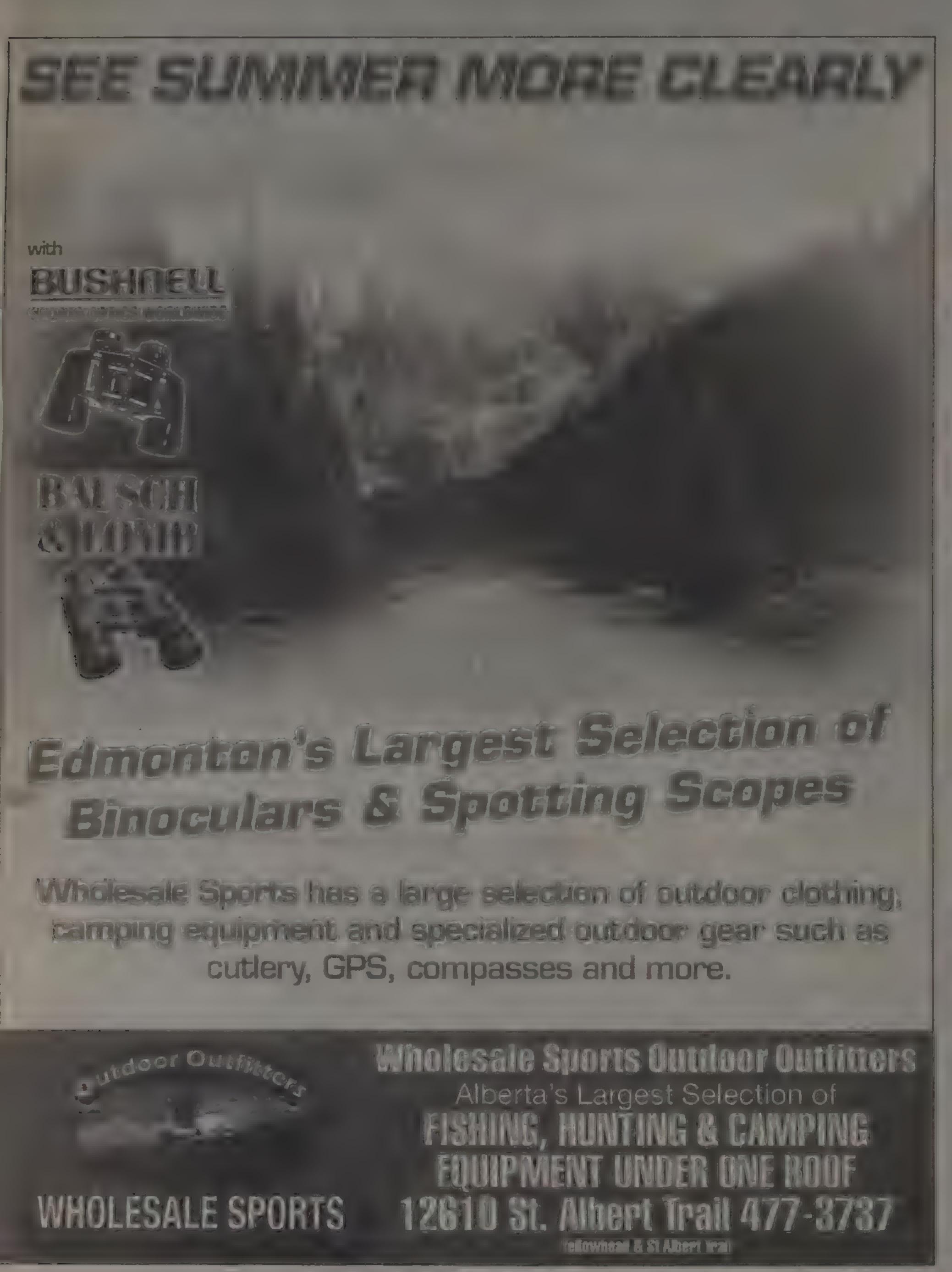
Jaune Cache and on to Mount Robson Provincial Park, where the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies looms 3,954 metres (12,972 feet) above the surrounding, untouched wilderness. This park is also the headwater of the Fraser River and home of the massive Berg Glacier. Time to lace on your hiking boots and trek some of the extensive trails that encompass the best of Rocky Mountain scenery—tranquil lakes, vast glaciers, tumbling waterfalls, dense forests and sloping meadows.

Winding your way slowly south, friendly Valemount has treats in store for bird watchers, as just minutes from town is the awesome Robert W. Starrat Wildlife Sanctuary a noted waterfowl habitat. After time on the road, this peaceful place is a welcome respite. Nearby is George Hicks Regional Park where, in late summer, the world's longest Chinook salmon migration takes place at Swift Creek. Canoeing some of the quiet streams, hiking in verdant valleys or taking a guided nature tour are some other activities worth considering.

Highway 5 now heads south to Blue River through the North Thompson River Valley—the river is visible at many places along the highway. This pristine area is a haven of lakes, rivers and forests for fishing, canoeing and camping, and bird-watching in nearby Blue River Black Spruce Provincial Park.

The tiny town of Clearwater. claim to fame is its proximity , Wells Gray Park, an amazing wilder ness adventure land. Five important lakes, streams, waterfalls and rapids converge in the park, providing ; water wonderland to explore Although much of this park in extreme wilderness, the hike alon Helmcken Falls Rim Trail is not, and it boasts astounding views of one of Canada's highest waterfalls-an unforgettable sight. This area was first settled by the Shuswap and Chilcotin First Nations and many archaeologi cal sites throughout the park exhibit evidence of these ancient cultures.

From here, it is a pleasant drive back to Kamloops, where it all began Your journey through this small patch of the province yields enough diverse pastimes and pleasures to lune you back again and again. O





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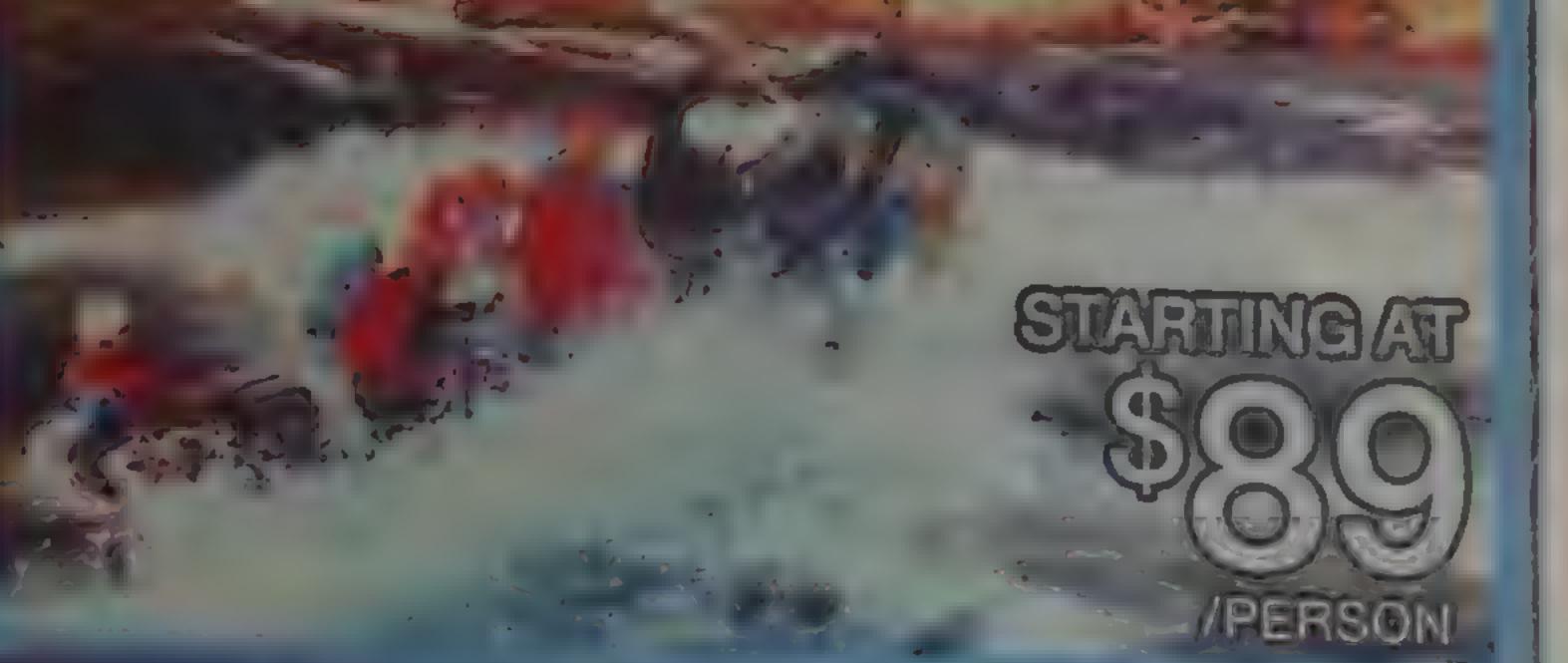
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# Music à la mod

Winnipeg's Novillero may sound like they set out to be mods, but it just happened, they swear

BY LEAH COLLINS

versation with something of a puzzle: "there's two of us in Novillero who I would consider mods," he says. "I'll let you guess who they are."

The odds are a none-too-shabby 50-50, but considering the Winnipeg group's been banking its reputation on an updated sound (courtesy of their freshly released record, Aim for the Holes in Their Lives) that wears its '60s mod rock and soul influences as comfortably as Italian shoes, you'd be hard pressed to separate the mods from the plain old rockers. Singer and keyboardist Rod Slaughter seems an obvious choice, if not for his apparent skinny tie collection then for the '60s-styled rock he's been creating for the last 10-odd years as the bass-wielding half of Winnipeg rhythm-section rockers Duotang. Just don't be foolish enough to mistake Berthiaume as self-identifying mod number two.

"No, not me. I'm not a mod. I never really fit into any of the subcategories," he says. "I always considered myself a mod sympathizer, though."

Berthiaume's got a healthy dose of cynicism—or as he calls it, "sourpuss talk,"—about the whole mod thing, especially concerning the way the mod label gets bandied about when it comes to talk about his band. Not that he doesn't understand—or totally disagree, for that matter—if Novillero gets pegged as group of mods. There's plenty of things to love about the style, he

says, he just finds it all uncomfortably cliché. Mind you, the significance of keeping from the mod pigeonhole is occasionally lost on a few of the Vespa enthusiasts in Berthiaume's company.

"We [the band] were in a store one time with some of our friends—who I guess I would consider mods—and I saw a mod guide to style, or a mod handbook or something like



that. And I just went 'Pfft—oh my god, that's ridiculous,' and 10 minutes later I noticed that one of those other guys had it in his hand to buy it," he says. "I don't know, I'm just—I'm very cynical about the mod thing, about the subscription to Mod. Monthly kind of thing—just this straight up accepting that 'yes, I'm a mod and here's why."

pursuing the clichés—like, as he suggests, slapping a red and blue target on his drum kit, buying two-tone guitar straps for bassist Grant Johnson and guitarist Sean Stevens, or even succumbing to suggestions from the higher-ups that a few scooters would look pretty key in their music videos. There's only one mod influence that he figures is worth pursuing.

"I love the music, I love soul music, I love old Motown stuff and Stax record label stuff, and I love The Who, and The Small Faces, and The Jam, and The Kinks and all those things that I'm sure have their own chapters in the mod handbook," he says. All those things have found a bigger place on Novillero's newest record than on their previous release, 2001's The Brindleford Follies. Berthiaume figures the change was a bit inevitable considering the Novillero membership changeover of the last few years, the original six-piece line-

up being cut down to a tight ....
with the exit of Roberta Dempster,
Scott Hildebrandt and the Walling
Eyes' Rusty Matyas (who still man
aged to show up for some trumped
work on Aim Right for the Holes in
Their Lives). A smaller band made for
a more direct, more aggressive pop
sound—a style that just happened to
be very inspired by Novillero's
favourite sounds of the '60s

"Certainly it's not a conscious thing on our part to revive that old sound," says Berthiaume. "I just love throwing the tambourine in there and hand claps where necessary, or a soul punchy kind of horn section: those are all hallmarks of Motown and Stax and all those things which The Who and even more so The Small Faces came by secondhand. So I don't mind if people say our stuff sounds like the '60s, because we're not trying to write a song like The Kinks or The Small Faces, but if that's how it ends up turning out, then fine."

Or even better than fine, Derthaume hopes. With a trend these days of groups of young men who love their hair-styling product as much a The Kinks getting plenty of attention, Berthiaume wouldn't mind to much if Novillero's mod sympathies translated into a modicum of success And while Novillero's been picking up some momentum lately, s Berthiaume figures the only trickle down benefits the band's received so fir the sort of thing that tweaks his cynical side: a gig at Toronto's Mod Chub

"It's kind of corny," he says, but he can deal. "To me, I just tocus of the fact that it's people dancing in some cool clothes to some cool sounds. I can get into it on that level—if I don't get all cynical and weird about the mod scene of something."

HOVILLERD

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# Lemmy wise

The Fuse

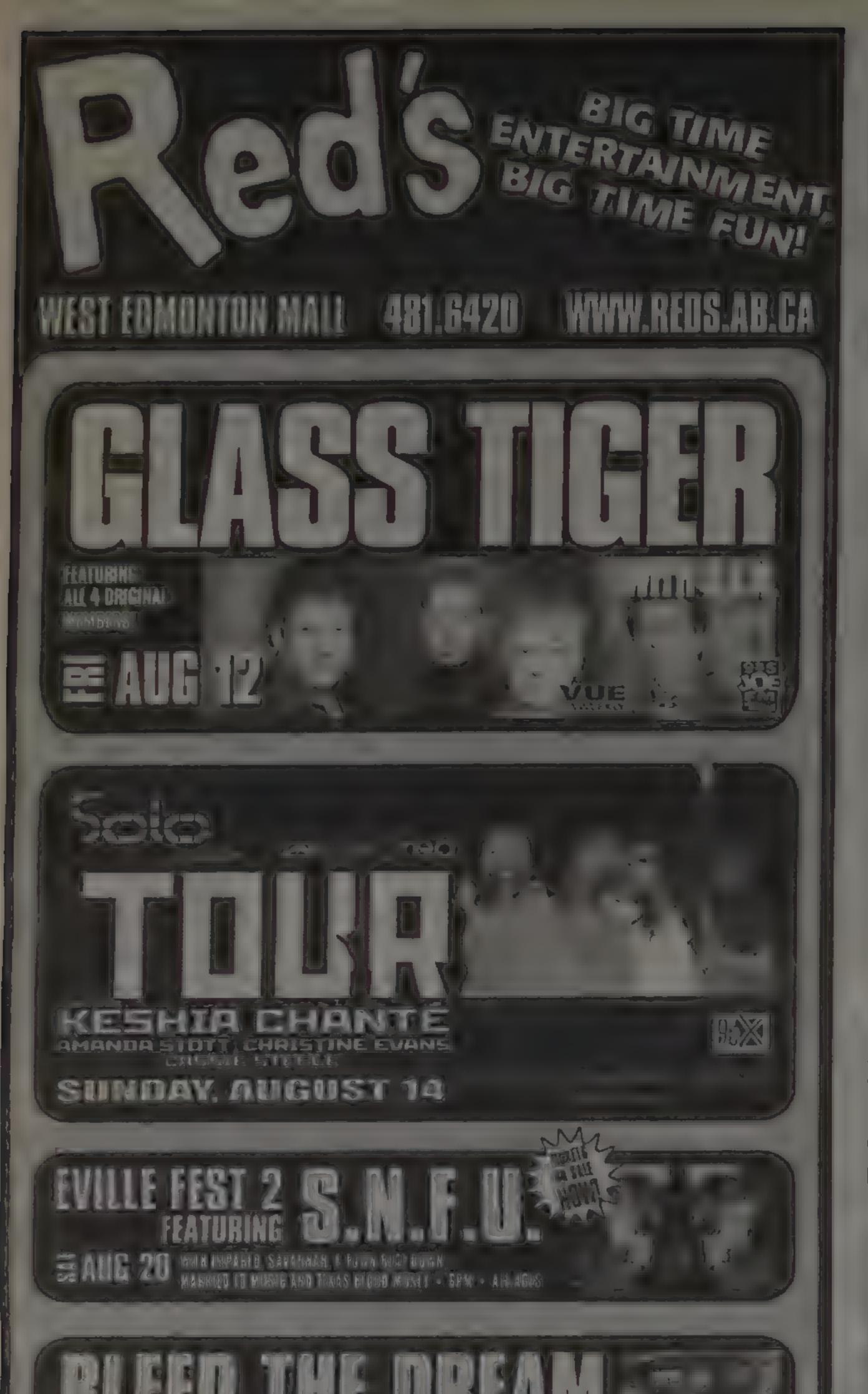


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#### BY ROSS MOROZ

JFK and The Conspirators . With My Own Superhero and The Burnin' Sands • Sidetrack Café • Thu, Aug 18 (8 pm) According to the biography section of the JFK and the Conspirators website, the band is a "seven-piece traditional ska outfit" and "the longest running ska act in Canada." They also happen to hail from Winnipeg, the "ska capital of Canada," and are signed to Bacteria Buffet records, "Winnipeg's premier ska record label." So it would be a reasonably safe bet to assume that JFK and the Conspirators probably play, I dunno, ska music, right?

According to Conspirators frontman David Adams (a.k.a. JFK), however, they don't. "We're not really all that ska," Adams explains—and this may seem a bit perplexing, somewhat akin to Neil Young describing himself as "not all that rock 'n roll," to use another Winnipegger as an example. But it probably stems from a problem of definition: JFK and the Conspirators are undeniably a ska band, but more so in the vein of British ska legends the Specials than, say, Rancid progenitors Operation lvy. As such, Adams is aware of the possibility that the prototypical ska fan—resplendent in his suspenders and funny hat, no doubt—may find the Conspirator's lack of interest in the aesthetical trappings of so-called "third wave" ska a bit threatening, but Adams doesn't particularly care: apparently, impressing these radical zealots was never among the Conspirators' goals.

"Even when we started, our crowd wasn't a ska crowd; it was more of a wide cross-section of people," Adams explains, acknowledging the tendency for bands like his to feel the pressure to conform to the homogenous ska aesthetic. "Later on, people were trying to push us into the ska scene, but I've always thought we did better with a wider audience."

JFK and the Conspirators are currently finding out exactly how wide that audience has become. After a seven-year layoff following the release of their 1998 album *The Mayor of Ganja City*, the band is touring the country in support of their recently released *Mash up the Dance*, which has a more dancehall flavour than the band's previous releases.

"We do a lot more dancehall reggae now," Adams agrees, "which is another reason why sometimes the hardcore ska fans aren't really into us." With another album on the way soon ("I'm not going to wait another eight years to do another one "Adams insists), the Conspirators are showing no signs of slowing down even after a decade of touring the country. Adams admits that son times the grind of touring does with on him, but he and the rest of (b) Conspirators remain motivated he their much higher calling.

"All we care about is making the ladies shake," Adams affirms, finally dismissing the criticisms of ska extremists. "Sometimes hardcore fans of the genre are annoyed, but what they're missing is all the sexy ladies moving their behinds."

Ten Second Epic . With Cry the Afflicted, Hundred Acre Wood, Eyes Full of Stars and Langley . Queen Alex Hall . Fil Aug 12 is emo dead? As recently two or three years ago, Edmonton local music scene was positively infested with suburban bands sport ing black hair dye, girls' jeans and Atticus T-shirts, singing songs in shirt ing time signatures about how posstively deep and meaningful the feelings were and choosing to label themselves "post-hardcorc" on "screamo," in true emo fashion Since then, most of these group. have slowly bitten the dust, making way for a new breed of keyboard bashing art punks and bearded rock



#### BY STEVEN SANDOR

THIS WEEK: Mike Luce discusses
Neil Young's Young Man's Fancy

Here's a new one for Distant Replay (and a selection that might ruffle the feathers of those at the Canadi-

an Recording Industry Association, to boot), as our spotlighted artist this week has chosen a bootleg as his choice for the album that most influenced his musical career.

The musician in question is Mike Luce, frontman of Mike Luce and His Shaggy Cords, a band that is bringing a truly off-kilter slant to local pop music, and as Luce got down to thinking about his album of choice, he explains he was tempted to

go with two of the must-have albums of the '90s alternative era before deciding to go with Young, one of the princes of Can-Con.

"I am tempted to pick something really influential like Loveless by My Bloody Valentine or Slanted and Enchanted by Pavement," says Luce, "but if I was to pick one listening experience or album that blew my mind the most during my 20s it would

have to be Young Man's Fancy, a Neil Young bootleg from his 1971 solo acoustic tour."

Recorded at Los Angeles's famed Chandler Pavilion, Young Man's Fancy was released to the musical underground in 1971. It was a double-LP tour de force, one that still fetches a decent price from collectors to this day. Unlike many other LP bootlegs made at that time, the pirates who recorded the Chandler Pavilion show decided not to edit it down so it would fit nicely onto two sides of a record—though later, edited versions of this bootleg later hit the black market. Rather, what listeners got was Young in his prime, giving sharp

he sings louder and more soulful than any person ever has. Recently I have had similar experiences listening to powerful singers like Julian Casablan cas (the Strokes) or Win Butler (Arcaue Fire), but nothing has effected me and much as that bootleg record."

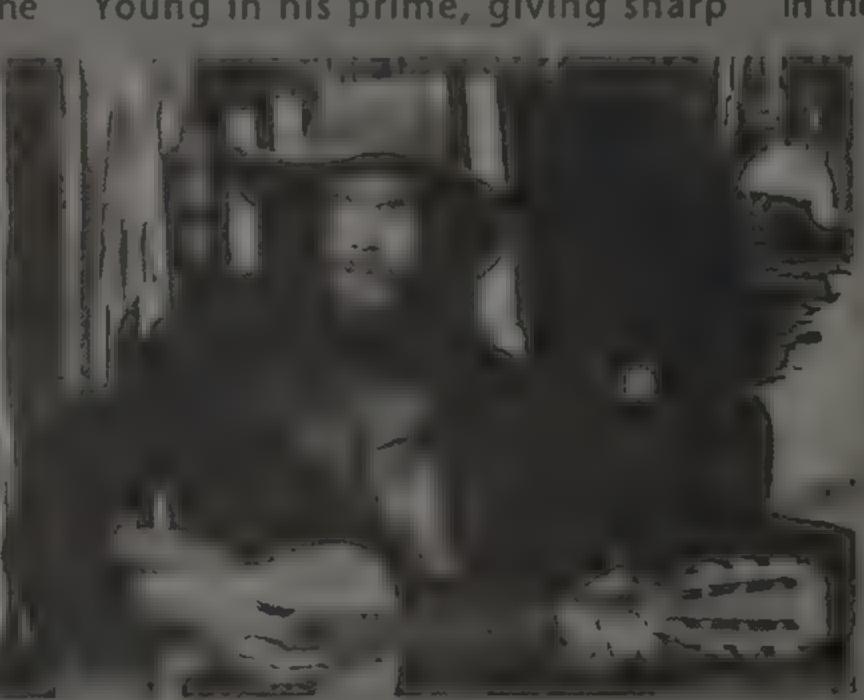
The tour helped cement Young as a solo superstar. Just a year before, the hippie supergroup Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young called it quits (even though they would repeatedly break up and get back together over and over again well into the 21st century), and, of the four, Young still had the least-recognized name south of the border. The success of his solo career in the early '70s, however, would soon

make Young the most-recornized refugee from that band

close to being comparable to CSNY, Luce will also be dealing with some changes to the Shag gy Cords. Current drumme Peter Hendrickson (of King Muskafa fame) will be leaving the band at the end of August to pursue his education in Nova Scotia; Sean MacIntosh will be coming in to replace Hendrick son behind the kit.

and the Cords when they play the Sidetrack August 17, on a bill visit James McKenty and the Spades Matt Masters.

"We are second on the bill and its are really excited because we will be debuting a couple new songs and the ing to sing new three-part has monies—that are kind in psychedelic—on some of the old songs!" says Luce. O



acoustic renditions of his signature songs of that era, including smash hits "Harvest" and "Old Man," still staples of classic-rock stations across Canada today.

For Luce, that 15-song set was pure magic. "When I listen to that album, his voice goes through me like electricity or an ancestral spirit giving me comfort, reassurance and inspiration," he says. "On that album, I think

nemately talented Ten Second Epic emerge from the sea of emo-pop atenders. Mutic Notes reached the sin TSE in their tour van, which is ently "hopefully somewhere near hunder Bay," and began by gossiphunder Bay, and began by gossiphunder Bay, and began by gossiphunder bands that have diseased in recent months.

"Them too, eh?" says Ten Second pic drummer Pat Birtles when omed of the passing of another fortiable "emo-core" act. Despite the rigoing torrent of break-ups in the idmonton (well, okay, Edmonton and Sherwood Park) emo scene, Ten Second ipic are pleased to report no intention of calling it quits any time soon.

together is the fact that we didn't get ogether as musicians trying to start a pand," postulates Birtles, who suspects that many of the above-mentioned groups formed with a cynical "get huge quick" manifesto instead of coming together organically. "We got ogether as friends who had a common interest in music, and we were good friends before we ever started trying to play together."

e musically also helps Ten Second pic's members stay sane during their suddenly relentless touring schedule. The band is currently out on their second Canadian tour of the year, and hey have been thrilled to find return customers coming back for more hen the band revisits stops. "A lot of re places we're hitting this time are places we've been before," Birtles enthuses. "So almost everywhere we so there's a couple of people who have heard of us."

In addition to growing TSE's fanise, Birtles sees touring as an opportunity to show off a different side of
e band to fans who may already be
familiar with Ten Second Epic via the
ternet or their now-defunct label,
way Records.

"I think being able to bring the live how to people who wouldn't have a nance to see it if you just played in diaround your hometown is really portant," he insists. "Plus we love ing it—what's better than hanging with with your best friends, traveling country and playing music?"

enboy, No Coincidence and Farsiglified • Red's • Fri, Aug 12 I've
ays dreamed of being a huge rock
in the town of Slave Lake, Alberta;
sing Caribou Trail in the limo, playa huge outdoor show at DevonBeach, getting mobbed by fans
arding your private jet at Slave Lake
picipal Airport. So Music Notes was
newhat shocked to hear from one
Slave Lake's current monsters of
k that perhaps this glamorous view
corthern Alberta rock stardom is a
bit inaccurate.

"It sucks," says Dallas Hunt, guit for Slave Lake rockers Natesment. "re is no scene here—there isn't like a club here or anything."

wout to take a huge step in their sareer, leaving the safety and ty of home for their first big-city at Red's. "It's exciting and terri-



Showler Jansen's Hoborron • Sidetrack Cafe • Fill Aug 5 • revue While Stewe Earle was delivering a somber solo set to the folkies on the hill a who's who of Edmonton musicians anothered at the Sidetrack to bid bon voyage to Shuyler Jansen. The scruffy guitars has become a mainstay in the local scene with Old Reliable and his solo project Hobotron, but now married and starting a young family, he has decided to pull up stakes here and plant his roots in Saskatoon. After delivering a strong set of spacey country tunes, Jansen invited as jew of guest musicians up on stage one at a time for a revolving Hobotron workshop that went until closing time. There's a lot of love for Jansen in this city and I'm sure we haven't seen the last of the last.

fying at the same time," says Hunt of Natesment's impending arrival on the E-town scene. "No one in Edmonton has ever heard us, and for us it's sort of a big thing to come to the big city and play."

For a rural Alberta band made of 18-year-olds that have been playing together for a scant seven months, a gig at a major Edmonton venue is a pretty substantial coup, and the enormity of this occasion has not been lost on Natesment's hometown fans. "It's like an accomplishment—everyone in town is talking about it," Hunt gushes, revealing a bit of a secret weapon the band plans to employ to help their first city show go smoothly.

"We've got a shitload of people coming from our town to watch us," he admits, "so I guess if the Edmonton people don't like us, we'll have at least a couple of fans there."

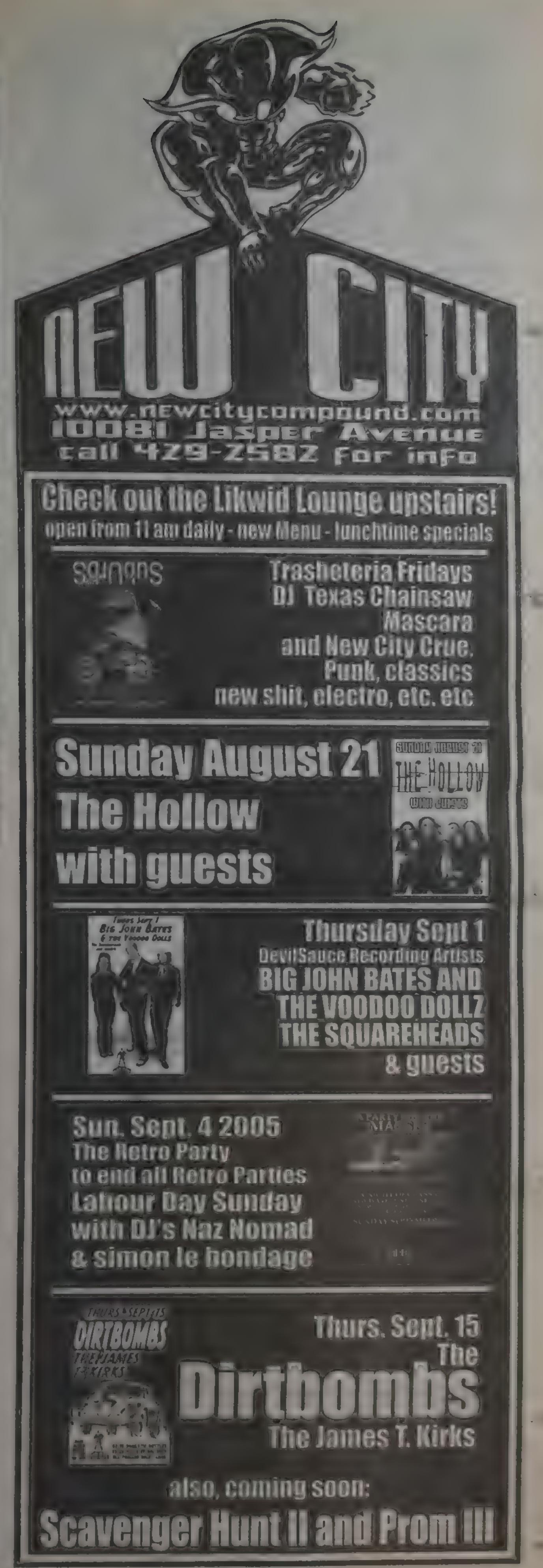
From Fiction . With The Illuminati and Whitey Houston . Victory Lounge • Fri, Aug 12 Any Music Notes readers with any form of Toronto envy might not want to hear about From Fiction. The Hogtown foursome is a heck of a band, sure, but few Edmonton bands are able to start their careers the way these guys managed to. Playing only their third show, From Fiction opened for New York "it" band the Rapture, stealing the show and capturing the attention of the Toronto scene. From there, they quickly caught the ear of many of the movers and shakers of T.O.'s

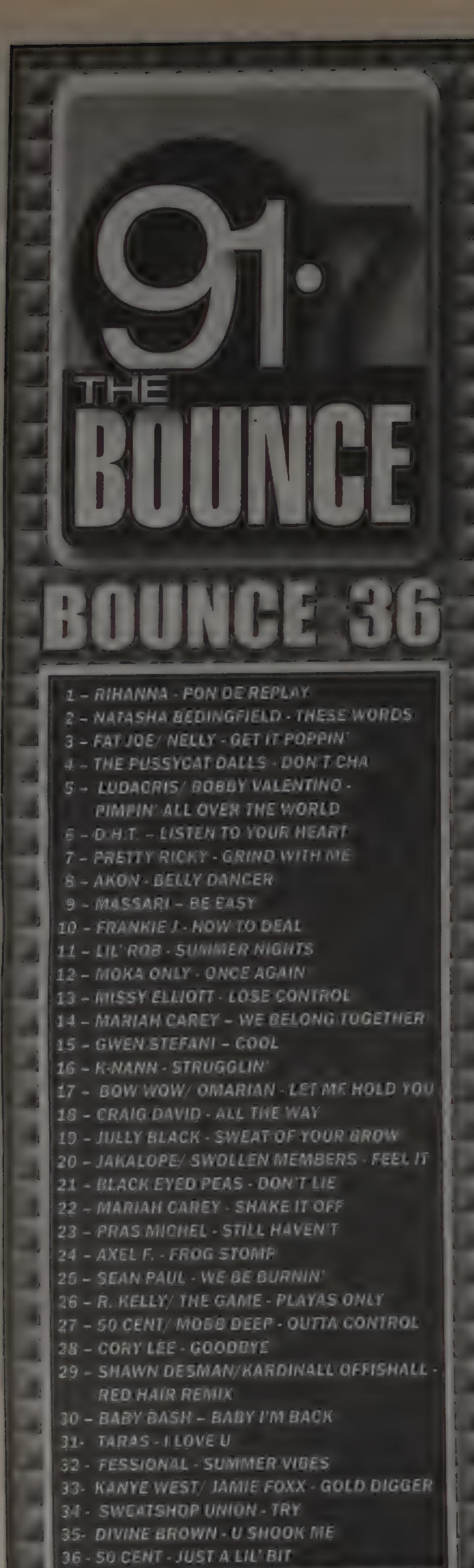
music community, including superproducer lan Blurton, who recorded the band's EP. The group is now signed to Last Gang records and are about to embark on their first cross Canada tour—implausibly, From Fiction has accomplished all this without venturing beyond the boarders of Upper and Lower Canada.

"We haven't played outside of Ontario and Quebec yet, so we're pretty excited," says From Fiction guitarist and vocalist Adam Barnes, who Music Notes reached via cellphone en route to a show in North Bay, Ontario. From Fiction aren't necessarily nervous about venturing into the rough and tumble wilderness of western Canada—half of the band hails from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, apparently—but they do have some reservations about how their reportedly monstrous live show may be received by uninitiated audiences.

"We bring a lot of energy to our live show; we put a lot of emphasis on that," Barnes grossly understates. By all accounts, From Fiction put on a terrifyingly energetic show; indeed, it is reportedly this power and energy that helped the band steal the Rapture show. Barnes doesn't deny his band's dynamic stage presence, although he hopes Edmonton listeners don't get the wrong idea from the musings of awe-struck Toronto rock writers.

"We don't try and make it a spectacle or anything," he reassures, "but we enjoy playing and we try to convey that to the audience." O







Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail to Glenys at listings@vueweekly.co

Deadline is Friday at 3pm

**DRUID** (Jasper Avenue) Chris Wynters Workshop

FOUR ROOMS Harp Jazz; \$4

O'BYRNE'S Red Shag Carpet; 10pm

RUM JUNGLE Fat Joe and the Terror Squad;

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Kelley Hunt with Graham Guest

MICTORY LOUNCE kid606 with Knife Hand Chop and Eats Tapes

#### DJS

**ARMOURY** Vintage Thursdays: retro rock, dance and old school hip hop

BACKROOM VOIIKA **BAR** Animation Station: trip hop, drum 'n' bass with MC Deadly, Gundam, Dale Force

BILLY BOB S LOUNGE **Escapack Entertainment** 

BLACK DOC PREE **HOUSE** Thump: intronica with the DDK Soundsystem

BUIDDY'S MIGHTOUIS DJ Squiggles

DECADANCE SOU Heaven w/ Sweetz, T-Bass, Rezidnt Funk

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE Thursday Ladies Night: Top 40, R&B, retro with Urban Metropolis

FILTHY McNASTY'S Punk Rock Bingo with DJ S.W.A.G.

**GAS PUMP** Ladies Nite: Top 40/dance with D) Christian

CULLTY MARTIN Urban Substance Thursdays: urban with Urban Substance Sound

Crew, Invinceable, Spincycle, J-Money, Shortround, Echo; no minors

KAS BAR Urban House: with DJ Mark Stevens; 9pm

NEW CITY LIKEWID LOUNGE Rub-a-Dub: with Jebus and Anarchy Adam

OVERTIME BUILLER AND TAPROON **SOUTH** Retro to New: classic rock, R&B, urban and dance with DJ

VI EWEEKLY

Mikee; 9pm-2am; no COME

**RED STAR** Underground Hip Hop Night: with D) Mumps, DJ Dusty Kratez, DJ Nato

THE ROOST Rotating shows: Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game with DJ Jazzy second and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

SAPPHIRE RESTAUL RANT AND LOUNGE Funkdafied Thursday: funk with DJ Leanne Fong

SAVOY Funk and downtempo with Ben Jamin

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Top 40 dance, R&B

VICTORY LOUNCE NRMLS WLCM Thursdays: electro, disco-punk, hip hop with DJ Nik7 and quests

WUNDERBAR Up and Down Thursdays: With DJs Loopin' the 3rd, Big Slice



CASINO EDMONTON Party of Four (rock/coun-

CASENO YELLOWHEAD Robin Kelly and The Supremes (tribute)

FOUR ROOMS Dan Skakun

JEFFREY'S CAFÉ Marc Beaudin Trio (jazz); \$5

MEAD HALL Quo Vadis,

Augury + Nebucadnezzer, and Lithium; 9pm; \$13

NEWCASTIE FUB & **GRILL** Sally Krackers

**RED'S** Glass Tiger with

SIDE TRACK CAFÉ The

Reels with Ruth Minnikin URBAN LOUNCE

Mustard Smile; \$5 VICTORY LOUNGE The

Illuminati, Whitey Houston, and From Fiction; 8pm

ARMOURY Fishbone Fridays: Top 40 downstairs/retro 80 upstairs

BULLY BUE'S LOUNCE **Escapack Entertainment** 

**BOOTS** Retro Disco: retro dance

BUDDY'S NICHTELUE Dance party with DJ Alvaro

**CALIENTE** Funktion Fridays: urban with DJ Invinceable; 10pm (door); no minors

**DECADANCE** Ladies Night sexy house w/ Smoov & guests

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE With Urban Metropolis

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

HALO Mod Club: '60s with DJ Blue Jay, DJ Trav VD; \$5

IRON HORSE Urban dance party

NEW CITY LIKENIA **LOUNGE** Your Weekly AA Meeting: with Jebus and Adam

NEW CITY SUBURBS Trasheteria: Punk, classics, electro, new with D) Texas Chainsaw Mascara and New City Crue

ONE ON WHYTE Retro. top 40, R&B with DJ Crownroyal

OVERTIME BUILDE AND TAFROOM **SOUTH** Retro to New: classic rock, R&B, urban and dance with DJ Mikee; 9pm-2am; no cover

THE ROOST Upstairs: Euro Blitz: best new European music with DJ Outtawak Downstairs: DJ Jazzy; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Peoples DJ Spinning

SAPTIME RESTAU RANT AND LOUNGE Deep House: with Friday resident DJ Luke Morrison

SAVOY DJ Busy B; no COVE

SPORTSWORLD INLINE AND ROLLER DISCO Top 40 request, mix of retro and disco; 7pm-12am

STANDARD All New Q107 Fridays: hosted by Harman B and DJ Kwake, live to air

STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40 with DI Tysin

TWOUGHT **AFTERHOURS** House/breaks/garage w/ Smoov, Dane, T-Bass, Rezidnt Funk, Vinny Vo, Dusty Grooves, Sweetz;

WUNDERBAR Sergio Georgini's Friday Wind Down: With DJ Calibar

1am - 8am

Y AFTERHOURS Foundation house / breaks / garage w/ Anthony Donahue, Nestor Delano, Dragon, Ryan Wade, Roofio, Bree, | Nic-E; 1am - 8am

BLACK DOG FILE **HOUSE** Terry Morrison

BLUE CHAIR CAFÉ **Boreal Beat; donations** 

CASTRO EDMONTON Party of Four (rock/country)

CASINO YELLOWHEAD Robin Kelly and The Supremes (tribute)

FIRST CITY Shucker Trio (jazz)

FOUR ROOMS OWN Skakun

JEFFREY'S CAFÉ Marco Claveria Trio (latin); \$5

J.J'S PUB Burnin Sands (surf rock)

**JULIAN'S PIANO BAR** Afterhours Jazz; 8:30pm

READ HATE Stinkhammer, Sparky, Sliver; 10pm; \$8

**GRILL** Sally Krackers RENDEZVOUS Don't

**NEWCASTLE PUB &** 

Know, Phattoe, Blunt Force Trauma (rock) SIDETRACK CAFÉ Novillero with

Falconhawk and Field and Stream **STARLITE ROOM** Pretty Girls Make Graves with

Most Serene Republic

URBAH LOUNCE Mustard Smile; \$5

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE | DJ Escapade

Entertainment

**BOOTS** Flashback Saturdays: retro dance, house with Derrick

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB

DI Arrowchaser **DECADANCE** Static:

house with LP and Tomek;

ESCAPE ULTRA

LOUNGE Urban Metropolis GAS PUMP Top

40/dance with DJ Christian

CULTY MARTIN Supreme Saturdays: urban with Invinceable, Big Sun, DJ Game; 9pm (door); no minors

**HALO** Those Who Know: house with DJ Jr. Brown, Winston Roberts, Remo; no cover

IRON HORSE Urban dance party

MENN CITY LEXIVID LOUNGE Ass Shakin' Funk: with Cool Curt and guests

NEW CITY SUBURBS Punk/alt/pop/dance with Blue Jay and Nikrofeelya

**ONE ON WHYTE Music** 4 The Masses: retro, top 40, R&B with DJ Crownroyal

OVERTIME BOILER

SOUTH Retro to New:

classic rock, R&B, urban

AND TAPROOM

Downstairs, He music with DJ Dan . . . Mike; \$4 (mem) (non-member)

and dance with n

RED STAR India real

hip hop, roce

THE ROOST Up to

Monthly theme on a

new music with Di

Mikee; 9pm ,

with \$ Master F

CONTRACT.

RUM JUNGLE CIT Jungle legend Saturdays: hip hop to school and RSR

SAPPHIRE RESTAUL RANT AND LOUNGE Unique house beats with Saturday resider O Tripswitch

SECRETS DI Saturda with DJ (Naughty)

SPORTSWEELD ING. AND BOULER PESCO Top 40 request, mi retro and disco, It is 12am

STANDARD O CLO AU

STONEHOUSE PUB 40 with DJ Tysin

TRANSFERENT AFTERHOURS Hard

house/trance/funble is Jeff Hillis, DTDR 15g Daddy, STX, Graffin - 9am

VICTORY LOUNGE USA vs. UK/Hiphon v. hou with DI Jason I for

WUNDERBAR Soundcheck Saturda With DJ Shumt 411 guest

Y AFTERHOURS Heled funky/sexy/hc 1500 w/ Luke Mor s Eden, Donovan Att Klein, Bryan Doyn 1



BLACK DOG FREE HOUSE ReClaim Sundays: Funky Jall 1994 ed by Rubim Meth Lane Arendt and go no cover

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL Carmen's Sunday

CARGO AND JAMES TEA SHOPPE Open stage with Bob Robichaud; 7-10pm

HAWRELAK PARK Rollanda Lee with the Canadian Hot State Band (traditional or ieland, and swing) 4:30pm

KEEP IT SIMPLE CLUP Mister Lucky (blues) 6pm

O'BYRNE'S JOE BIE jam; 9:30pm





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ECADANCE Worship " Big Daddy, DTDR & uests, 10am - close

THE GRINDER Soul undays, with Rocko TW CITY LIKWID

JUNGE BUILD A PRUL th Remo and Cool

THE ON WHYTE Inday Hospitality House

. 127 THE REAL PROPERTY.

distry Night VOY French pop nixed with Deja Dj

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE rtouse Arrest Sundays: : I Johnny Dangerous, Indy Inertia

ATTO BY LOUNCE !! felp Sundays, punk rock, thop with DJ Skipped

at of Shakin' Sundays:

LIVE MUSIC

rockabilly, psychobilly

DE UID (South) Open St. ge with Chris Wynters or diquests

HONEST MUR'S BAR AND GRILL Open store jum every Monday to ed by the Retro R ki ts Band, 8pm-midroll t

O BYRNE'S Krista Hartman, 9.30pm L.B.'S PUB House band;

9.30pm-1am; no cover TAPHOUSE Monday Live: with Big Tickle; 8:30-11:30pm; no cover

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Open Stage Mondays with Ben Spencer

BLACK DOG FREE-HOUSE D| Pennytentiary BUDDY'S NICHTOLUE

Ashley Love and Dj Afvaro FILTHY MENASTY'S

Metal Mondays: with DI S W.A.G. MENN CLLA TIKANID

LOUNGE DJ Dusty Grooves D'BYRNE'S Hip

Mondays: industry night • with DJ Finnegan, live

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Manic Monday: old skool R&B, hip hop with Harman B and DJ Kwake

**VICTORY LOUNGE** iPod Mondays: be your own DI, bring your iPod

WUNDERBAR Rod Torklesons Armada: Rock and Roll with Herman Menderchuck

LIVE MUSIC

BLIND PIG PUB AND **GRILL** Open stage with Mark Ammar

DRUID (Jasper Avenue) Open stage with Chris Wynters and guests

LEGENDS PUB Open jam hosted by Gary Thomas

O'BYRNE'S Celtic night with Shannon Johnson and friends; 9:30pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Dan Goldman with D. Trevlon and Joey Balducchi

STARLITE ROOM Chromeo with Shout Out Out Out Out

DJS

**BLACK DOG FREE-**HOUSE Viva: with DJ Sean

BUDDY'S MIGHTCLUB Top 40 with DJ Stephan

**CALIENTE** Bashment Tuesdays: reggae with Bomb Squad, Q.B, Chrome Nine, Southside Sound, open mic; 11pm; no minors

FILTHY McNASTY'S Twisted Trivia with D Whit-Ford

NEW CITY SUBURES Bingo with DJ Dildozer and MC Fistinyourface

NEW CITY LOUNGE

and goth-metal guests THE ROOST Flamingo

Dominion with DJ Scott

Bingo: with DJ Janny; 8midnight; \$1 (member) / \$4 (non-member) SAPPHIRE RESTAU-

RANT AND LOUNGE Tapa Tuesday: popular house beats with DI Kevin Wong

URBAN LOUNGE Salsa dance lessons 8pm, \$5 (door)

VICTORY LOUNGE Liberation Tuesdays: emo, hardcore, classics and more with Dis Leithal and Liam

FESTIVAL PLACE BBQ and live music featuring **Edmonton District Pipe** Band, John Wort Hannam, Tyler Bird and

O'BYRNE'S Chris Wynters and friends; 9:30pm

PLEASANT VIEW FIALE Northern Bluegrass Circle Music Society bluegrass jam; 7:30pm

BOSSDALE COMMUNIC TY HALL Little Flower open stage hosted by Brian Gregg; 8pm

McKenty and the Spades with Mike Luce and Matt Masters

018

Murphy Band; \$5

BACKROOM VOOKA BAR Wild Cherry: deep house/progressive/breaks with Tripswitch and quests

BLACK DOG FREE-**HOUSE** Glitter Gulch: with DJ Buster Friendly; no cover

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Punk rock, electroshock with DJ Eddy Toonflash

J.J.'S PUB Subculture Night: psychobilly, rockabilly, punk with DI Kustom

LEGENDS PUB Hip-Hop/R&B with DI Spincycle .

NEW CITY LIXEND LOUNGE Glam, punk, andie with DJ Skinny J, G-Wiz

**RED STAR Funk 'n' Soul:** funk, disco, soul with Junior Brown

THE ROOST Amateur Strip: Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky with DJ Alvaro; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

STANDARD Wednesday Gone Wild Feat: with DI Nestor Delano

STABILITE ROOM Tush Wednesdayz Revisited. '80s, alt rock, progressive dance with DJ Jason L.P; 8pm

STOALLI'S ON WHYTE Blue Velvet: urban electronica with Derelict and Soulus

**VICTORY LOUNGE** We Sold Our Souls For Rock rt' Roll w/The Juggernaut: Classic/Retro Rock; no cover

**WUNDERBAR** Psycho Nite: With DJs Seizures, Jöny Bologna, Take it to the Hill Rahil



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**CASINO (EDMONTON)** 7055 Argyll Rd, 463-9467

CASINO (YELLOWHEAD) 12464-153 St, 463-9467

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CHIRISTOPHER'S PARTY PUB 2021 Millbourne Rd. West, 462-6565

CONVOCATION HALL Arts Building, U of A Campus

COWBOYS 10102-108 St. 481-8739

CROWN AND ANCHOR 15277 Castle Downs Road

**DECADANCE** 10018-105 St. 990-1792

DRUID (Jasper Avenue) 11606 Jasper Ave, 454-

DRUID (South) 2940 Calgary Trail, 465-6800

**DUSTER'S PUB** 6402-118 Ave, 474-5554

ERIC HARVIE THEATRE Banff Centre (451-8000) ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE " See 3.30

**FESTIVAL PLACE** Festival Way, Sherwood Park, 429-1000

FILTHY McNASTY'S 10511-82 Ave. 432-5224 FIRST CITY 10136-100 St. (428-3399)

FOUR ROOMS Edmonton Centre, 102 Ave, 426-4767

GAS PUMP 10166-114 St. 488-4841

**GRINDER 10957-124 St.** 453-1709

**GUILTY MARTINI 10338-**81 Ave, 433-7183 HALO 10538 Jasper Ave,

423-HALO HONEST MILES BAR AND GRILL 8937-82 Ave,

463-6397 **IRON HORSE 8101** 

Gateway Blvd, 438-1907 J.J.'S PUB 13160-118 Ave, 489-7462

I AND R BAR 4003-106 St. 436-4403

JEFFREY'S CAFÉ AND WINE BAR 9640-142 St, 451-8890

JEKYLL AND HYDE 10610-100 Ave, 426-5381

KAS BAR 10444-82 Ave, 433-6768

KEEP IT SIMPLE CLUB 11720-82 St.

**LEGENDS PUB 6104-172** St. 481-2786

THE MEAD HALL 5907-92 St. (435-3130) MEGATUNES 10355

Whyte Ave, 434-6342 **NEW CITY LIKWID** LOUNGE 10081 Jasper Ave, 413-4578

NEW CITY SUBURBS

10081 Jasper Ave, downstairs, 413-4578 O'BYRNE'S 10616-82 Ave, 414-6766

82 Ave, 437-7699

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PEPPERS BAR 320

. Centre RED STAR 10534 Jasper

RED'S WEM Phase III, 481-6420

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10235-101 St, 428-7111 ROSEBOWL 10111-117

St. 482-2589 ROSIE'S BARON BAR 6108-28 AVE (440-

1570) ROSSDALE HALL 10135-96 Ave, 429-3624

10351-82 Ave. bsmt. (432-0911) RUM JUNGLE Phase 2,

SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE Whyte Ave, 437-0231/710-1625

8000)

**SAVOY** 10401-82 Ave,

2764) SECRETS 10345-106 St.

423-5592 **SHARK TANK 10249-97** 

112 St, 421-1326

13710-104 St 472-6336 **STANDARD 6107-104 St.** 

STARLITE ROOM 10030-102 St, 451-8000

438-2582

201, 10368-82 Ave, 437-2293

TAPHOUSE 9020 McKenny Ave, St. Albert

8000

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St. 702-0318 URBAN LOUNGE 8111-

UNION HALL Argyll, 99

VICTORY LOUNGE 10030-102 St (downstairs), 428-1099

**WUNDERBAR 8120-101** 

102 st



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LOUNGE OPEN FOR LUNCH - 11:30 AM HAPPY HOUR PRICING IN EFFECT UNTIL 8 PM

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A NIGHT OF TIME TASTES. ALL IMPORT BEERS ON SPECEN AS WELL AS SKEWERS OF FINELY FLAVOURED MEAN

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AUGUST 11-17, 2005

VUEWEEKLY

and the City; 9pm; Salsa

punkrock, screamcore,

**WUNDERBAR** Tuesday Night Shakedown: Featuring Hug Patrol

Harvey Oswald

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL Duff Robinson

Shuyler Jansen; 7:30pm; \$5 Qualico Patio Series

SIDETRACK CAFE James

URBAN LOUNGE Jay

DIRE ON WHITE 10,544

485-1717

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Tigerbeat6 Paws Across America Tour 2005 featuring

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Thursday August 11 Victory Louinge

10030-102 st downstairs

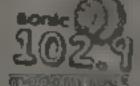
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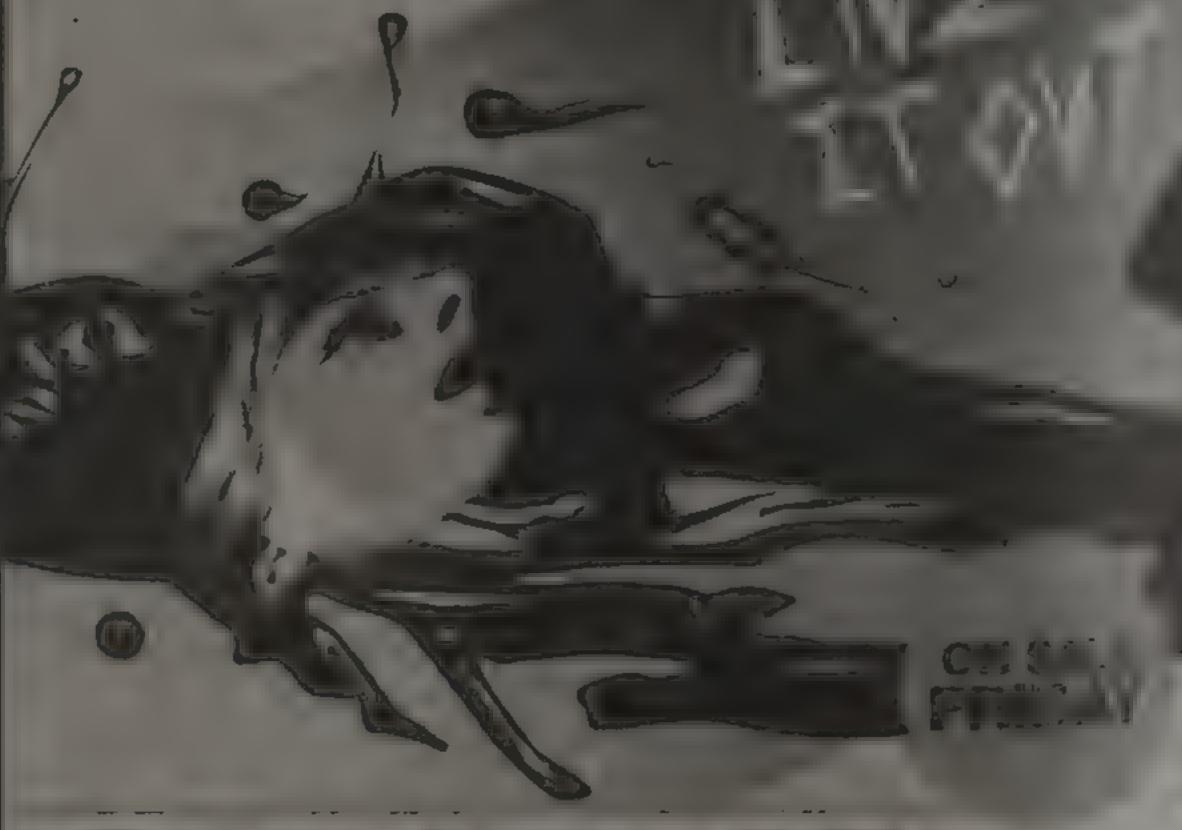






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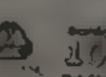
Serene Republic & The Lovely Feathers



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All Ages . Doors 7 PM Tickets available at ticketmaster ca 451-8000, Megatunes, Listen, FS (WEM), Blackbyrd, Freecloud Records



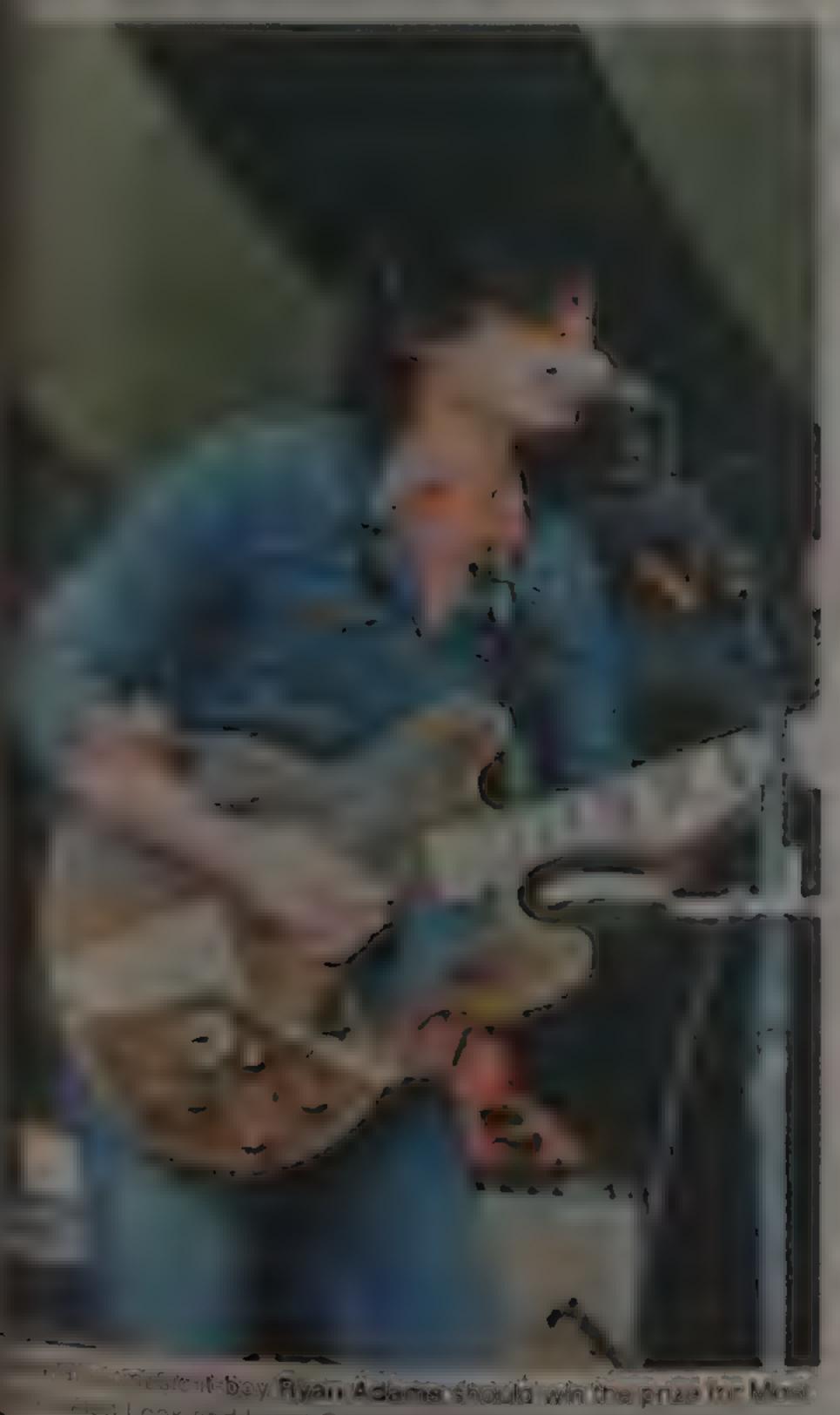


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# PHOTOS BY PHIL DUPERRON



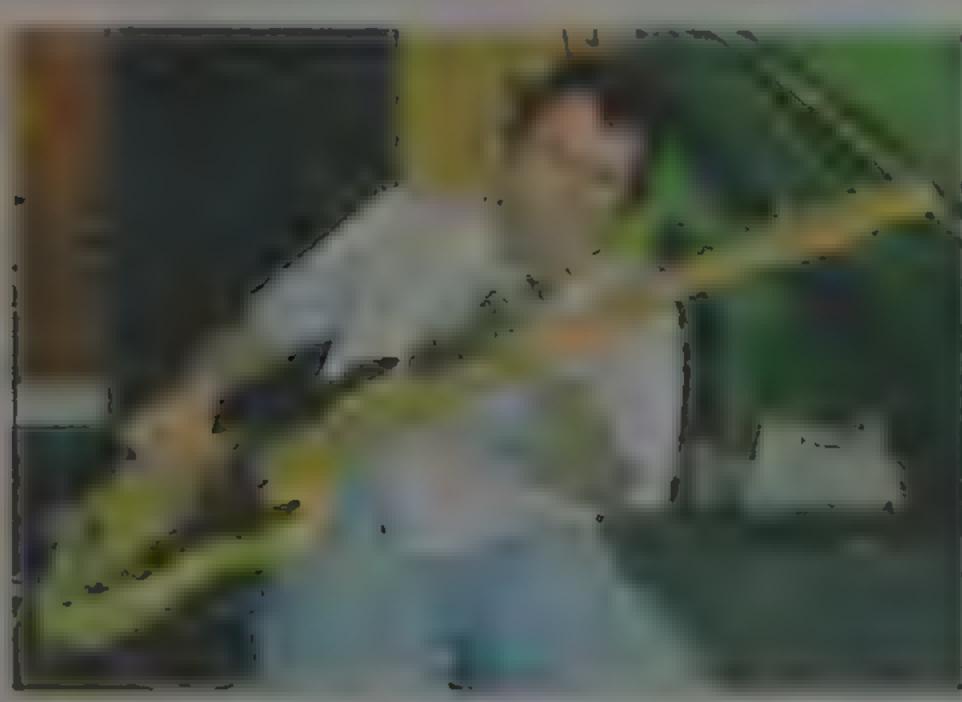
strap on Saturday afternoon to whoop it up for an early seswith Carolyn Mark, Martha Wainwright and Chuck Brodsky.



Look and Least Comprehensible Stage Banter for his mainstage slot with new band the Cardinals.



American folk icon John Prine joked about his voice not showing up until after dark while he sipped cough syrup straight out of the bottle, but nonetheless managed to deliver a strong if slightly raspy set to a hill full of his followers.



Winnipeg buzz-band The Weakerthans drew a huge crowd of young punks (and their accompanying parents/rides home) keen on checking out their thoughtful college rock.



Underground Texas tunesmith and punk pioneer Alejandro Escovedo played the best show of the less and on Salarday afternoon, as he and his stellar backup band rocked out a far too short set to a stunned crowd of older scensters.

# Megaines

Your Music Destination

#### FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG II. 2005

- 1. Karla Anderson The Embassy Sessions (indelible)
- 2. The Agnostic Mountain Gospel Choir Fight & Onions (amgq)
- 3. John Prine Fair & Square (oh boy)
- 4. Buck 65 Secret House Against The World (warner)
- 5. Martha Wainwright -- Martha Wainwright (maple)
- 6. System Of A Down Mezmerize (American)
- 7. Whitey Houston Whitey Houston (rectangle)
- 8. Son Volt Okemah & The Melody Of Riot (sony/bmg)
- 9. Sharon Jones & The Dap Kings Naturally (daptone)
- 10. Gorillaz Demon Days (parlophone)
- 11. Joni Mitchell Songs Of A Prairie Girl (nonesuch)
- 12. Eliza Gilkyson Paradise Hotel (red house)
- 13. The Most Serene Republic Underwater Cinematographer (a&c)
- 14. Arcade Fire Arcade Fire (merge)
- 15. Maria Muldaur Sweet Lovin' Ol' Soul (storry plain)
- 16. John Hiatt -- Masters Of Disaster (new west)
- 17. Lucinda Williams Live @ The Filmore (lost highway)
- 18. Frank Black Honeycomb (back porch)
- 19. Arcade Fire Funeral (merge)
- 20. Chip Taylor & Camie Rodriguez Red Dog Tracks (train wreck)
- 21. Pink Martini Hang On Little Tomato (heinz)
- 22. The Juan Maclean Less Than Human (dfa)
- 23. Pernice Brothers Discover A Lovelier You (redeye)
- 24. The White Stripes Get Behind Me Satan (V2)
- 25. Columbus Debut EP (pop echo)
- 26. Amos Lee (blue note)
- 27. Bomba! Entre Sol Y Luz (bomba)
- 28. Ryan Adams Cold Roses (lost highway)
- 29. Mary Gauthier Mercy Now (lost highway)
- 30. Arch Enemy Doomsday Machine (century media)

### HOLOPAW OUT-/OR FIGHT

Florida's Holopaw have released their second album for monster indie label Sub Pop. This album is being released

iust in time for the end of summer 'cause when the leaves start to fall this shit is gonna come in real handy.

Not that it's up beat and party time or anything but Buffy says it's really good like something funny?

I don't know. Ask her. She's the DJ... I'm just the rapper.

10355 Whyte Ave. Shop online at megatunes.com 434-6342

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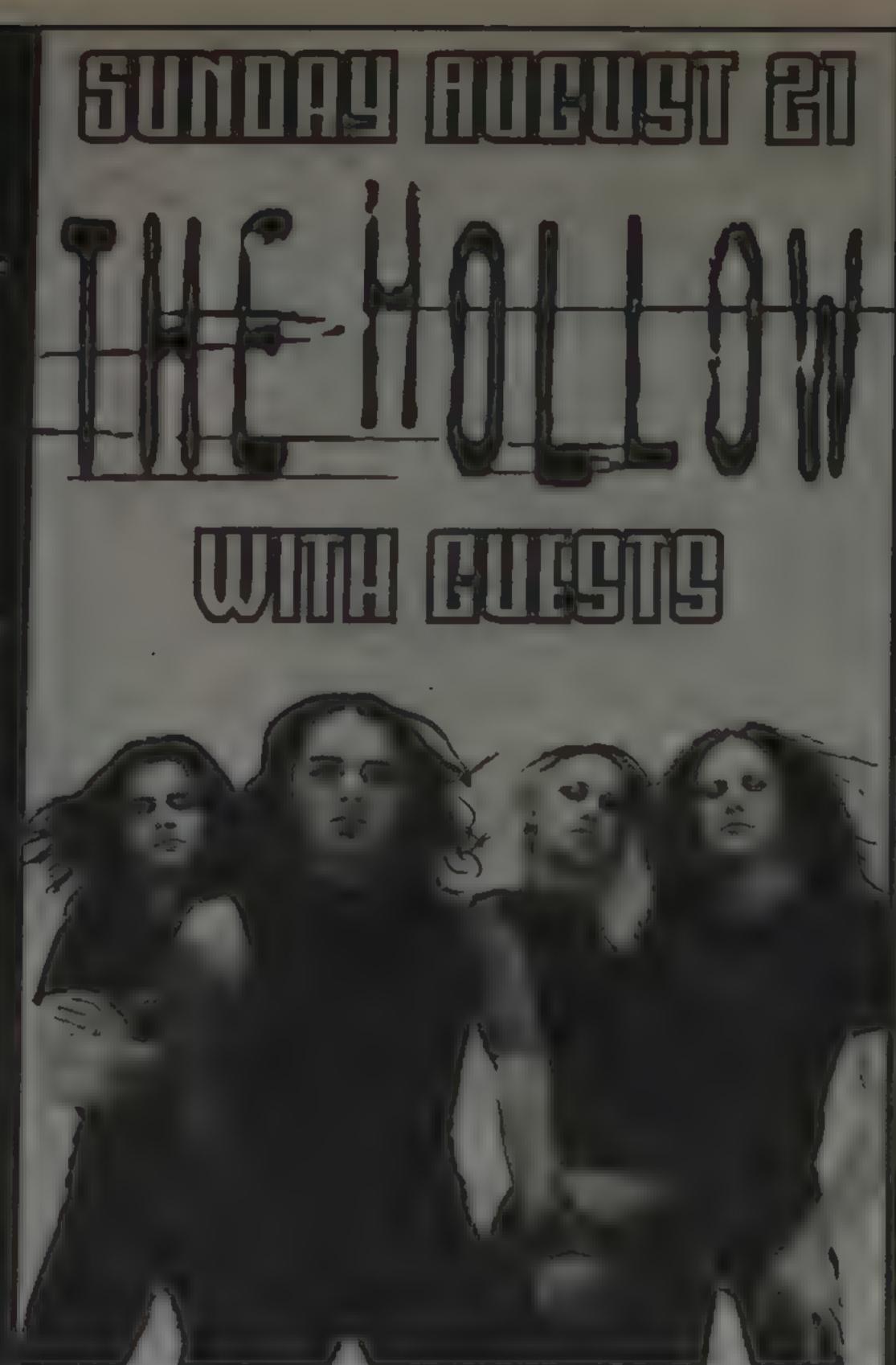


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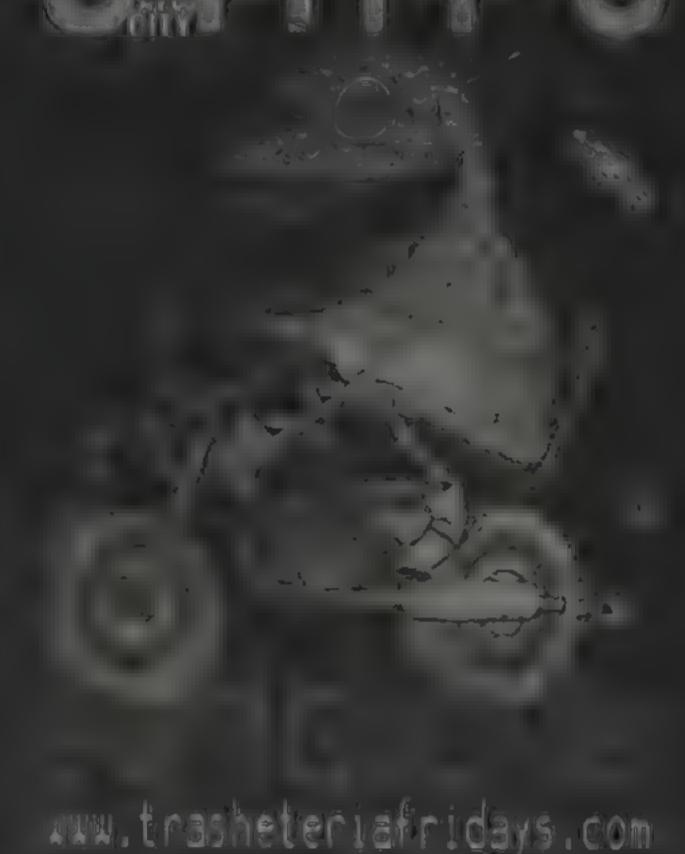
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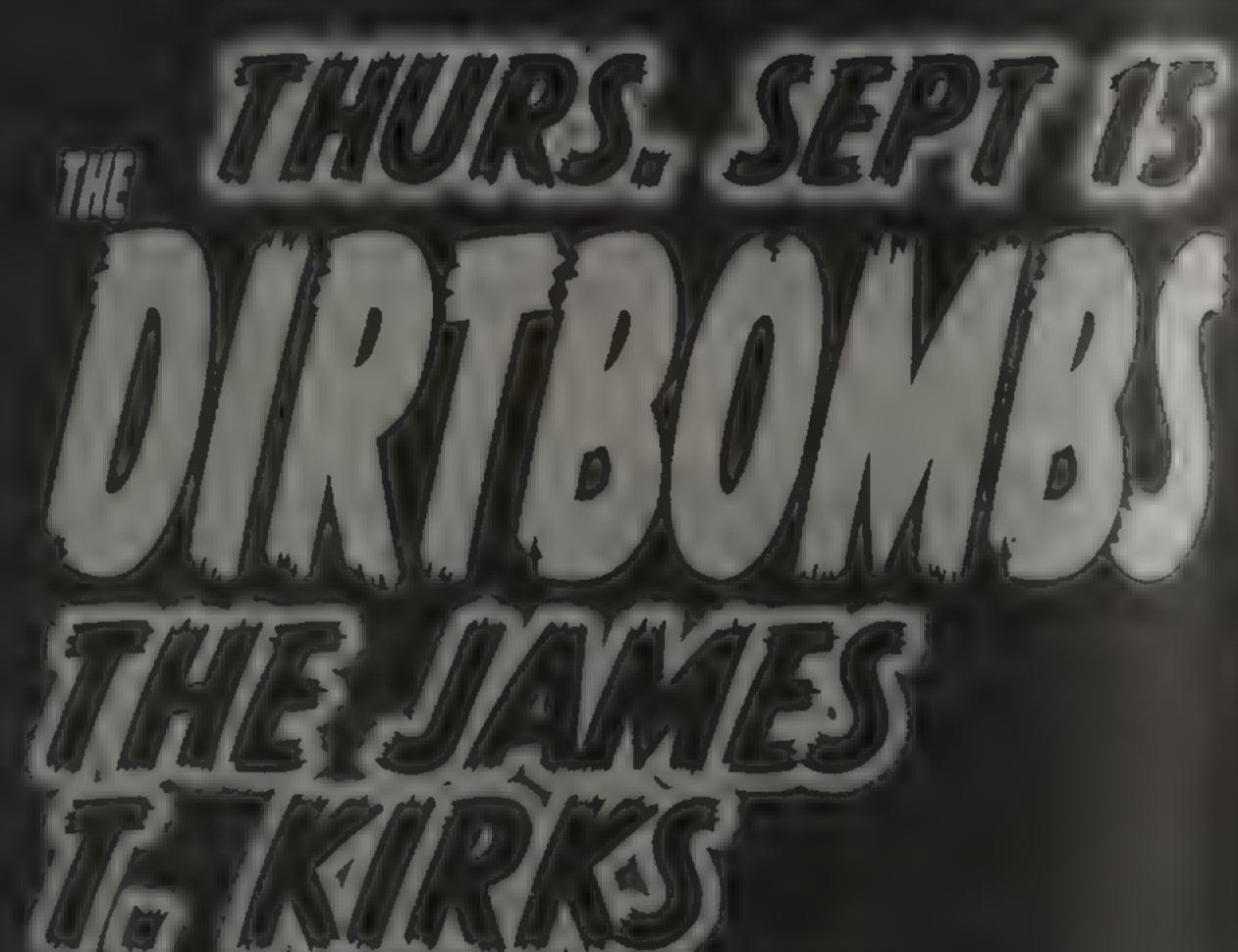
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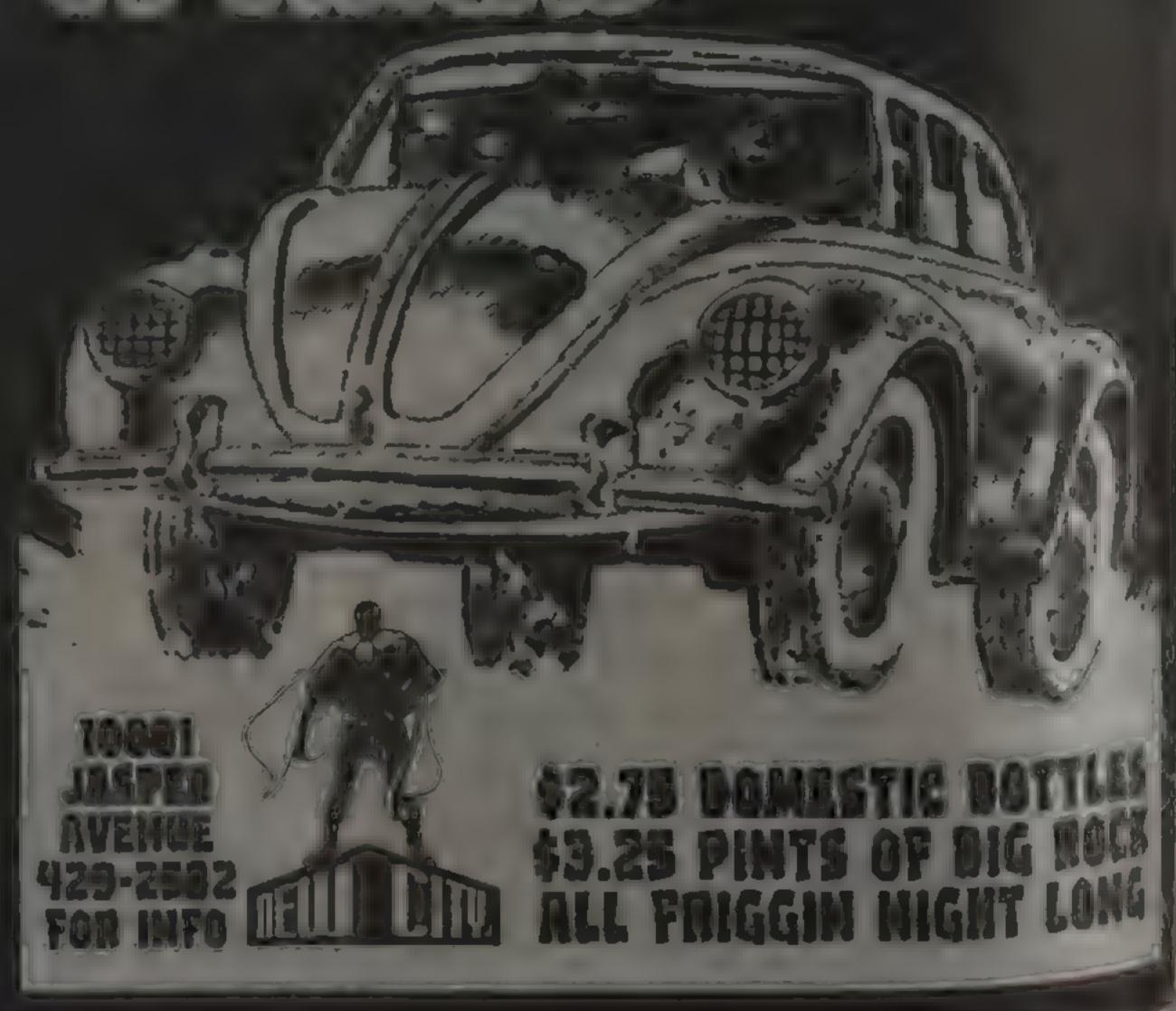
Dj.mik rofeelya & Blueday

#### SUNDAYS

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### chromeo must sell fries

Are vocoder funk revivalists Chromeo celling out by teaming with McDonalds?
Shit, no!

LY DAVID BERRY

h, what to make of Chromeo? Ever since the Montreal-cum-New-York-based duo talk-boxed it way into dance-oriented hearts "In last year's single "Needy Girl" ore a musical worm designed to ow its way into your skull and n you mimicking computerized rics than a song), the main quessurrounding the band is one of rilty. Is this group, one half gged-out keyboardist with a oder tube slipped between his 1 teeth (Patrick Gemayel a.k.a. . Thugg), one half nebbish ser/electronic instrumentalist 'ing a creep 'stache (David Rlovitch a.k.a. Dave 1), for real? these earnest '80s-funk revivalor disingenuous hipsters having ugh while playing the type of . ic that, to this day, draws as

I think that there's something ect about probing an artist's ations; I don't really think that's cful or helpful thing to do," says klovitch over the phone from York, where he's currently hing his PhD in French Literate Columbia. "To kind of try to the mind of an artist and be has he serious or was he jok—you can never really know, it won't really affect whether like the song or not, or at least it 'ldn't affect whether you like the or not.

"iy snickers as dancers?"

i don't really try to probe what's

going on, or even pay attention to the artist as a person," he continues. "I look at their image, if their image is part of their product, and it's like, 'Do I like the product or do I not?' If tomorrow, I find out that Hall & Oates were Nazis, I'm still going to like their music; I'm just never gonna want to meet them."

Besides, for Macklovitch's part, the interesting artists are the ones who are walking the razor-thin line between heartbreaking sincerity and utter retardation. "It's become very cliché to like Prince—now everybody

likes Prince, but a few years ago or a little more, I don't know how popular he was, or how re-appropriated he was," he says with a bit of defeat in his voice. "But me, what I like about him the most is that he gets away with saying really, really, outlandish stuff, but he's super serious. If somebody today wrote a song like, 'When Doves Cry' or even, like, 'If I Was Your Girlfriend,' for instance, people would think that's ironic, and he did it with the utmost sincerity.

"The only guy that's kind of getting to that, who's walking that fine line today, is R. Kelly, who's another one of my musical idols," adds Macklovitch. "R. Kelly does stuff that's so retarded, but he's so serious about it—that's just too crazy for me. Like, that 'Trapped in the Closet' stuff he did, that's just too crazy, and the guy's serious. I love that."

MACKLOVITCH'S APPRECIATION

for the borderline absurd can lead the band down some strange roads, but none more strange than the backwards, looped road where Chromeo—who, it's worth pointing out again at this point, play the type of funk not heard since Cameo went out of style—are popping up in McDonald's commercials. Yeah, though the logic behind flipping from a synth line to "ba-da-ba-ba-ba" is beyond my reckoning, Ronald McDonald and company have enlisted Chromeo's second single, "Rage," in the fight against people not buying their hamburgers. And Macklovitch, despite the obvious worries about the so-called sell-out, figures Chromeo and McDonalds is a pretty ingenious fit.

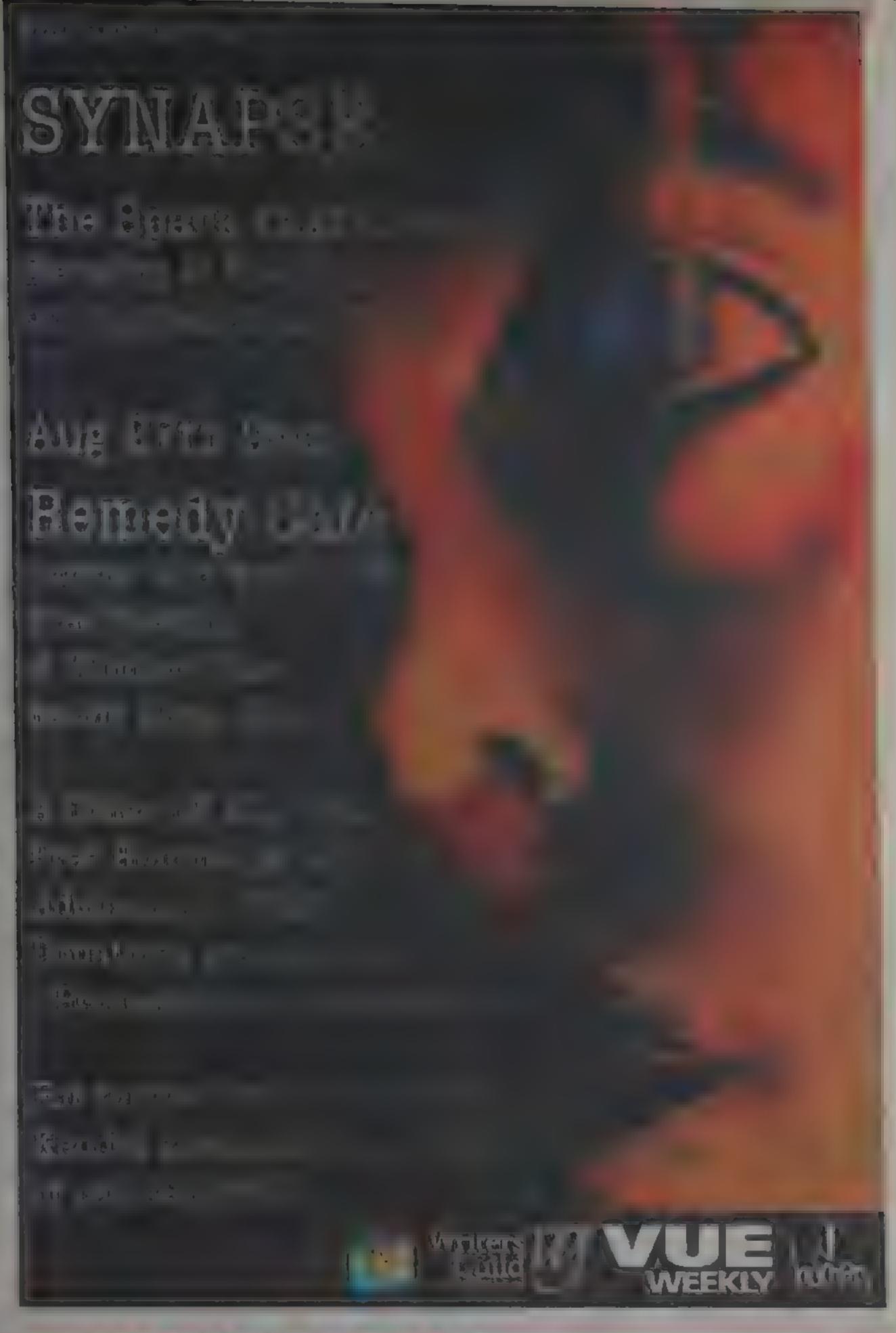
"A lot of bands would turn that down—a band like Bloc Party would turn that down," he explains, referencing their recent tourmates. "But that's because, firstly, they're hugely successful, and second of all, they have a political agenda, and third of all, they want to stay very credible; because they're blowing up, they have the constant threat of selling out. We didn't sell a lot of records—we're unknown in the grand scheme of things, so for us to get a McDonald's commercial, it's kind subversive.

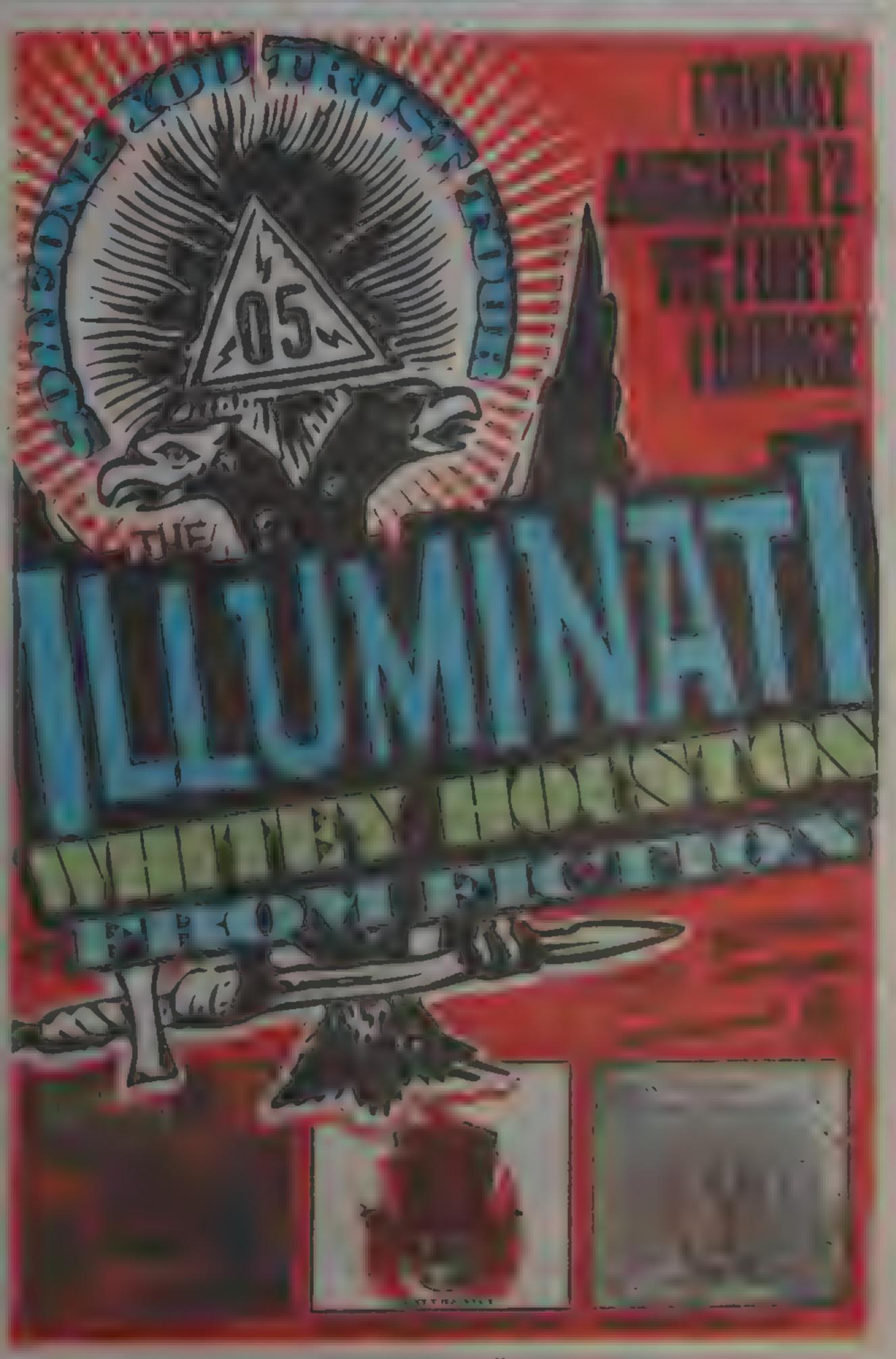
"It's like, if I saw, like, MF Doom put one of his songs in a commercial, I'd be like, 'This is just too crazy,'" he adds. "That's how I figured our thing was going to be."

Whether fans think it is or not, Macklovitch Is happy with the way it turned out—well, except for one thing. "At the end of the day, the only thing we're pissed about is that we didn't get free coupons. I think we should have got, like, a year of Happy Meals," he says. "Or at least they could have, like-I don't know if anyone remembers, but in the '80s, McDonald's had a sandwich called the 'McDLT,' that came in styrofoam; they should have brought that back for us. They should have been like, 'We're going to give you the '80s Happy Meal.' That would have been hot."

CHROMEO

With Shout Out Out Out Out • Starlite Room • Tue, Aug 16 (8 pm)







ecret societies have existed for centuries. With their confidential agendas, fabled initiations, and affiliations with the occult, one would have to either be pretty privileged (or extremely impressionable) to be invited into their top-secret clubhouse, most likely hidden deep underground, in a tomb or behind some sort of levered bookcase. But when hard-rockers the Illuminati decided to take the name of one such secret society, they weren't thinking about brotherhood and bonding, but rather of the supernatural, deviant reputation of Germany's most notorious secret society.

The old-school Order of the Illuminati was founded by a dude named Dr. Adam Weishaupt as a secret society within another secret society, the Freemasons. With Satan on their side, they purportedly engineered the French Revolution, invented Communism and currently control the music industry behind the scenes. Talking on his cellphone while walking down the streets of Toronto, bassist/vocalist Nick Sewell says the band's moniker might seem a tad audacious, but it sounds super-cool and fits perfectly with their music.

"We wanted a name that might have certain connotations to it, but was sort of open-ended enough to have people read whatever they wanted into it. We had all been through the ringer playing in bands for years and our outlook on the Illuminati was there would be no bullshit, so

like there would be this core group of exclusiviby a car's honking horn by a car's honking horn.

"Since there are only three of us in the band, we see it as a very internal thing. Some things we do keep secret. Then with the name there are connotations of mysticism, fear and unnatural wonder."

He adds, "And you know we dabble in psychedelic-type stuff, so it has that connotation, too."

BUT THERE'S NO SHROUD of mystery surrounding the band's formation. Since from merchandise sales and touring. It they were 18, Sewell and guitarist/vocalist Les Godfrey had been rocking heavily in Toronto-based band Tchort. In 2002, after almost 10 years in their first real band, the two began writing and singing their own material and, in a matter of days, left Tchort to start the Illuminati with an old friend, drummer Jim Gering.

"Tchort just wasn't jiving," he says. "You get to that point when you're in a long-term relationship where you're still slugging it out, you know it's not working and you know it's not permanent. As cheesy as it sounds, the music was suffering and there was a philosophical divide in terms of what everybody wanted to do.

"We kind of woke up one day and it wasn't happening. So it all ended with Tchort's lead singer going off to do his own thing and me and Les starting the new band. It's funny, because our last show as Tchort was on August 28 and the first Illuminati show was September 4. So in less than a week we were on tour with Danko Jones. It definitely proved to be the right thing to do."

Even though it took almost a decade for fate to step in and bring the Illuminati together, there's no question that someone or something is pulling the band's strings, as the current musical incarnation of the Illuminati has been filled with absurd coincidences and equally eerie experiences that they can't explain. There's the obvious symbolic symmetry of the pyramid-like the enigmatic Freemason

emblem that the band members make or stage, and all three members are les handed, but play their instruments their right hands. At a show a cr years back, Sewell had an out-of-ii experience that he'll never forget.

"We were playing with the Tea! in a pretty big venue, like 2000 There was this exercit mornicult we elewas playing and I walked out beyond the line of floor monitors and all of sudden I couldn't hear anything," recalls. "It was like the air was all ions It felt like I was in that movie 2001 Space Odyssey, just floating in space. couldn't hear what was happening and just had this cable connecting me to th stage. I felt like the astronaut floating through space with only this tiny, little lifeline. A very bizarre situation to sai the least."

Sewell learned his lesson well, an although he won't cross that line on th Illuminati's latest tour, the band's hig energy kicks and onstage antics are new out of the question. Along on the to will be Edmonton's own fur-tramme spectacle Whitey Houston and the goodlooking guys of From Fiction, who Sewell guarantees "will freak people out."

ALSO ALONG FOR THE cross-Canada road-trip: the Illuminati's second release, Cheap Powers. The record will be only be available at the shows until most likely the fall, when it will be released for retail It's a tactic that Sewell and his bandmate

consider not only a gir to their fans and music lovers who haven's become entranced by

their cock-rock stylings yet, but a sound business decision.

"The golden days of having the big hit on the radio and selling enough records to cover your costs are gone," h says. "There was a really big article in the New Yorker saying that the majority of bands, like big mainstream ones, are not generating money from the traditional ways, like selling records. It's coming seems like it's more back to basics, like what we independent artists do everyday. Specifically regarding Cheap Powers, it's something we've been working on it secret. We just wanted to give it to people and thought it would be a real treat."

While it may never be clear if the members of the Illuminati are simply pawns in a game controlled by mystic. forces or some bureaucratic cult set out to warp and corrupt unsuspecting youl with their rock 'n roll music, long hair and tattoos, Sewell says they'll keep on playing. One day, maybe years from now, the Illuminati will become his day joband even amidst all inherent band-related drama he's sustained by the memory of a moment back in 1986, when he adopted rock as his religion.

"When I started to get into heavi rock, hard rock, I was about 11 years-0 My dad took me and a friend of mine see a Saturday night showing of Th Decline of Western Civilization: Part Two The Metal Years. I remember that being key moment where I really freaked out That was definitely when I got the bu he says. "And that's when I stoppe! ting my hair. At least until I started ships ing it and having Mohawks and stuil. guess it was also the birth of my relation ship with non-traditional haircuts "O

> THE ILLUMINA With Whitey Houston and From Ficus Victory Lounge . Fri, Aug 12 (80

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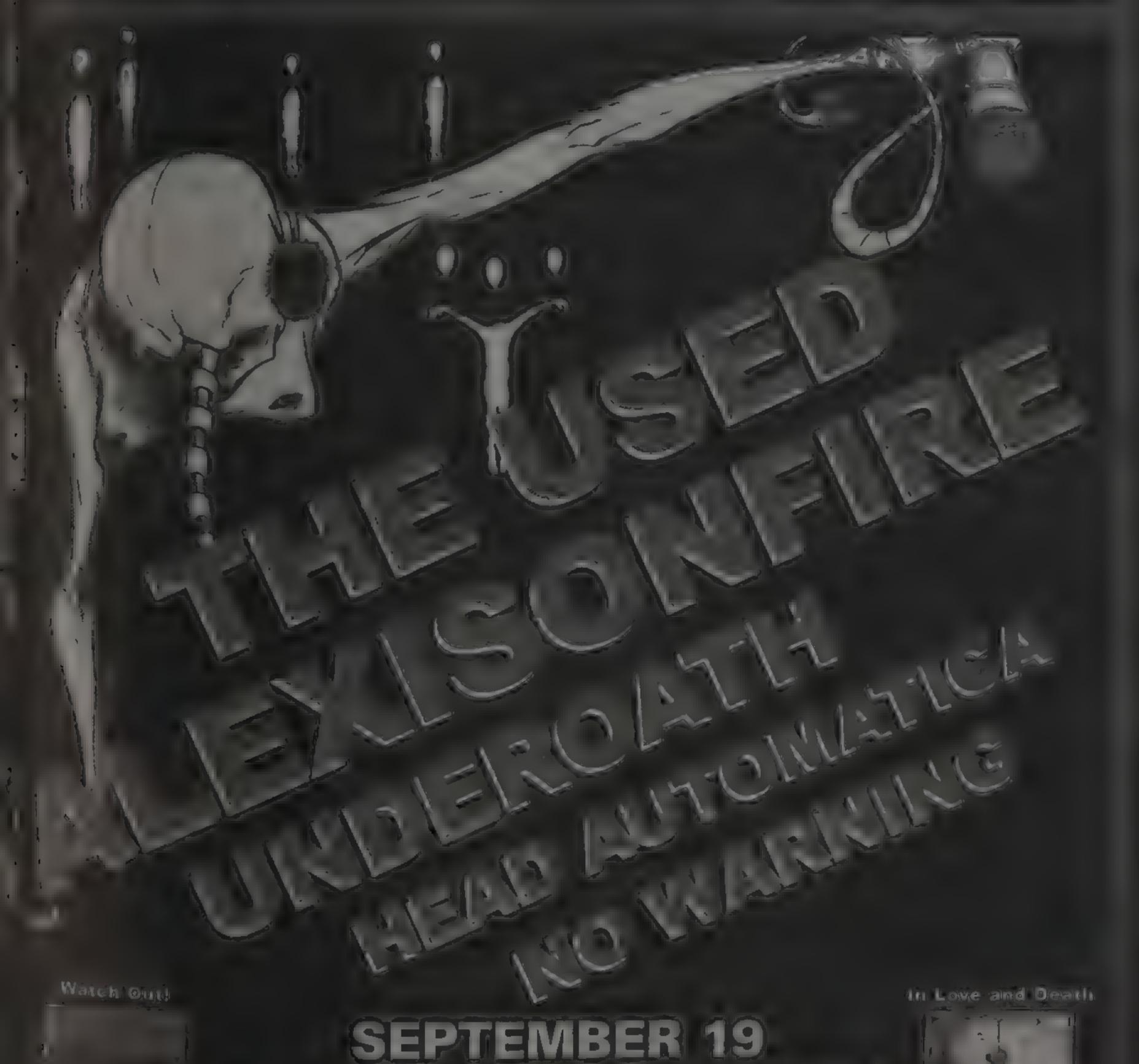
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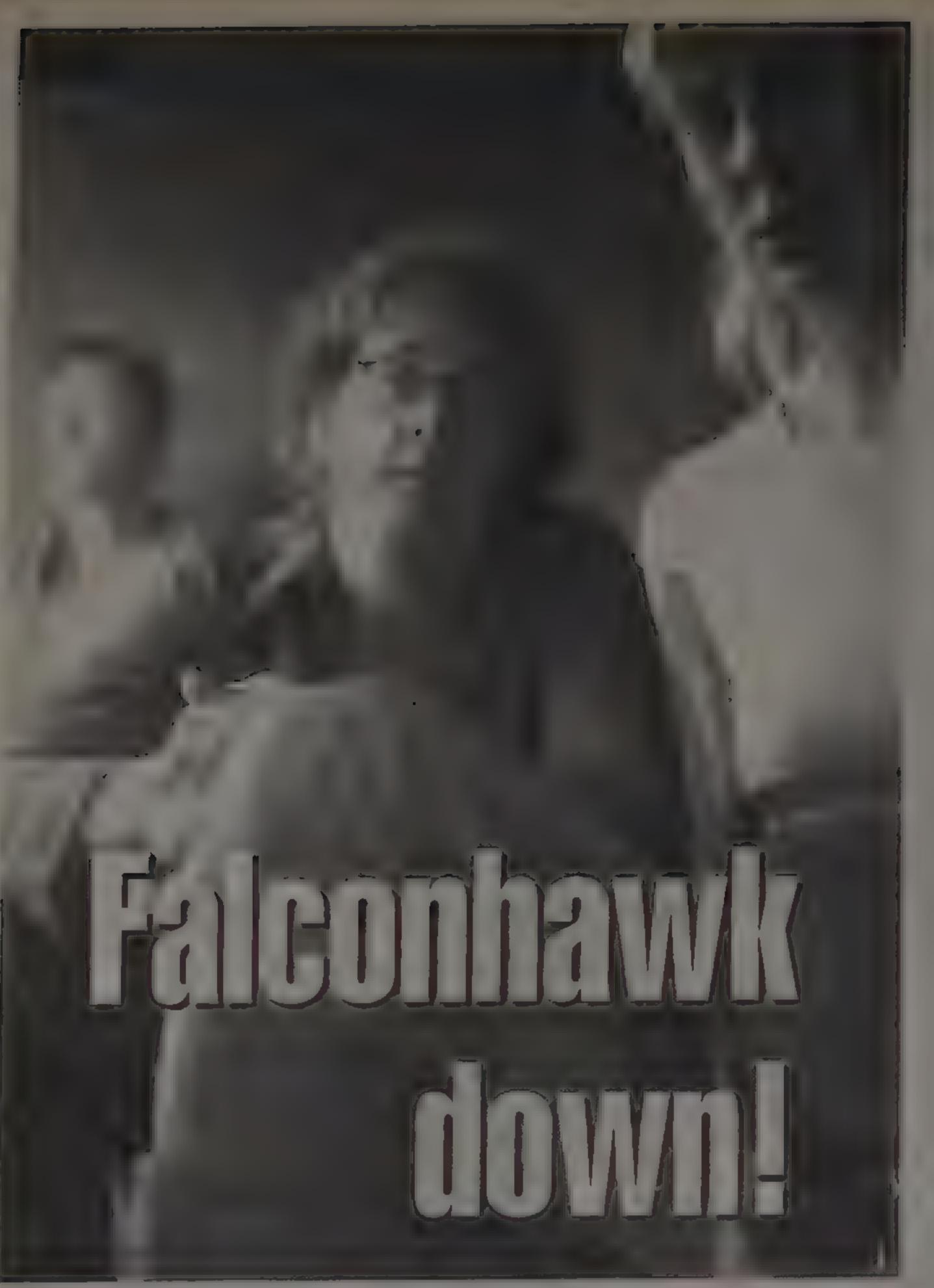




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But they're okay now. In fact, with the release of *Here's*Your Ghost, they're better

BY PHIL DUPERRON

Fire creating a healthy amount of buzz last year with their debut disc that would, Calgary's balcon-hask have really cranked things up a notch with their followup, Here's Your Ghost.

Drummer/engineer Dave Alcock says that most of the songs on *Hotmouth* were laid down relatively quickly at his studio Sundae Sound to document what the

band had been doing up until that point. But for Here's Your Ghost the synth-pop trio (including singer/key-boardist Kara Keith and bassist Steve Elaschuck) decided to pull out all the stops and really

sink their talons into the recording process.

"Because I own the studio we could pick away at stuff whenever we could and we ended up spending a lot of time, to the point of where it was hard to say when it was done," says Alcock. "We lived at the studio while we did it, we drank a whole lotta whiskey and stayed up late every night. It was just great to be able to sink ourselves into it that much."

With keyboard-driven pop currently all the rage, Falconhawk seems to be in the right place at the right time, and both albums have been reviewed fondly by critics across the country. But Alcock says they didn't waste any time second-guessing what the record should sound like to follow trends; rather, they just let things flow naturally. "We just sort of forgot about everything and did, for us, what was probably a pretty guilty pleasure of a record," he explains. "We just trusted in our own instincts."

The end result is a fun disc with patches of light and dark moodiness highlighting Keith's lush voice and the band's knack for writing powerful pop tunes. Released in March on Calgary's Saved by Radio, *Here's Your Ghost* 

has solidified Falconhawk's hold on campus radio tileners, paving the way for their summer tour. "It has for me to say, but the response seems to be great, it across Canada it's been that way. Campus radio treate us real good and that makes me really happy," say Alcock. "Just to know that there are radio stations as across the country playing you, that's awesome."

with the modest success of their home town, Falcon hawk decided to book a five-week tour across Canad, and the States. Getting work visas and convincin American club owners and promoters to take chance on you makes it hard for bands to head south, but the shorter drives and larger cities make a worthwhile once you get there. "There's a lot of

hoops to jump through to get down there," says Alcock. I think to lot of people just tend to avoid it all together, but we just want to try

and get out wherever we can."

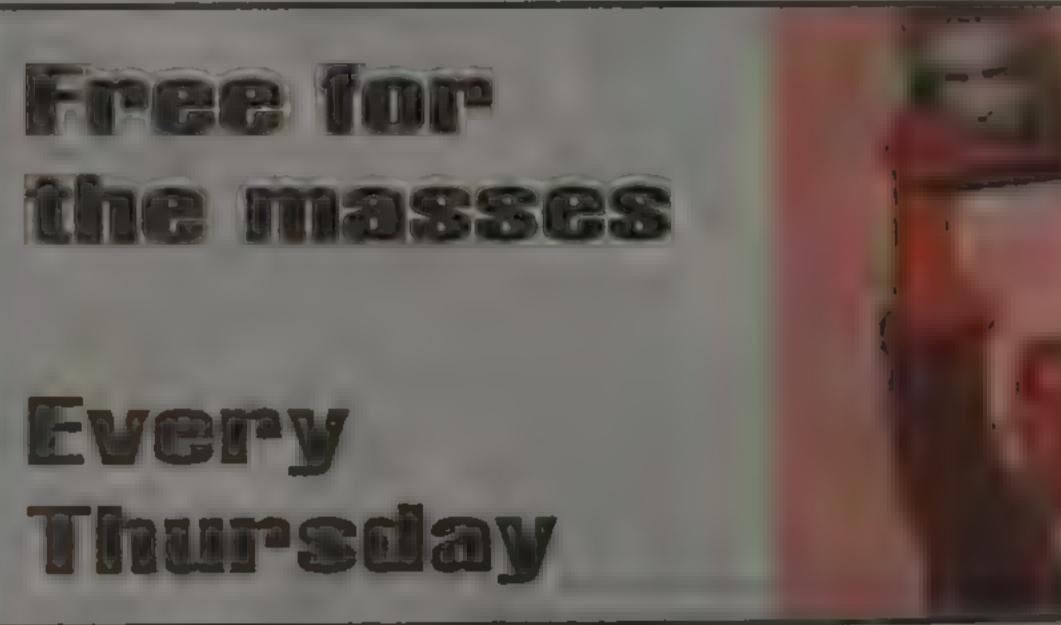
Their first trip down the west coast was going great despite some low paying gigs, but their dreams of conquering North America nearly came to a screeching halt when their van was totaled in Arizona. "We were just broken down on the side of the road and some guy ran into us going 100 and we had to write it off, he says. "Then we had to get a U-Haul and drive hat to Calgary."

After limping home broke and heartbroken (but luckily not seriously hurt) things were looking pretty dire for Falconhawk, but they are a tough and resilient breed. "By the grace of something we found some dough, rented a minivan and drove straight out to Montreal and picked it up again," he says. "We're just happy that we've managed to pull something out of the hat. We don't really dwell on the accident any more; it was just too bad we didn't get to New York and Brooklyn. That was the biggest bummer about it." O

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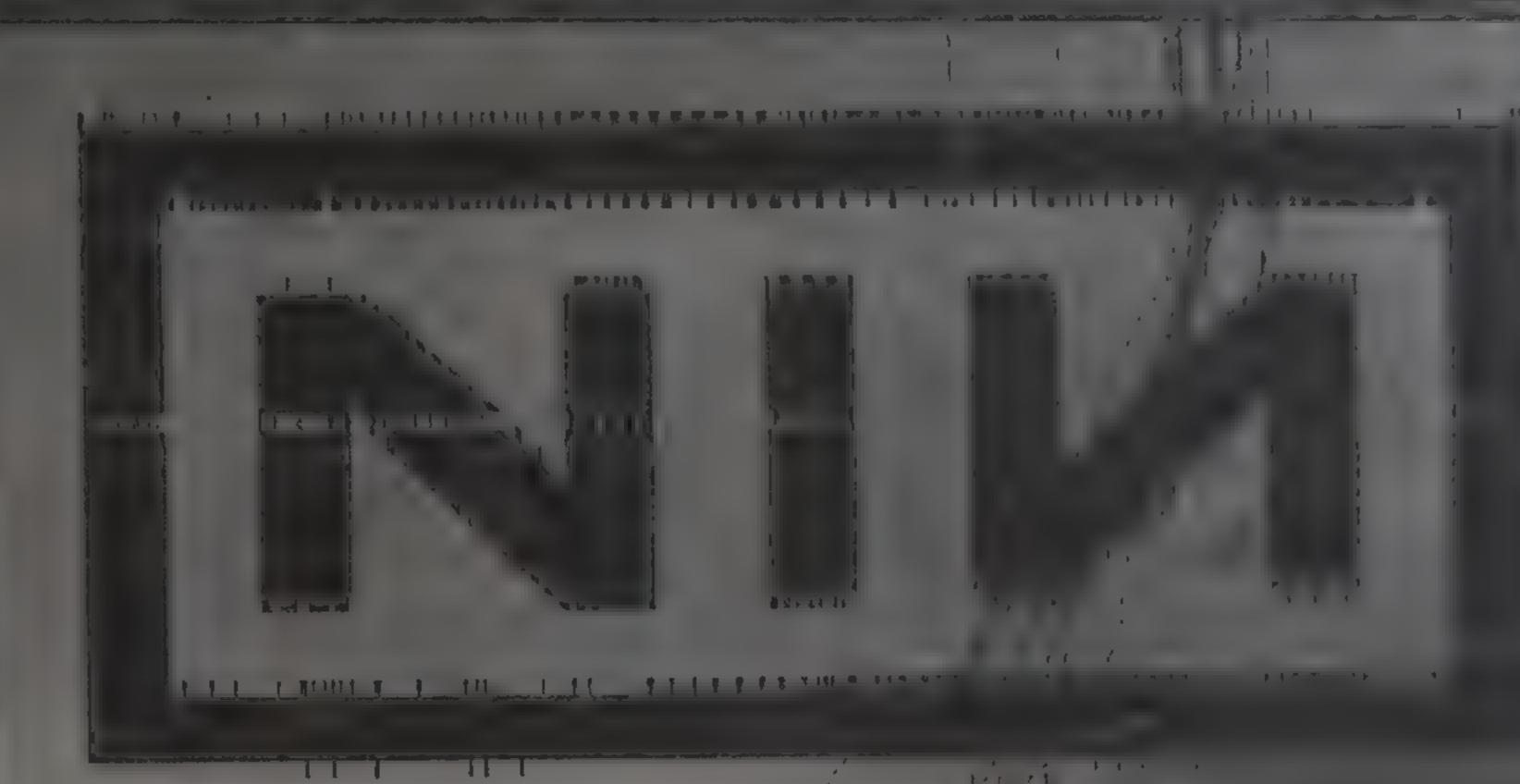
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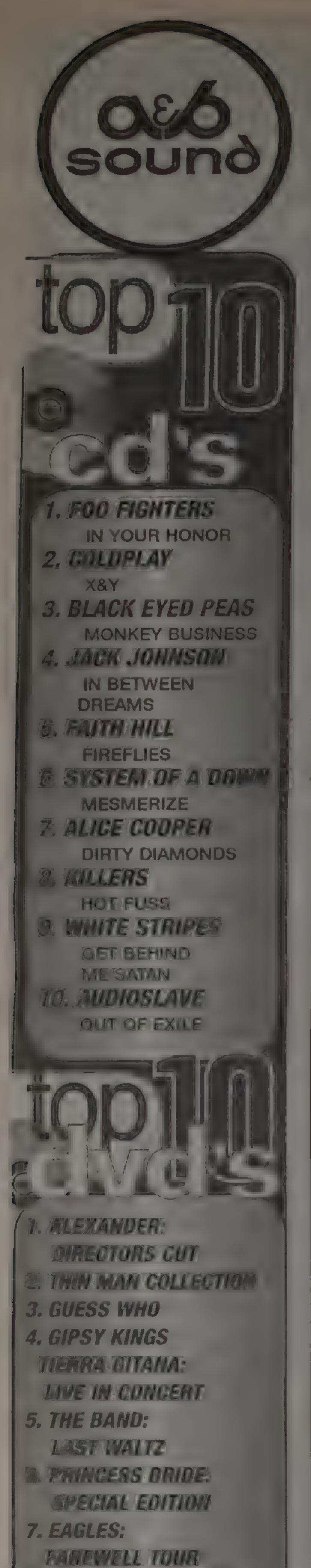
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ALVIN YOUNGBLOOD HART MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER (TONE-COOL)

I saw Alvin Youngblood Hart play a solo show last year, and the man had no problem commanding the audience with just his acoustic guitar and voice. This time around, though, he's turned the volume to 11, picked up his electric guitar and stepped in front of a band, where he's ripping it up with high style.

There's no doubt that Hart has the soul of a bluesman; his music sounds lived-in, rather than rehearsed, and a welcome result of all that life is that Hart doesn't restrain himself to playing tired 12bar progressions. The blues provide the base, but there are other sounds to be heard as well, the the ZZ Top grind of "Big Mama's Door (Might Return)," the Thin Lizzy crunch of "My World is Round," and the raunchy soul of Otis Redding's "Nobody's Fault But Mine." Make no



mistake, though, these songs don't sound like those groups as much as they tap into the same spirits. Hart owns the music that he's playing.

Maybe the reason that Hart sounds so at home here can be found in the sentiment expressed in the country sounds of his cover of Doug Sahm's "Lawd I'm Just a Country Boy in this Great Big Freaky City." Hart sounds so much like that boy, showing up in the city with nothing but his guitar to get him through, and he plays like it too, keeping trouble at bay with his six-string.

Or maybe Hart puts it best himself when he says Motivational Speaker is simply his "baddest monkeyzippa yet." ★★★ --- EDEN MUNRO

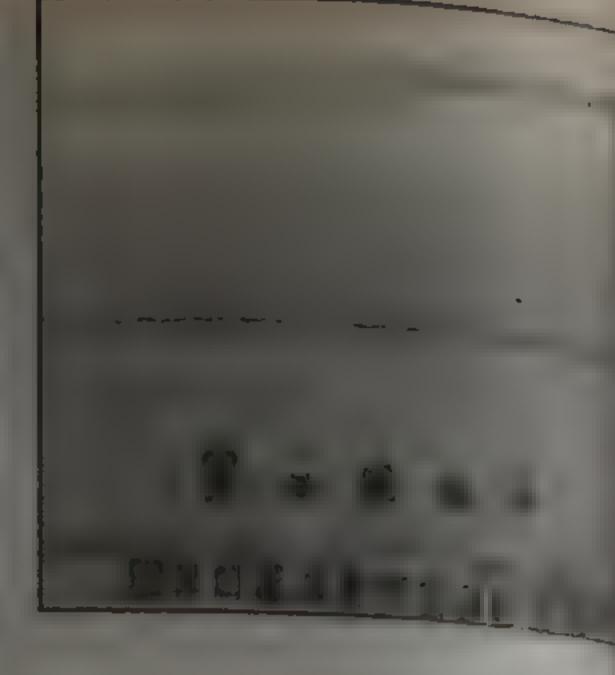
WALDEMAR BASTOS RENASCENCE (TIMES SQUARE)

Waldemar Bastos has seen much throughout his life. He was wrongfully imprisoned by the Portugese



Secret Police, saw the breakout of civil war in Angola, defected to Portugal, and made further moves to Germany, France and Brazil, and those experiences infuse his songs of love and life with a dignity that is often vacant from music. There's not a word of English on his latest album, yet the conjured sounds know no linguistic boundaries. That's not all that surprising, considering Bastos's desire to unify people of various cultures through music. To that end, the music was recorded in Spain, Germany, and Turkey, using musicians from throughout the world.

Bastos's songs are easy to digest on the surface, their propulsive rhythms, dancing guitar lines, and relaxed vocals practically washing over you. But spend some time with the music and you'll find a deeper complexity here: "Georgina" features a horn section that acts as an extension of Bastos's vocals, before becoming the driving force on the track's instrumental second half; on "Sabores Da Terra," bass and drums provide a pulsating structure while quitars interact with a string section beneath Bastos's spoken praises of the simplicities in life; and "Paz Pāo E Amor" addresses Angola's conflicted past both lyrically and with guitars that spin around each other before somehow managing to join together in a growing rhythm. On Renascence, Bastos has drawn on so many different influences that it really shouldn't work, and that's why it's so impressive when it does. ☆☆★ —EDEN MUNRO



HOUSE OF DOC **PRAIRIEGRASS** (UNIVERSAL)

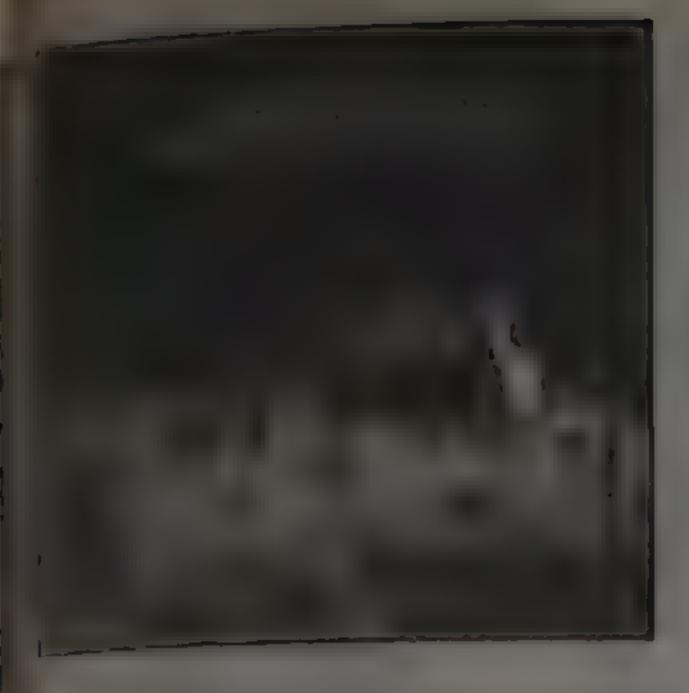
A slight breeze blows across the good en wheat on the prairie. I'm standing in the field in my best Sunday suit haunted by ghosts, bad weather and loneliness. Oh, wait a second. That not my life, that's House of Doc. Prairiegrass. This family band, made ut of three siblings and a couple of inlaws, do a wonderful job of transporting the listener back to a time gone by with their acoustic music. The first three songs set the tone for the album, alternating between dark and brooding ("Gravestones in Namaka"), footstomping bluegrass ("House on Dusty Ground"), and plaintive ballads ("Peace of Mind").

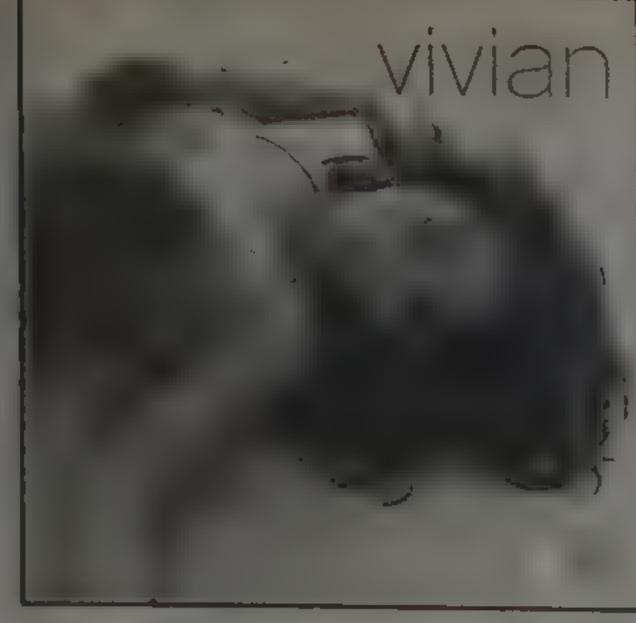
There are some nice touches to be found here, too. On "Our Soddy." the group is not afraid to have a couple members sit out and allow the others to perform the piece with just ! voice and slight accompaniment from a concertina, resulting in one of the best tracks on the disc. The same goes for the a cappella "Wait in Line," while they take the opposite approach on "I Was Lonely," stretching the song out and working in some fine lead work on guitar and harmonica.

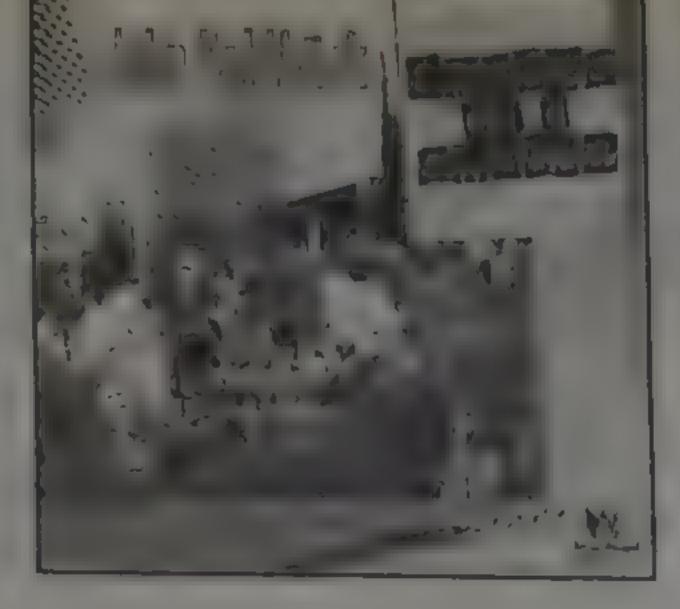
House of Doc takes traditional music and instruments and turns them into something that sounds new and fresh. If this is what life is like out there on the lonesome prairie, just point me to the nearest sod shack. 女女女! -EDEN MUNRO











THE NIGHT CONVERSATIONS
(SICTORY)

the Forecast's Late Night Conversations in the film of dark indicators that indicators the band has an added to the band has an added to the band has an added to the band has an addissand when have als from Dustin Addis and uncharted territory. Addis has a smooth voice that flows nicely over the music, while Burns covers the rougher side, weaving her lines over and around Addis's. At its best, the interplay is passionate and exciting.

The problem arises in the songs. See, I've listened to this album several times over now and I still can't really tell the difference between most of the tracks. (Well, that's not entirely true: the last track, "Losing Signal," has an acoustic guitar as the centerpiece, whereas the others rely on the electric). I don't want to give the impression that these songs suck—they don't—but, other than the acoustic track, the songs come in two flavours, ast and slow, built around riffs that do little to differentiate between them.

The biggest thing, though, is the vocals. As much as I love the dual voices, all of the melodies sound like variations of the first song, with Addis and burns dragging each syllable out for as song as possible. It's cool once, okay the cond time, but gets tiring very quickly liter that. There are some great things about this band, but they need to introduce some variety into their songwrit-

ing before they can really capitalize on their strengths. \*\* — EDEN MUNRO

VIVIAN GREEN VIVIAN (SONY)

Vivian Green is a self-made success. Growing up in Philadelphia, Green began to sing at an early age, and after sending out a ton of demos she landed a spot singing back-up for R&B/soul songstress Jill Scott. One thing led to another, and Green landed a record deal. With the seering eyes and demeanour of Toni Braxton and the soulful voice of Lauryn Hill, Green attempts a pop version of a neo-soul revival with her second album, Vivian, and love is in the air as Green sings about falling in love, falling out of love, and other love-related quandries. Aside from the subject matter, Green shows a lot of diversity and range with this release; instead of being content to chill out in the lower registers, Green tests out several different vocal ranges, with great effect. And with song titles like "Mad" (a song in which Green uses seldom-heard-from-in-the-R&Bworld word "vomit"), "Frustrated," "Damn," and "Selfish," at least you know what Green is singing about. And while at first the beats, harmonies and vocals are all beautiful and very listenable, the further into the album you get, many of those harmonies and vocals start to lose their cache.

All told, there are pretty much only two venues ideal for listening to this CD: either in the bathtub (alone or

not) or the bedroom (again, alone or not). 本本本——ARED MAJESKI

JOHN DAHLBACK
SHADES OF A SHADOW
(LITTLE ANGEL)

Listening to this 20-year-old Swede's first artist album, you have to wonder what the point is. While all of the ingredients are there for a cool chill-out house record—solid production, dreamy melodies and even a little sincerity thrown in for good measure—there's just no hint of magic to capture the imagination.

To the album's credit, the smooth vocal tracks laid down by singer Happy Medium on "You Make Me Feel the Vibe," "Travelling" and "Keep on Pushing" dance dangerously close to the cheesy, but never quite go all the way. And on the more ambient, spacey tracks "Play" and "Manage," Dahlack allows the sexiness come through, tweaking all the appropriate knobs. In fact, there really isn't anything wrong with any of the tracks from a technical standpoint—but it takes more than technical know-how to make a good record; there needs to be intensity to justify its existence, even on a chill-out record, just as the intense summer sun justifies the laziest of days.

Perhaps I was looking for the deeper, dirtier sound of Dahlback's work with cousin Jesper, and was disappointed that there wasn't even a hint of it until the final and title track. But sadly, Dahlback hasn't offered up anything here that hasn't been done before, and done to death.

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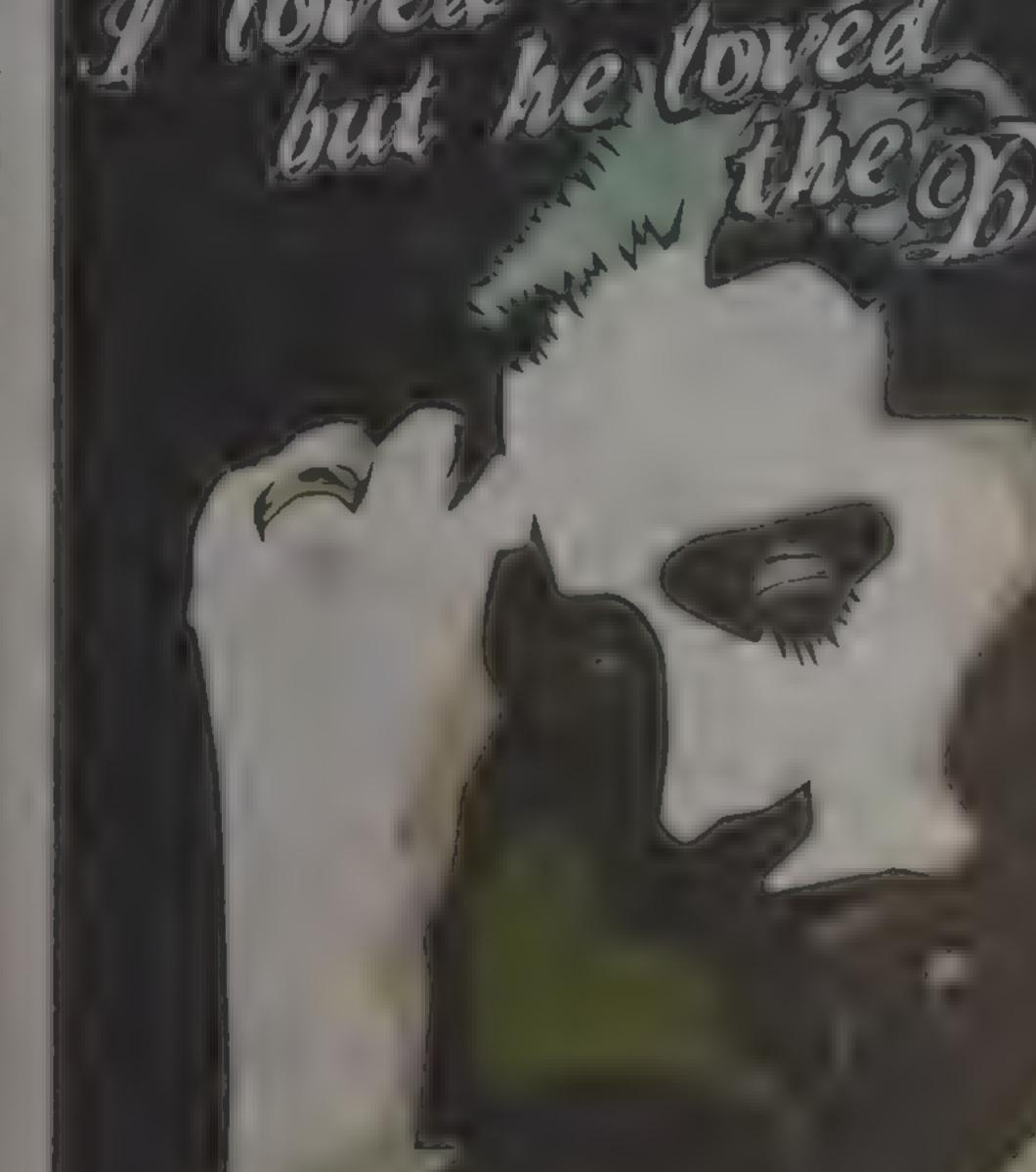
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getting soooo sleepy...

LastDaysOfApril

If You Lose It (Bad Taste)

One thing 'bout them Swedes—
they sure know their pop music
and, uh, hardcore porn.



Hootle & The Blowfish
Looking for Lucky (Sneaky Long)
More fluffy bullshit
equals another five bucks
for me at Biackbyrd

Pasolini reinforces Christianity's true moral foundations in The Gospel . According to Saint Matthew

BY JOSEF BRAUN

hough by far the eldest in the series of Italian films screening at Metro Cinema this weekend, Pier Paolo Pasolini's The Gospel According to Saint Matthew (II

vangelo secondo Matteo) actually feels much older than it is. Released in 1964, The Gospel is perhaps the most successful rendering of the grand mythological spirit Pasolini sought throughout his career, its figures seemingly springing to life from



carved stone, its barren landscapes appearing almost prehistorical and so vast that the shadow of a passing cloud can inflict a special kind of terror or awe. This depiction of the life of Jesus distinguishes itself from

strikes you most are these transporting; bold aesthetic choices culled from a vision of the world that lies largely outside of the tradition of movies (save the work of Carl Theodor Dryer).

We first see the face of a very young Mary, her large, expressive eyes exuding some holy serenity, and then the face of Joseph, who seems to be searching for something in those eyes. No words are spoken, but information is being relayed. Soon after Joseph sees his first angelic apparition, but Pasolini makes no fuss over it, offers no spectacle, the image looks the same as every other image, and he swiftly moves onto the next scene. The pattern that develops is one of simply moving with documentary objectivity from one significant moment to the next (often from one wordless close-up to the next) in an efficient, stylized manner. The slaughter of the innocents, for example, is represented entirely by a single scene of soldiers charging down the face of a hill and immediately encountering mothers and children to torment and kill. Any other director would send the camera running through streets, markets and homes, trying to impress us with scale and wide-

spread fear. The staging is more like theatre than anything else, but the hand-held camera and natural lighting make it intensely cinematic.

IN SPITE OF a litany of attributes that placed Pasolini firmly in opposition to the Italian establishment of his time-his Marxism, his homosexuality, his interest in dramatizing slum life-The Gospel is a surprisingly reverential and faithful adaptation. Every word of dialogue and every event seen in the film is derived exclusively from the gospel, and there is the sense that, with a couple of curious exceptions (the most notable being the use of wildly varied, anachronistic music, from Bach to Billie Holliday), Pasolini was trying to imprint as little of his own personal reading on the proceedings

as possible. While other filmmakers of the period were trying to dese. crate Christian theology, Pasonni seemed fixed upon reinforcing its true moral foundations, holding Christ up as an unblemished epic hero that might trigger a response in the audience that bypassed intellectual or critical filters. His approach may seem formalist, but he was going for the gut.

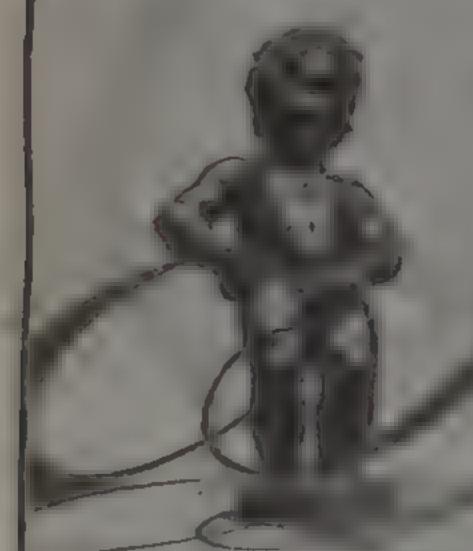
For Pasolini, if we are to re-experience pure feelings of faith and wonder in the life of Jesus, that experience can only be found through means of strict austerity. There are scenes, for example, of Jesus speaking aloud his insights 11 which Pasolini simply jumps from one speech to another, just showing

SEE PAGE 43

# all others in many ways, but what 100 COMEDIANS

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> 'THE ARISTOCRATS' HITS RARELY REACHED COMEDIC HEIGHTS."

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THINKFilm

IN THEATRES AUGUST 19TH!

# Weet the finekers

Mark Bittner is never ficial human caretaker. Bittner at a loss for birds in The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

obook knows where "the wild parrors of felegraph Bill" came I from. The roughly four dozen cherry-headed conures that make up the flock really belong in Peru or Ecuador, not in the heart of San Francisco: some say they escaped decades ago from a cargo ship, some say they all once belonged to an eccentric hermit whose grandchildren shooed them out of her mansion after she died, and still others believe they all just banded together after escaping from various homes and pet stores. They shouldn't be able to survive the San Francisco winters or the predatory hawks who also call the area home, but somehow they do-yet another example of San Francisco's hospitable climate toward nonconformists of all species.

Judy Irving's documentary The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill introduces us to an even rarer bird: Mark Bittner, an amateur ornithologist who has found an unexpected niche for himself as the parrots' unoftraveled to San Francisco in the mid-'70s hoping to make a career as a musician, but he didn't find much success. Completely uninterested in pursuing a conventional career, Bittner drifted around the city, reading Buddhist philosophy and Beat poetry, doing odd jobs and scrounging around for about 15 years on the streets before he started to take an interest in the tropical birds he'd occasionally spot flying around the neighbourhood. Before long, Bittner (who by this time was living rent-free in an empty cottage owned by a pair of sympathetic land-

lords) had devoted himself completely to befriending them and

understanding their habits. They weren't his pets, although he would feed them and take the sick or injured ones into his home and nurse them back to health; they were more like a gaggle of sympathetic spirits who could finally give his life meaning.

AND AS BITTNER, who's a wonderful storyteller, introduces the various birds and tells their life stories, it doesn't take long for you to start



feeling as affectionate toward them as he does. There's Mingus, the only one of the conures Bittner says he's ever met who prefers living indoors to being wild—we first see him hop ping his head along to a tune tner's playing on his guitar. There's Sophie, a petite little flirt carrying on an amusingly mismatched romance with a big galoot named Picasso. And there's Pushkin, a single father who surprises Bittner by behaving very much unlike a male parrat and raising his three children alone.

But the bird that Bittner obviously identifies with the most is gentle lonely Connor, who, as the only blue

SEE PAGE 40 -





Glenn Kenny, PREMIERE

# "HAD ME EXHILARATED BY ITS SHEER CREATIVITY AND GENEROSITY OF SPIRIT!

Wistful, tender, full of delightfully eccentric characters and laugh-out-loud funny moments."

Peter Travers,

# "A SHARPLY OBSERVED COMEDY FILLED WITH WONDERFUL MISCHIEF! A RARE FILM THAT RICHLY REWARDS!

Brings out the best in Bill Murray. Jeffrey Wright is superb.

Sharon Stone, Jessica Lange and Tilda Swinton's performances

are stunning. Frances Conroy is extraordinary.

A.o. scott, Che New Hork Eimes

# "FUNNY, TENDER AND GENEROUS.

Every detail is carefully judged
. and placed. Director Jim Jarnusch's
style suits Bill Murray — who appears in
virtually every frame — perfectly."

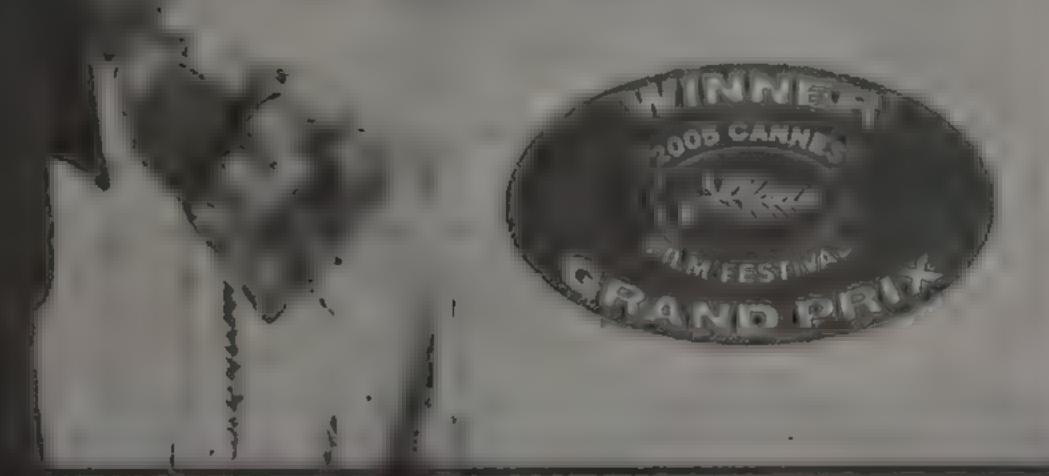
Lisa Schwarzbaum, Entertainment

Jin Jarnusch handles
the material beautifullyWITH CHARM,

GENEROSITY, AND A BULL'S-EYE BILL MURRAY."

Elect (D) Plocade

"TWO BIG THUMBS UP."



a ne. 111m by JIM JAPMUSCH

Cometimes live brings some strange surprises.

The state of the s

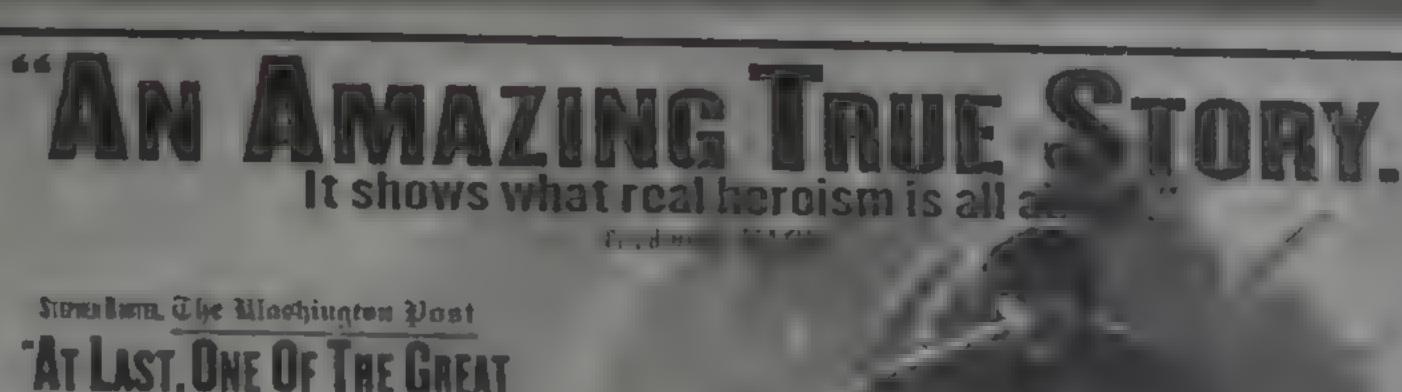
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\* DIGITAL SOUND

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Continued from page 38

crowned conure in the flock, isn't able to find a mate and isn't quite accepted by the other birds, even though he's always ready to help out whenever he sees a weak or sick parrot being picked on by someone bigger.

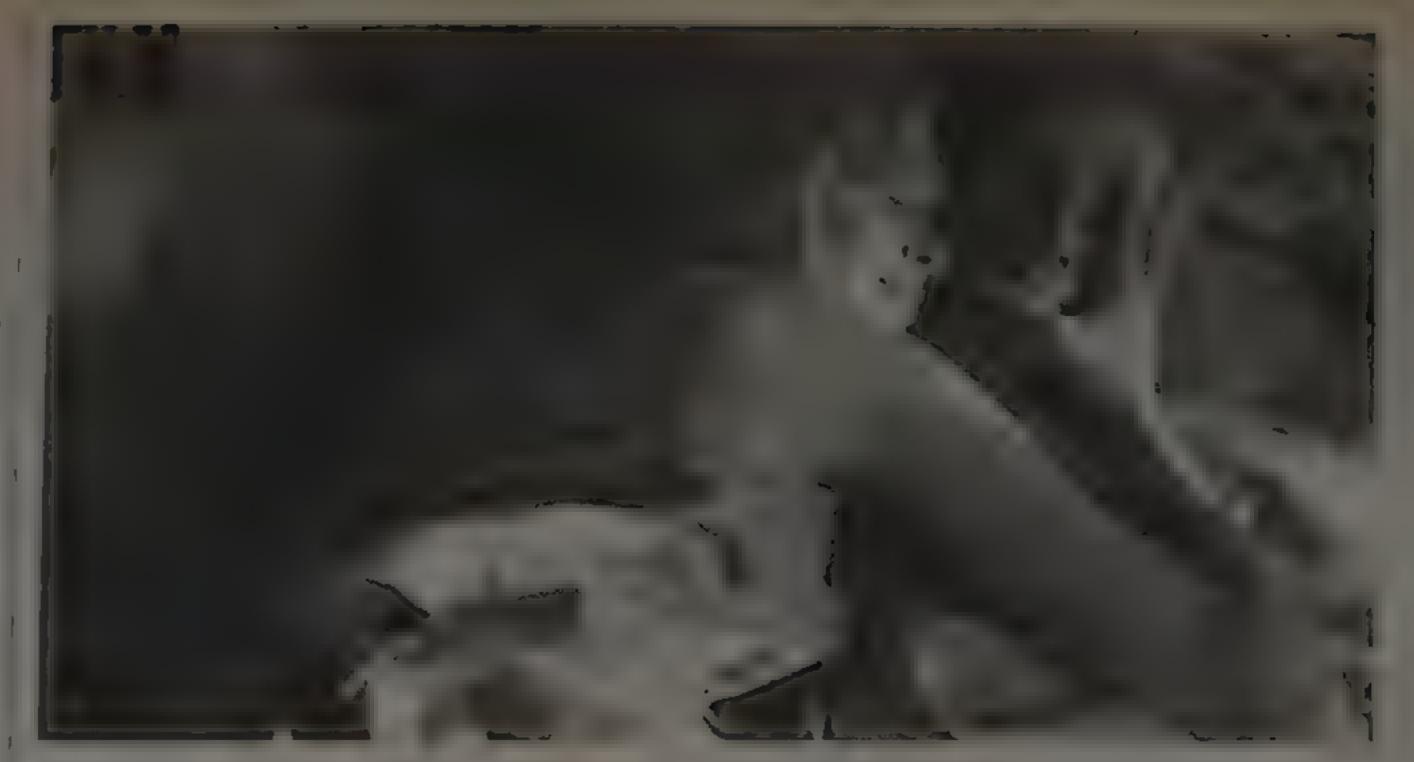
I'm not sure why I completely accepted Bittner's habit of giving all the parrots names and attributing all sorts of human personality traits to them and rejected the comparatively much milder anthropomorphism of March of the Penguins. Pethaps it's because in *Penguins*, it just seemed like a lie—the narration kept telling . us we were watching a heartwarming story about "love" and "family" even though the images were obviously showing us the cruelty of nature in its most unrelenting form. The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill, on the other hand, really is a story about love not just in terms of the relationship between Bittner and his flock, but

also in other surprising ways. Plus, Bittner's fanciful descriptions of the various birds' personalities really do seem to have a basis in fact—if he says Olive or Scrapper tend to behave a certain distinctive way, Irving's camera is right there with footage, that vividly backs his claim up.

It sounds ridiculous, but by the end of the film, you've got such an emotional stake in these parrots that when Bittner describes the death of one of his birds, it's hard to keep the tears from welling up in your eyes—not just because it's sad when an animal dies, but because Bittner's words are so moving, yet so simple and understated. This beautiful movie shares all of those virtues, and maybe that's no accident; I suspect you can't be around Bittner for very long without wanting to... well, parrot his style a little. •

# THE WILL PARROTS OF TELECRAPH HILL

Directed by Judy Irving • Featuring Mark Bittner • Opens Fri, Aug 12



# Coing for broke

Bill Murray dishes out a whole lot of sad in Jim Jarmusch's Broken Flowers

# BY CAROLYN NIKODYM

it all—the best-looking lovers, the well-paying job, the house on the hill—and who seems to get it without even trying. That person inspires both awe and envy, as we try to imagine that wonderful life behind closed doors. **Broken Flowers**, the latest from Coffee and Cigarettes director Jim Jarmusch, offers us his take on one such man, Don Johnston, a privileged but aging Don Juan pensively played by Bill Murray.

The film opens with Johnston's latest lover, Sherry (Julie Delpy), condemning him for his emotionless existence while on her way out the door. Played in Murray's minimalist style, Johnston barely breaks a sweat over the confrontation, leaving the audience to wonder if the split wasn't for the best. The wondering doesn't last long, however, as long camera shots on Murray's fantastically expressive face soon reveal a hollow man who's never had to try very hard

to attract women or make a fortune.

As Sherry is leaving, Don receives a pink envelope with an anonymous letter revealing that a former lover had his son 19 years ago. The idea of Don's potential fatherhood allows Winston (Don's effervescent neighbour, played by Jeffery Wright) to try out his amateur sleuthing skills and set up a cross-country trip for Don to visit four

# E INDIE

former lovers. Now, the premise of the film might come off as utterly cheesy if it was a Hallmark movie of the week, but under Jarmusch's deft writing and direction, it instead offers a voyeuristic and snidely comedic view of Don's life, as well as understated commentary on modern existence.

DON'S FIRST unannounced visit is to Laura (Sharon Stone), widow of a NASCAR driver, and her coy teenage daughter Lolita (Alexis Dziena). As the three enjoy dinner and wine, we catch a fleeting glimpse of how Don, the man who wasn't there, might of attracted a parade of beautiful women into his life. None of life's idiosyncrasies escapes Don, and Murray is able to capture the essence of this with few words.

Another visit to Dora (Frances

Conroy) underscores Murrav's

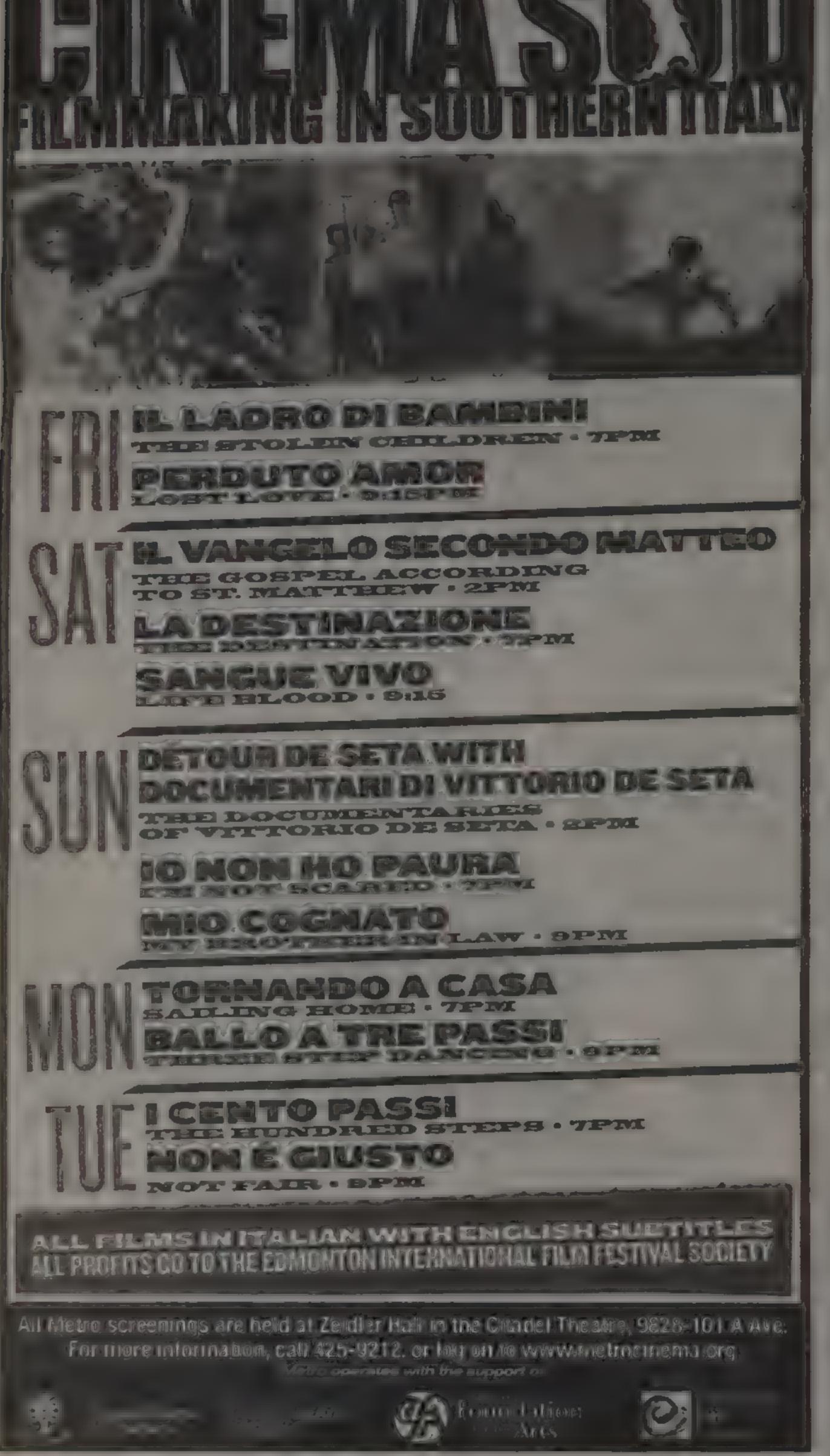
Jarmusch's, ideal that less is the
we watch Don, Dora and her
band Dan (Chris Bauer) eat dinn
the couple's eerlly pristine and
luxury prefab home. The discomi
of all of the players oozes from
screen through facial expression
camera shots and the companion
din of cutlery hitting plates, Of all
the women Don visits, Dora is the
most like him, letting the memory
of her "hippie chick" past battle
out with bemusement and horror of
her face, but not through words

Although Murray has been Para ing plenty of love of late for his al. ty to truly make each role distinct his own, it still amazes that watchihim think can be so comp. Instead of verbalizing his delet ,, Sherry's departure, Murray cal the sentiment with small but to ling actions—the reaching for a gla wine but stopping himself, the flop. ping onto his side on the couch character, a role that Jarmusch, for him, is so unassuming, just ... ing life to happen to him Wright's Winston, a life-loving and curious family man, serves to un. score Don's stagnation throug !... utter oppositeness.

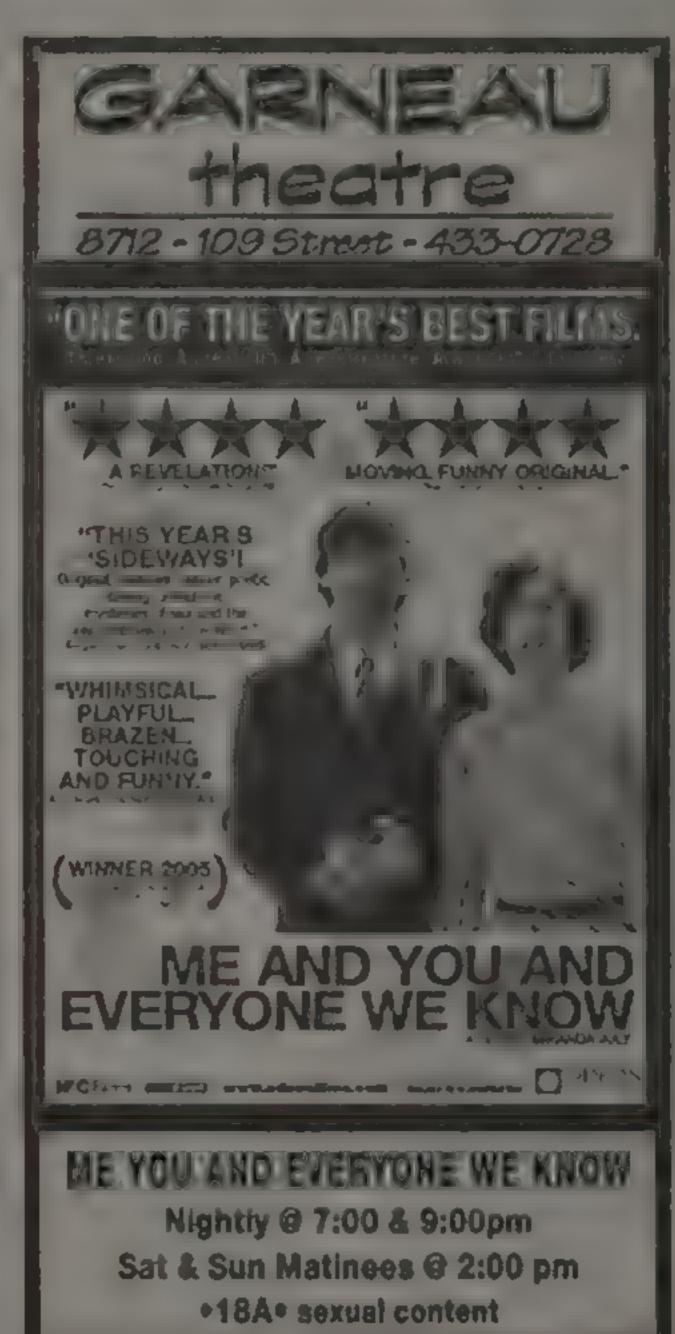
For his part, Jarmusch gives the summer audience something sorelneeded-a film to sink their teeth into. It is also probably his most accessible movie, as he takes his artfilm ability to create off-kil' vignettes and strings all of the fullfleshed, but minor, players together with one strong and likeable ch ter. He also has a keen wit, making Broken Flowers play like an inside joke. And true to form, Jarmu never explicitly reveals the answer Don's mystery, hiding it in clues throughout the film, while at the same time making it a secondary concern—even though it is what drives the plot-by letting the audience into the life of someone who scene ingly has it all. 0

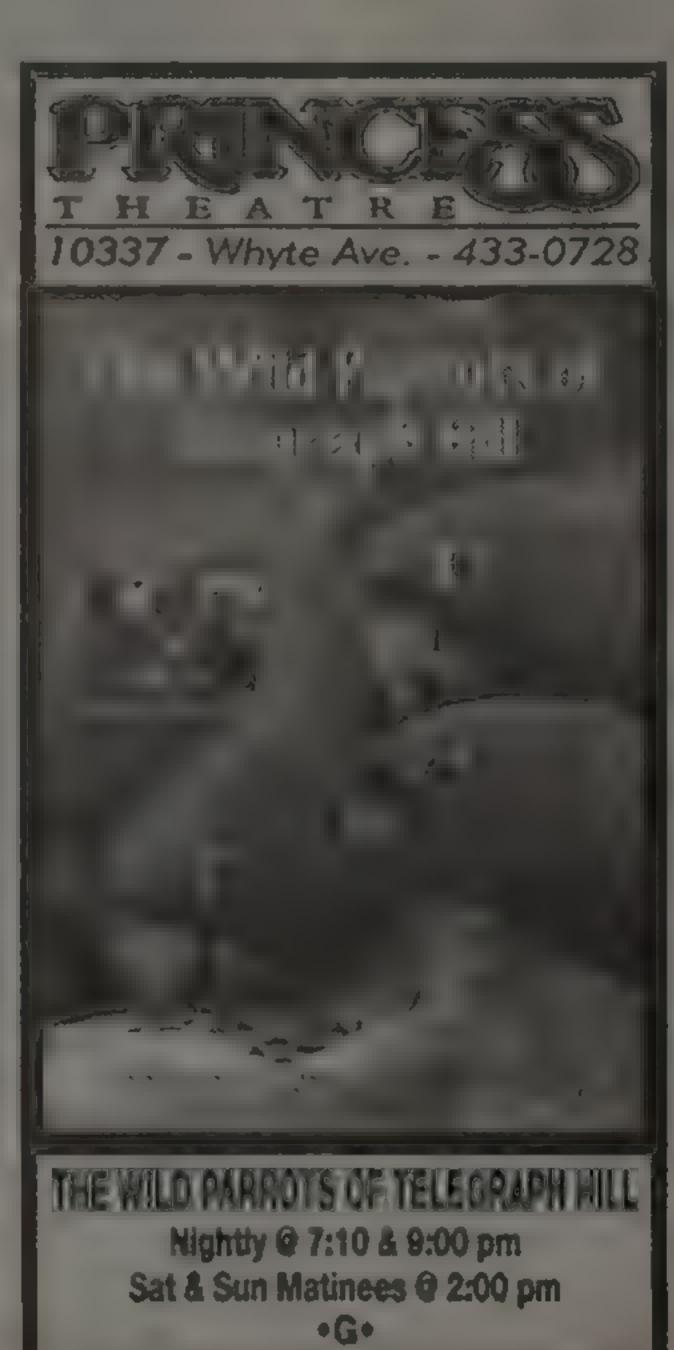
# BROKEN FLOWERS

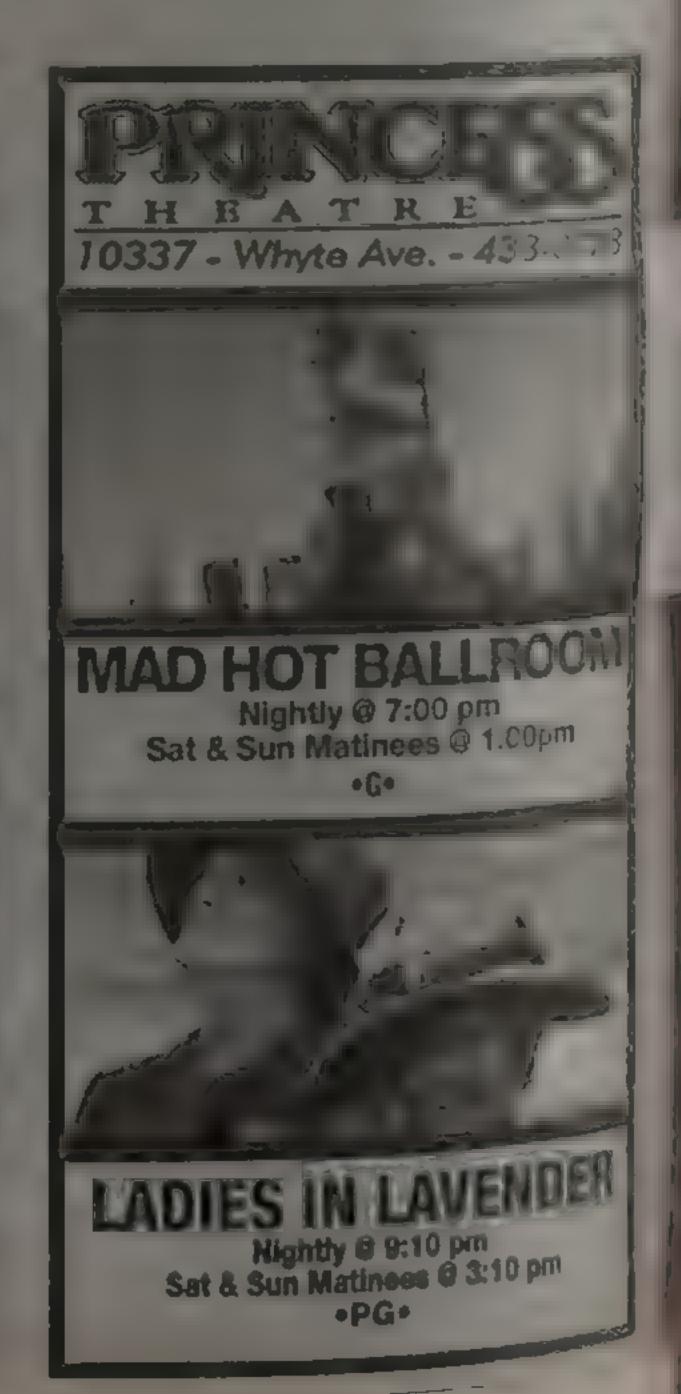
Written and directed by Jim Jarmusch 
Starring Bill Murray, Jeffrey Wright and
Sharon Stone • Opens Fri, Aug 12

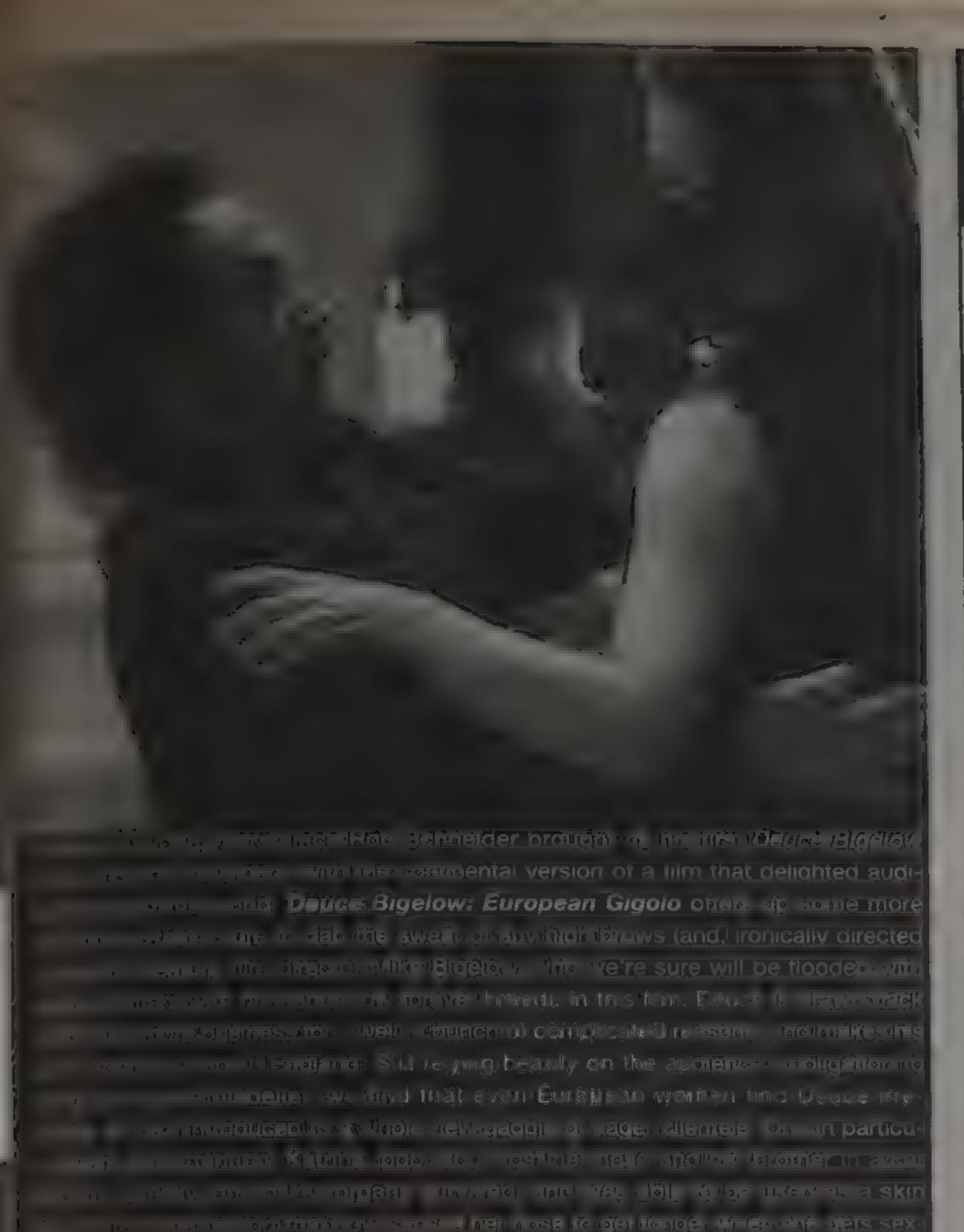


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Total States of grant to the english in the state of the

Broken Flowers Bill Murray, Sharon Stone and Julie Delpy star in Coffee and Cigarettes director Jim Jarmusch's film in which a man receives an anonymous letter from an old flame telling him he has a son, and embarks on a ross-country journey to figure out who the mother and letter-writer is. Read Carlyn Nikodym's review on page 40.

Cinema Sud A worldwide tour of movies from southern Italy brings 12 films to Edmonton. Aug 12: The Stolen Children (7 pm), Lost Love (9:15 pm). Aug 13: The Gospel According to St. Matthew (2 pm), The Destination (7 pm), Life Good (9:15 pm). Aug 14: Détour De Seta (2 pm), I'm Not Scared (7 pm), My Broth-\*in-Law (9 pm). Aug 15: Sailing Home (7 pm), Three Step Dancing (9 pm). Aug 5: The Hundred Steps (7 pm), Not Fair (9:15 pm). Read Josef Braun's review of " Gospel According to St. Matthew and I'm Not Scared on pages 38 and 42. Zeier Hall, The Citadel; Aug 12-16.

rce Bigelow: European Gigolo Rob Schneider, Eddie Griffin and Jean Reno in first-time director Mike Bigelow's sequel that sees the gigolo go back to ork in Europe so he can uncover the murderer of male prostitutes in an effort to har his former pimp's name.

ur Brothers Mark Wahlberg, André (3000) Benjamin, Garrett Hedlund and rese Gibson star in Shaft director John Singleton's action film about four adoptbrothers who return home for their mother's funeral, only to discover that she is murdered, and in seeking revenge discover the family ties they share.

Creat Raid Benjamin Bratt, James Franco and Joseph Fiennes star in Unfordirector John Dahl's action film set in 1945, in which a U.S. Army battal-· travels deep behind enemy lines and stages a daring rescue of 500 American for rers of war from a Japanese POW camp in the Philippines. Read Colleen dison's review on page 42.

Lovely To Look At Kathryn Grayson, Red Skelton and Zsa Zsa Gabor star in East Side, West Side director Mervyn LeRoy's musical in which a comedian Fravels to Paris with plans to sell his inherited portion of dress shop and use - money to fund a Broadway production. Royal Alberta Museum (102 Ave & . 3' ST); Aug 15 (8 pm)

Skeleton Key Kate Hudson, Gena Rowlands and John Hurt star in K-PAX rector lain Softly's thriller in which a live-in nurse takes a job with an elderly couat an old mansion in Louisiana, and begins to explore using a skeleton key, to find a deadly and terrifying secret in a hidden attic room.

The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill Mark Bittner stars in Kids by the Bay derter Judy Irving's documentary based on Bittner's book about a San Francisdenizen who begins to follow a flock of parrots in his longtime search . : Intuality and the meaning of life. Read Paul Matwychuk's review on page 38.

# Three Grands from Ericles, Aug. 12 to Thereades, Aug. 51

All showtinges are subject to change at any time, Please contact theatre for confirmation.

## CINEMA CITY 12/MOVIES 121 Cinema 12 3653 99 St. 463-5481

THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language 11:06 1:25 4 00 6.55 9 30 12 00

CINDERELLA MAN (PG, coarse language) 12 40 3,40 6.40

9:40

THE SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELLING PANTS (PG) 11:00 1:30 4:00 7:05 9:40 12:05

THE PERFECT MAN (G) 11:25 1:45 4:05 7:20 9:35 11:45 LAND OF THE DEAD (18A gory scenes, coarse language): 11 45 2 05 4 30 7 40 10 00 12 10

CRASH (14A, frequent coarse language, mature themes): 11:15 1.35 4:25 7:25 9:45 12 10

SHARKBOY & LAVAGIRL (G) 11:05 1:10 3:10 5:05 7:10 9 25 11 30

THE INTERPRETER (14A) 10 55 1:30 4 10 7 05 9 45 12.15

SAHARA (PG, violence) 11:10 1:40 4:15 7 15 9:50 12:20 KICKING & SCREAMING (PG) 11:40 2:10 4 35 7:00 9 20 11.30

MONSTER-IN-LAW (PG, coarse language, not recommended for children) 11,30 2:00 4:20 7:35 9:55 12:05

KINGDOM OF HEAVEN (14A, gory violence) 6 45 9:35 ROBOTS (G) 11 35 1.50 4 15

Market 12 130 Ang 50 5 412-113

THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language) 11.30 1.45 4 35 7:25 9 55 12 05

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SAHARA (PG,, violence) 10:55 1:30 4:20 7:05 9:50 12 15 KICKING & SCREAMING (PG) 11 25 1 55 4 55 7 30 10:00

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## CITY CENTRE 1000-12 Ave 42 - 1001

THE SKELETON KEY (14A, frightening scenes) no passes Daily 1.20 4 10 7.10 10 00

DEUCE BIGALOW: EUROPEAN GIGOLO (18A, chide and sexual content, substance abuse) Daily 12 10 2:25 4:40 7 40 10:10

THE GREAT RAID (14A, violence) Daily 12 20 3 30 6 45

BROKEN FLOWERS (14A) Daily 1 00 4:00 7:30 10:15 THE DUKES OF HAZZARD (PG, coarse language) Daily 12 40 3 50 7 00 9 40

MUST LOVE DOGS (PG, not recommended for young chill ren) Fri - Tue 9 30

THE ISLAND (14A) Fn -SUN, Toe 12 30 3 40 6 40 9 50,

Mon. 12 30 3 40 9 50, West-Thu. 6 40 9 50 CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (PG) Fri

Tue: 12 50 3 50 6 30; Wed:-Thu 12 50 3 50 WEDDING CRASHERS (14A, sexual content) Daily 1 10

4 20 7 20 10 20 MARCH OF THE PENGUINS (G) Daily 12:00 2:15:4:30

SUPERCROSS (STC) no passes Wed.-Thu 12 15 2 35

4 55 7 15 9 45

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VUEWEEKLY

# CLAREVIEW 4211-139 Avo. 472 7600

THE SKELETON KEY (14A, Inglitening scenes) no passes Oaly 1 20 3 50 7 00 9 40

FOUR BROTHERS (18A, violence) Daily 1 40 4 20 7.50 10:10

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THE DUKES OF HAZZARD (PG, coarse language) Daily 12 45 3 00 5 20 7 40 10 00

MUST LOVE DOGS (PG. not recommended for young old dren) Fri.-Tue 12:50:3:30:6:40:9:10, Wed.-Thu, 9:10 SKY HIGH (Co Day 12 40 2 50 5 10 7 25 9 35

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (PG) For Tue: 1:10:3:40:6:30:9:00; Word:-Thu: 1.10:3:40:6:30 WEDDING CRASHERS (14A, sexual content) Duly 2 00

FANTASTIC FOUR (PG, not recommended for young disdran) Daily 1 50 4 30 6 55 9 20

WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, Inghtening scenius, not rec ommended for young children) Daily 1 30 4:10 7 10 9 45 SUPERCROSS (STC) no passes Wed.-Thu. 12 50 3 30 6712 2300

## CALATY CINEMAS @ SHERWOOD PARK 2020 Sherwood Drive, 416-0150 THE SKELETON KEY (14A, fruhlening scenes) no passes

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THE DUKES OF HAZZARD (PG, coarse language) Daily

12:00 1:00 3:00 4:00 6:30 7:30 9:10 10:10

SKY HIGH (G) Daly 1 30 4 30 7 15 9 45 MUST LOVE DOGS (PG, not recommended for young chil-

dren) Fr.-Tue. 12 40 6 45 CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (PG) Daily

12 50 3 50 6 50 9 50 WEDDING CRASHERS (14A, sexual content) Daily 12:30

3.30 7:00 10:00 WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, fightening scenes,not rec.) ornmended for young children) Daily 12:10 3:10 6:40 9:30

MR. & MRS. SMITH (14A, volence) Fri.-Tue 3 40 9 20 SUPERCROSS (STC) no passes, STARTS ON Wed Wed Thu, 12:40 3 40 6 45 9 20

## Garneau 8112-100 St 4540129

ME AND YOU AND EVERYONE WE KNOW (18A, sexual content) Nightly 7:00 9:00; Sat-Sun Matiners 2:00

# GATEWAY 81

THE Carpen True 4.6-02 TO

THE BAD NEWS BEARS (14A) 1 25 4 10 7 20 9 50 MUST LOVE DOGS (PG) Not recommended for children 12 50 3 40 7 00 9 25

HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) 12:45 3:10 6:30 WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A) Implitering scenes, not recommended for young children 1:20 4:00 7:15 9:55

BEWITCHED (PG) 1:00 3 20 7:06 9:20

MADAGASCAR (G) 1:15 3:30 6:50 9:15 THE DEVIL'S REJECTS (H) Brutal violence, sexual violence Fn,Sat,Mon,Tue,Wed,Thu 1:30 4 15 7:30 10:00 Sun 1:30 7:30 10:00

DARK WATER (14A) frightening scenes 1.10 3.45 7.25

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WEDDING CRASHERS (14A, Sexual Content) 1.20 3.45

SKY HIGH (G) Sat-Sun 11.25; Daily 1.30 3 30 5.30 CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (PG) Sat

Sun 11:00; Daily 1:10 3:25 5 40 7:55 10:05 DEUCE BIGELOW: EUROPEAN GIGOLO (18A, crude and sexual content, substance abuse) Sat-Sun 11.15, Daily

DUKES OF HAZZARD (PG, coarse language) Sat-Sun 11:00, Daily 1:05 3:10 5 15 7:25 9:30

MUST LOVE DOGS (PG) 7 50 9 50

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# LEDUC CINEMAS

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THE DUKES OF HAZZARD (PG, coarse language) 1:00 3 20 7 05 9 30

THE SKELETON KEY (14A, frightening scenes) 1:00 3:20 7:00 9:20

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CRASH (14A, frequent coarse language,mature them. Fn -SUN 2 20 4 40 7:10 9 35, Man.-Thu. 4 40 7 10 3 5 GEORGE A. ROMERO'S LAND OF THE DEAD (18A

gory scanes,coarse language) Daily 7,30 9 45 THE SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING PANTS (PG Fri -SUN 1 40 4 30 7 20 9 40; Mon -Thu, 4 30 7 20 9 40

6 30 9 25, Man -Thu 6 30 9 25 THE ADVENTURES OF SHARKBOY AND LAVAGIRL IN

CINDERELLA MAN (PG, coarse tanquage) Frt.-SUN 2 30

30 (G) Fri -SUN 1 30 3 50; Mon -Thu. 3 50 REBOUND (G) Fri.-SUN 2-10-4-50, Mon.-Thu. 4-50

SAHARA (PG, violence) Fri.-SUN 1 20 4 00 6 40 9 20 Mon.-Thu. 4:00:6:40:9:20

THE INTERPRETER (14A) Dray 6.45 9.30

SIN CFTY (Rt. gary violence throughout) Daily 7:00:9:50 MONSTER-IN-LAW (PG. course language,not recommended for chikkrin) Fit -SUN 1 50 4 10 6 50 9:00; Man

THE PERFECT MAN (G) Frz -SUN 2:00 4:20, Mon.-Thu

# **NORTH EDMONTON CINEMAS** 14231-137 Are. Tuz 2230

THE SKELETON KEY (14A, Inghtening scenes) no passes

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and sexual content, substance abuse) Daily 12 15 2.20 4.30 6 30 8 30 10 40 THE DUKES OF HAZZARD (PG, coarse language) Daily

12 20 2 40 4 00 5 10 6 55 8 00 9 30 10 35

MUST LOVE DOGS (PG, not recommended by young die dren) Daily 12 40 2 50 5 15 7 40 10 00 SKY HIGH (G) Day 12:00 2:30 4:50 7:20 9:45

THE ISLAND (14/4) Dolly 4 10 7:15 10:10 CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (PG) Daily

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4 40 7:30 10:20

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MADAGASCAR (G: Daily 2:00

BATMAN BEGINS (PG frightening in each right recom mended for young children) [ any 1 10]

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# PRINCESS

## 10337-82 Ave, 433-0728

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MAD HOT BALLROOM (G) Nightly 7:00 31 Star Validas 1:00

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# SILVERCITY WEST EDMONTON MALL

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45 10 20 BROKEN FLOWERS (14A) Daily 1:00 3 45 14 11

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## WEST MOUNT CENTRE 111 Ave, Groat Rd, 455-6726

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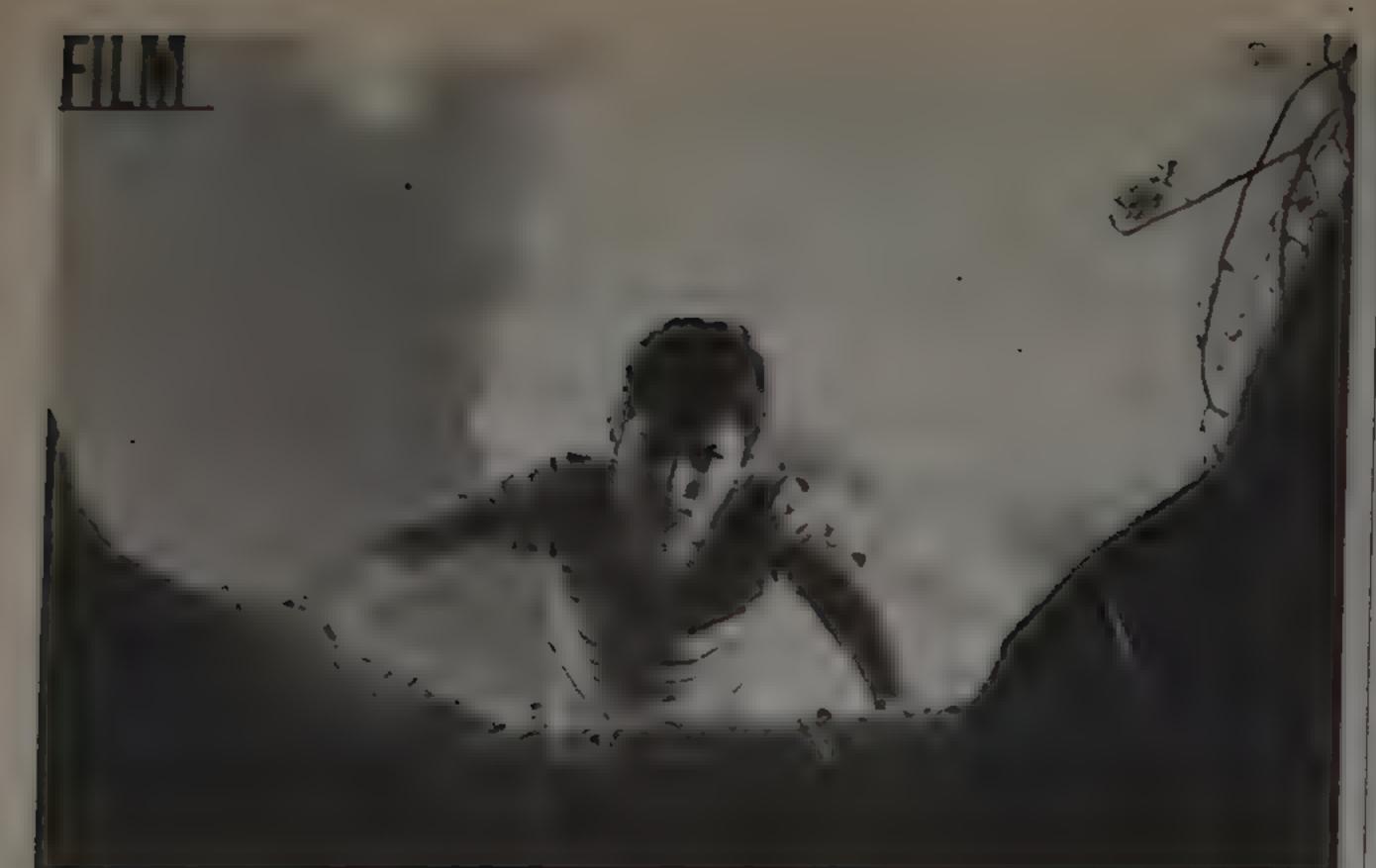
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# I'm afraid of Italians

Which is good, because there's not much else frightening in aptly-named I'm Not Scared

" BY JOSEF BRAUN

hot Italian village and its surrounding fields of gold during the summer of 1978, I'm Not Scared (Io non ho paura) begins by attempting to evoke that particularly strange sense of unconstrained time one drifts through as a little kid with no responsibilities and nothing in particular to

do during those endless dog days.
We see 10-year-old
Michele (Giuseppe
Cristiano), his cutely bespectad

Cristiano), his cutely bespectacled little sister and a handful of other children from town race out to an ideal place to kill some time away from adult eyes: an abandoned house, dilapidated beyond repair, but with enough structure to allow the kids to perform foolish stunts such as walking along precarious-looking creaky beams, which Michele does to pacify the group bully who was otherwise going to make one of the girls show everyone her vagina. Fortunately, Michele does not fall, ostensibly proving to us that he's not only a little gentleman but capable under pressure, qualities that should make him a perfect little kid hero.

Once all the others have left, Michele is rewarded for his gallantry by discovering something truly exceptional in the bottom of a large covered hole just beyond the house. At first it's just a dirty little foot, seen poking out of a grey blanket. We can't tell if it's dead or alive, and neither can Michele, who, understandably, is initially terrified. But later Michele will return and see much more, something even stranger than what he initially assumes. A relationship develops between Michele and what he finds down in that hole, one that reveals his desire to nurture, yet also displays his instinctive desire to keep the secret all to himself. This intriguing mystery, this weird relationship, and the both innately tender and sinister responses it brings out in Michele, provide I'm Not Scared with considerable potential; yet somehow, in spite of these elements, the generic quality of this assembly-line Miramax purchase won't keep you fooled long: darkened holes or no, this movie just ain't that deep, nor is it scary or suspenseful.

Niccolò Ammaniti, who also co-wrote the screenplay, and directed by Gabriele Salvatores, the film presents one solid idea after another, but develops none of them. Little is invested toward making the setting, the characters or the narrative specific or clear. Michele's parents are stereotypes with nothing much to say, yet when they—and every other adult in

the village—are revealed to be willing participants in the horrendous

but banal crime related to what's shivering down in that hole, our sense of who they seem to be, or who they really are, is neither here nor there. No single character is fleshed out enough for us to feel too concerned about any moral conflicts that may reside within them. The most we get in the way of finesse here are clumsy scenes that try to distinguish the bad guys from the really bad guys, and when the finale finally arrives, accompanied by an exceptionally lazy, finger-on-the-trigger deus ex machina, Ammaniti's tale completely chickens out in terms of doing anything to resolve the issues or mountainous improbabilities raised. Sharp, swift endings are satisfying, but this one is too flat to feel consequential at all. And though I'm Not Scared might strike you as exactly the sort of movie that's taken all of the juice out of its source material, losing all the detail and subtext, remarkably, the novel is exactly the same, with no added insights. Like a botched crime, this story, in whatever form, is all big promise with no big pay-off. O

# I'M NOT SCARED (IO NON HO PAURA)

Directed by Gabriele Salvatores •Written
by Niccolò Ammaniti and Francesca
Marciano • Starring Giuseppe Cristiano,
Mattia Di Pierro, Adriana Conserva and
Fabio Tetta • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel •
Sun, Aug 14 (7 pm) • Metro Cinema •
425-9212

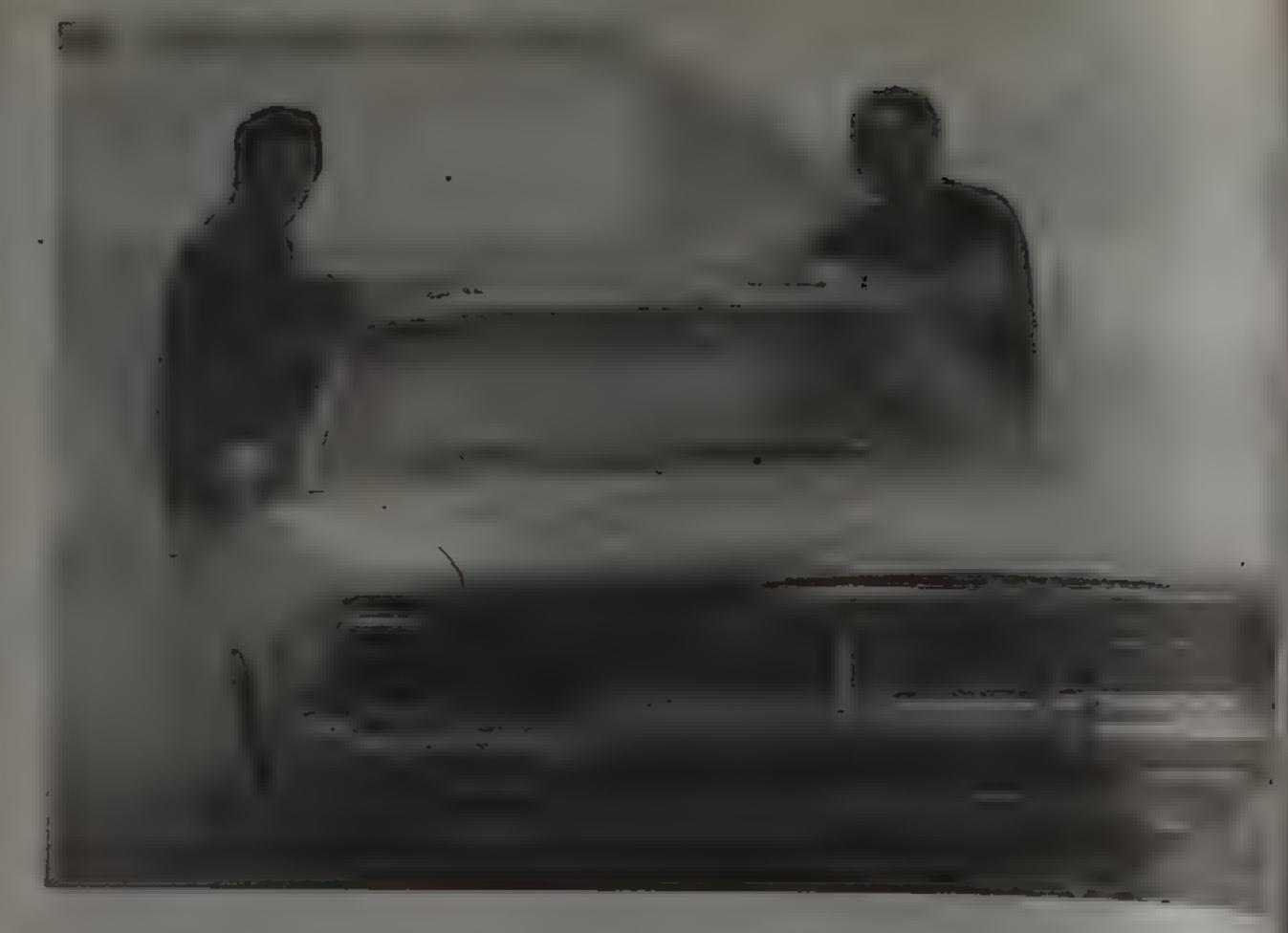
# Hazzardous material

Who would dare trash such a dumb and fun movie as the Dukes of Hazzard?

BY DARREN ZENKO

an, talk about your critical drubbings. Who pissed in the Cornflakes of criticism, that everyone's gotta hate on The Dukes of Hazzard like this? "There is no wrong time to flush this turd" (Rolling Stone); "A lamebrained, outdated wheeze" (Roger Ebert), etc. Doesn't anybody like to have fun anymore? Even poor old Ben Jones, Cooter from the original TV show, has returned to momentary fame by damning the remake's shameful straying from the show's "family values." Cooter, my man! It was a show about outlaw boozerunning smuggler cousins blowing up the vehicles of duly appointed peace officers with dynamite arrows while their sexpot cousin corrupted the principles of due process by hypnotizing a learning-disabled deputy with the power of her denimed ass and gingham-restrained tits. Wake the fuck up!

I'm here to report that as a



hoser who loves the antics of other hosers and who values nothing in a film more than a sense of joy and fun, I had a damn fine time with the new Dukes. I went in thinking

E DUKES!

I'd be bored—I went alone, and movies like this are best shared with friends—but I was laughing and grinning the whole way through, from that first classic midjump freeze-frame before the titles to the final shot where Willie Nelson tokes

up in the smokehouse with Joe Don Baker. There's a fine line between clever and stupid, as the man one said, and director Jay Char drasekhar takes that two-sided aphorism into a third dimension by making one great realization: in the making of a Dukes film, getting too clever is stupid. So when we get jokes born from the cliches and conventions of the show, he's not taking the piss or rolling his eyes of mocking... he's having fun with the toolkit of iconic elements provided

SEE NEXT PAGE

# Jingo bolls

The Great Raid offers a heavily biased version of WWII history

BY COLLEEN ADDISON

licely timed to coincide with the 60th anniversary of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, The Great Raid paints a disturbing picture, focusing almost entirely on Japanese atrocities during World War II and making knowledge of the bombs an eerie subtext throughout the film. "You have a reason to live?" asks Major Nagai (Motoko Kobayashi) of captured and malaria-stricken Major Daniel Gibson (Joseph Fiennes). "I want to see you surrender," Gibson responds. And as everyone is aware, the Japanese did, in fact, surrender, two days after being slammed with the most horrifying weapon the world has ever seen.

The "yellow peril" is quickly revealed in all its deadliness, with a tiring historical montage shown at the beginning of the film that depicts a people coerced by a corrupt government into thinking that American soldiers are merciless, and soon the film moves into an unfortunate "the only good one's a dead one" territory. The sad truth is that the Japanese during WWII were brutal, but the story goes further; these

soldiers seem almost inhuman, stony-faced men who stare blankly as their commanders burn people alive.

The film is set in the recently-conquered Philippines, now under the power of those nasty Japanese, where a group of American soldiers, under command of the Major Gibson, have surrendered and are now imprisoned in a POW camp. Death is imminent: the Japanese, in this movie, don't believe in capitulation and see the prisoners as lower than dogs.

Gibson struggles nobly to give his

# E ACTION

boys hope, telling them tales of the lovely woman he worships from afar, widow Margaret Utinsky (Connie Nielsen). The romance is a weak addition: Margaret Utinsky was a Lithuanian whose brave actions in the Philippine Resistance—she smuggled quinine to American POWs—earned her awards and the gratitude of thousands. In the film, she's merely lovesick, pining away after her Daniel.

Meanwhile, the 6th Ranger Battalion, led by Colonel Henry Mucci (Benjamin Bratt, who apparently equates acting with varying degrees of pensive pipe-smoking) plans a rescue. It's a daring plot, devised by the dashing military genius Captain Bob Prince (James Franco). What the strategy entails, though, remains completely unexplained, beyond a

few shots of a block and arrow-covered map.

JUST WHAT THE HECK is going on is secondary to The Great Raid's wild attempts to show how noble everyone is. Gibson suffers stoically, dreaming of his love, (who, the film is quick to announce, he wouldn't hook up with because she was married). And these people have faith, dammit; The Great Raid never lets you forget it, bringing it up at every possible moment. "You have to believe i something bigger than yourself," sa a Catholic priest (Craig McLachlan) serving on Margaret's Resistance team. Back in the battalion, crosses abound and one recruit (Mark Consuelos) passes over his most prized possession, a card painted with the Virgin Mary, to comfort a terrified colleague (Kenny Doughty)

Although movies about war can be annoyingly prone to nationalism, they can still tell wonderful stories about the tenacity of the human spirit. The real-life story behind The Great Raid is striking, with a small battalion traveling into enemy territory to rescue 500 POWs. Sadly, with all of its jingoism and demonization of the Japanese, the film misses the point entirely.

THE GREAT RAID

Directed by John Dahl • Written by Corlo

Bernard and Doug Miro • Starring Joseph

Fiennes, Benjamin Bratt, James France
and Connie Nielsen • Opens Fri, Aug 12

42

EEKLY



# dining away

ennifer Yorke exposes
ne futility of pursuing an nattainable ideal in combshell

## BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

From the time women are girls, they are surfrounded with the expectations that they should, could and would do it all: they ould be thin, blonde, professionally successful, have egalitarian marriages, brilliant children, and, of course, they would be perpetually seductive. Then, somewhere along the way reality hits home. Most women don't reach these goals, and despite numerous accomplishments they still feel like they have failed to live up to expectations.

That's exactly what happened to Yorke; although a successful artist and teacher, she always finds that there is just one more goal she should be striving for. "I should be teaching more. I should be showing more. My thighs are too big," she lists off quietly. "And like most women, I am in a constant struggle

to keep up to all of these standards." After years of futile effort, 32-year-old Yorke realized that the goals set up for and by women are unattainable. "You present yourself as a successful, blonde, pearl-wearing career woman even if you are not naturally blonde, your pearls are fake and would rather be with your family," she explains.

Yorke has now put these observations onto paper in a hypnotic installation of prints entitled Bombshell, but the realizations that galvanized the show took a long time to gel. She began to observe the heartbreaking phenomenon of frustrating ideals when she was still a young, aspiring dancer—a path she diverged from after damaging her knees. "I was trying

to live out this idea that my body was not able to achieve," Yorke explains. But that was not the end of

hopeless quests—as Yorke resigned herself to the notion that she would never dance professionally, she was still faced with the idea that 'you have to be professionally successful or you are not worth while.' She strove valiantly to achieve professional success as an artist, to be respected in her community, to have economic stability. And she won: Yorke obtained a permanent position as a professor in printmaking. However, her husband had to move to Chicago, and she had to follow—or lose her happy marriage.

"There was a lot of tongue clicking about that," she recalls. "You shouldn't do that, leave a job as a professor at a university to get married." Still, Yorke left and even began to teach as a sessional instructor in Chicago, but with that change, the whole perception of who she was professionally diminished. "I teach my classes in the same way, but my time is less valuable, and my input is less valuable."

As Yorke began looking at how she measured success, she realized that she was not the

only one, and that most of the women she knew were striving to fulfill societal expectations that were frequently elusive and contradictory. That's when she decided to depict this quandary in the most dramatic way she could—through her art.

warm and enticing as a nest by printing wallsized images of hair on delicate sheets of paper and hanging them so they fill the small space of the gallery. The paper gently undulates in the breeze of your steps, turning it into a kind of oasis of beauty and calm. But, as you stay in the room a funny thing happens: The blonde hair begins to feel claustrophobic; the strands begin

to seem like jail bars. Yorke likens this to all the ideals we try to achieve, they may be desirable and enticing in the-

ory, but once you get there, they can suffocate.

"If those ideals weren't appealing, nobody would attempt to achieve them," explains Yorke, adding that the draw of the quest is almost irresistible, and the falseness is not easily detectible. We have all heard about those mythical women who have done it all. The fact that they may not actually exist is not easy to discern—after all, the public mask of the professional, happily married, seductive woman with successful children is hard to take off. "You present yourself in a way that's not true to your private experience," says Yorke as she dares to take off her own mask and reveal her vulnerabilities. That's something she decided to do after years of trial and frustration. "It came as a shock to me that I couldn't have all of these things," she explains and adds, still a little hesitantly. "Maybe nobody can." O

BOMBSHELL

By Jennifer Yorke • SNAP Gallery • 10309 97 St • To Sept 3

# Company of the same

Continued from page 38

Jesus's face over and over. Nothing done to contextualize individual ones, nothing to streamline events to a more palatable narrative with idicators of setting, time lapses or vels of importance.

And there is no attempt to create aspense, to distract us from the nevitability of this most familiar of ones. Like a sermon delivered by a lice with limited powers of inflecton, this paring down of all divert-

Continued from previous page

7 an old show beloved by millions.

THE CREAME DRIVING thus madinine

".e chemistry between Bo and

Jke Duke, Seann William Scott and

Fig. Edinny Knoxville That

"Bastis isn't deep, but it's as

. 32 as the moonshine molotovs

. " . . . they are two good old

starill runkies, hometown

. I ar tilgger festfighters with

e guts than brains. "Cousins clos-

than brothers," as Texas guitar leg-

Junior Brown narrates, Luke's the

:nsible one" only in comparison to

r near-feral cousin—Scott's got real

ger in his eyes. Yeah, they're

·z--brave, but it's not because

'y re stupid—it's because they're

nners. They're afraid of nothing

cause they never lose; they don't

Lie United to Harrand

ing elements can and does result in a certain emotional and visual monotone to be sure, but *The Gospel's* power rests precisely in this sort of persistence, in presenting us with a very broad canvas and slowly panning across it. Haunted faces and spectral silhouettes flash before us and linger long afterward. You think you need to be patient, that you need to penetrate the images, but in the end the images have penetrated you without your conscious intervention.

You can't really call it entertainment, but I think you can safely claim that The Gospel of Saint Matthew, especially if seen in a theatre, can make for some sort of religious experience. It certainly does imply that, in his own idiosyncratic, critically detached way, Pasolini was a true believer. •

# THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW

Written and directed by Pier Paolo
Pasolini • Starring Enrique Irazoqui,
Margherita Caruso, Susanna Pasolini
and Marcello Morante • Zeidler Hall,
The Citadel • Sat, Aug 13 (2 pm) •
Metro Cinema • 425-9212

Duke Boys live in an '80s actionadventure universe where everything

always works out in the end. There are slack moments, places where you're going to get impatient for more action, more hootin' and hollerin', but they're tolerable. Worse is any scene featuring Jessica Simpson. If anything comes close to wrecking this movie it's that vapid, pneumatic, mannish nobody. I'm no Dukes purist-I mean, why would I care?—so the whole "Daisy's gotta be brunette" doesn't enter into this. It's not about Daisy needing to have brown hair, it's about a performer in a film being able to speak and move like something other than a confused fuckdroid prototype whose voice module was programmed by an ESL student in a Houston primary school. Her distract-the-cops-with-ass routine is old the first time, let alone the fourth; I almost felt like cheering

when her silicone siren's song finally failed her.

With great chase photography that lovingly rebuilds the legend of the second-greatest fictional ride of all time (face it, KITT's "super pursuit mode" is gonna leave any stock iron in a swirl of late-summer Georgia leaves), and a cast that's having an infectiously fun time, The Dukes of Hazzard makes for an above-average action comedy leaves you wanting a sequel or three. Just make sure you run out of the theatre as soon as the outtakes end, because Simpson's rendition of "These Boots Were Made For Walking" is so bad it can cause irreversible genetic damage.

# THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

Directed by Jay Chandrasekhar • Written by Gy Waldron and John O'Brian • Starring Johnny Knoxville, Sean William Scott, Jessica Simpson, Willie Nelson and Burt Reynolds • Now playing

# ARTS WEEKIN

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to Glenys at listings@vue-weekly.com
Deadline is Friday at 3pm

# GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186-106 St (488-6611) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-Spm (closed all hols) • Main Gallery: • HISTORY IN THE MAKING: until Aug. 31 • Discovery Gallery: Fine Legs, Great Chests, Hot SeatS: Works by NAITs Advanced Wood Working and Design Graduates; Until Aug. 27 • Retrospective: Quilts by Betty Louden; Until Aug. 27

ART BEAT GALLERY 26 St. Anne Street St. Albert (459-3679) • Open Tue, Wed & Fri (10am-6pm), Thu (10am-8pm), Sat (10am-5pm) • Min Ma and Bi Yan Cheng acrylic paintings • Through Aug. 31

ART MODE GALLERY 12220-Jasper Ave.

(453-1555) • Open Tue-Sun • Featured works
from whimsical painters Robert Ray and Andres
Veeran. New to the gallery: painters Louis
Hughes, Yvon Breton and Andries Veerman.
Several new works from glass artist loan
Nemtoi and sculptor Joel Prevost.

BEARCLAW GALLERY 10403-124 St (482-1204) • Artworks by Norval Morrisseau, Daphne Odjig, Roy Thomas, Jane Ash Poitras, George Littlechild, Joane Cardinal-Schubert, Jim Logan, Maxine Noel, Aaron Paquette and others

BRUCE PEEL SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
LIBRARY U of A Campus (492.7929) • Open:
Mon-Fri 12-4:30pm •

9621-82 Ave (439-8210) • Open: Mon-Fri 11am-Spm • 2005 Summer Drawing Show: Drawings by Christi Bergstrom • Until Sept. 1

Plain (963-2777) • Open Mon-Sat (10am-4pm), Sun (10am-6:30pm) • ALBERTA LAND-SCAPES: a personal tribute to Alberta's Centennial by Shiriy Stewart • Until Sept. 8

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon • 5TH ALBERTA BIEN- NIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART: Until Sept. 4 •
THE ROAD: CONSTRUCTING THE ALASKA HIGH-WAY: until Oct. 2 • POPULACE AND PLACE: Until Aug. 21 • Children's Gallery: TIR-NA-NOG (FOR-EVER YOUNG): By Spider Yardley-Jones • \$9 (adult)/\$6 (student/senior)/\$3 (child 6-12)/free (member/child 5 and under)

Plain Rd (482-1402) • Open Tue by appt. only Wed-Fri 10am-5:30pm, Sat 10am-4pm, closed long weekends • COLLECTION 2005: Rotating show of artists works

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) 
Open: Mon-Wed, Sat 10am-6pm, Thu-Fri
10am-9pm, Sun 12-5pm • Eskimo soapstone
carvings, Inuk by C. Inukpuk, Eskimo and
Indian silver and gold jewelry by J. McDougall

GARDEN GALLERY 11125-85 Ave. •

MOMENTS IN CLAY: New art by Knsten Zuk •

Aug. 13 (2-9pm)

• Open Mon-Fri 10am-Spm; Sat 12-4pm • SATIN CAST: portraits of fellow artists by Carolyn Campbell • ODDity: paper and silver works by Marcy Adzich • Until Aug. 20 Mon. Fri. (10am-Spm)

Open Mon-Fri 9am-5:00pm, Sat 10am-5pm \*
Dave Ripley, Kerry Milligan, Kathy Henderson
Myrle Steen, Kenneth Gordon, Linda Nelson,
Myrna Wilkinson, Agate Paintings and Pendants
by Joyce Boyer & Pottery by Helena Ball \*
Through Aug.

Open Tue-Fri 9:30am-5:30pm; Sat 9:30am-4pm • Prints by Myles MacDonald, Yardley Jones, Original Works by Wendy Risdale, Enamel Works by Enore Forestal, Pottery by Noburo Kubo • Through Aug.

GROVE 455 King Street, Spruce Grove • HIGH-LIGHTS: A vibrant show of colour by Marilyn St Germaine • Until Aug. 27

MCMULLEN GALLERY U of A Hospital, 8440 112 St (407-7152) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-8pm

SEE NEXT PAGE

VUEWEKLY



# Continued from page 47

Sat-Sun 1-8pm • NOT JUST CHICKENS: An interpretation of Alberta's diverse landscapes through various mediums including oil, pastel, charcoal, bronze, and wood by various artists. • Until Sept. 11

MAURITH CHARLES CHARLES PLEATING AUXIL GALLERY 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777) Open Mon-Sat (10am-4pm), Sun (10am-6:30pm) • URBAN LANDSCAPES: oil and watercolour paintings by Cesar Alvarez; Until Aug. 31 • THE LIFE IN YELLOW AND BLUE:Artifacts, photographs, and information on the history and involvement of the Canadian Ski Patrol System (C.S.P.S.); Until Aug. 31; Grand opening Aug. 13 (1-4pm)

**MUTTART CONSERVATORY 9626-96A St. •** Weekdays (9am-5:30pm); Weekends/Holidays (11am-5:30pm) • CULTIVATED CHAOS: A vibrant and creative display of natural and man made art • Until Aug. 26

MINA HACCERTY CENTRE FOR THE ARTS Stollery Gallery, 9702-111 Ave (474-7611) • Open: Mon-Fri 10am-2:30pm • L'ECLECTICA!: New artworks by artists from the Nina Haggerty Studio Collective • Until Aug. 26

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19 Perron Street, St. Albert (460-4310) • DRESS CODE: featuring works by Elizabeth Clark • Tue-Sat (10am-5pm), Thu (10am-8pm) • Through Sept. 3

PROPAGANDA 10808-124 St. • Mon. (9am-5pm), Tue.-Fri. (9am-8pm), Sat. (9am-4pm) • A Family Story: New paintings by Saskia Aarts • Runs through Aug.

**PYGMALIAN SCHOOL OF FINE ART #12, 44** St. Thomas St, St. Albert (460-1677) • THE DIRECTOR'S CUT - A TRIBUTE TO VAN GOGH: Dixie R. Orriss shows her latest works • Runs until Sept. 4

MEYROUDE AUSERIA MUSEUM Wetaskiwin (1-800-661-4726) • LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOTORCYCLE: Featuring the origins of the motorcycle • Until Sept. 17, 2006

ROWLES & COMPANY LTD. Mezz Level, 10130-103 St. (426-4035) • Open Mon-Fri 9am -5pm, sat 12-5 (www.rowles.ab.ca) • Features over 100 Western Canadian artists in all medium, from watercolour, oil acrylic ,sculptures in bronze, soapstone and metal, glass work and ceramics. • Alternate spaces: WESTIN

HOTEL: acrylics by Kathryn Sherman; SCOTIA PLACE: watercolours and acrylics by Frances Alty-Arscott; SUN LIFE PLACE: oils by George Schwindt and acrylics by Bi Y Cheng • All shows ongoing

THE ROYAL ALBERTA MUSTILLA 12843 102 Ave (453-9100) • Open Mon-Sun 9am-5pm • FROM HOOF PRINTS TO TANK TRACKS: The South Alberta Light Horse Regiment's role during the first and second World Wars; until Sept. 18 • ALBERTA CELEBRATES • TERRACE: ALBERTA **CENTENNIAL SCULPTURE EXHIBITION:** Sculptures by Andrew French, Ryan McCourt, Rob Willms; until Sept. 25

SCOTT GALLERY 10411-124 St (488-3619) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm • Summer works show of gallery artists such as Douglas Haynes, Cynthia Gardiner, Noni Boyle, Tom Willock and more • Until Aug. 31

**SNAP GALLERY** 10309-97 St (423-1492) • Open Tue-Sat (12-5pm) • BOMBSHELL: featuring works by Jennifer Yorke • Until Sept. 3

THE STUDIO GALLERY 143 Grandin Park Plaza St. Albert (460-5990) • Tue-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-4pm • WIDE OPEN SPACES: RURAL LANDSCAPES: Landscapes painted by by Bruce Thompson • Until Aug. 26

VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl, Harcourt House, 10215-112 St (421-1731) • ALBERTA COMMU-NITY ART CLUBS ASSOCIATION: featuring paintings from the 2005 Provincial Award Winners • Until Aug. 20

**VANDERLEELIE GALLERY 10183-112 St.** (452-0286) • Group show featuring works by Brent McIntosh, James Lahey, Isa Burns, Robert Chritie, Greg Hardy and Ken Macklin • Until Aug. 18

WALTER PHILIPS GALLERY Banff . CAMP-SITES: Investigates community, environment, recreation and the idea of home • Until Aug. 21 Tue-Sun (12-5pm), Thu (12-9pm)

WORKS GALLERY Commerce Place, 10155-102 St (426-2122) • THROUGH ALBERTA EYES: Photographs by Orest Semchishen, curated by Gordon Snyder • Until Sept. 16

# LITERARY

NAKED CYBER CAFÉ 10354 Jasper Ave • Music, poetry, and performance art open stage hosted by the Naked Eclectic Electric Orchestra • Every Thu (8pm)

# LIVE COMEDY

BLUE CHICAGO 14203 Stony Plain Rd (451-1402) • Comedy open mic hosted by Kathleen McGee • Every Mon (9pm) • Free

THE COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway Boulevard (469-4999) • Thu 8:30pm, Fri (8:30pm), Sat (8&10:30pm) • Tim Koslo; Aug

THE COMIC STRIP 1646 Bourbon St, WEM, 8882-170 St (483-5999) • Show times nightly at 8pm; weekends 8pm and 10:30pm • Aries Spears, star of Mad TV; Aug. 11-14 • Silly Sundays for Kids; Sun, Aug. 14 (12-1:45pm) • Get hypnotized; Tue, Aug. 16 • Improv Extravaganza with Skit for Brains; Wed, Aug. 17

**WUNDERBAR HOFBRAUHAUS** 8120 101 St (436-2286) • The Lederhoosers Super Comedy Dryhump • Every Fri (8:30pm) • Free

YUK YUK'S KOMEDY KABARET Londonderry Mall (481-9857) • Thu-Fri (8pm) Sat (8pm and 10:30pm) • Check out Pro-Am Comedy Jam on Thursdays • Bob Chomyn, Allyson Smith & Ken Valgardson Aug. 12-13

# THEATRE

A CLOSER WALK WITH PATSY CLINE Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) • A musical biography of the legendary country star, from her days as a teenage honkytonk singer to her triumphant appearances at the Grand Ole Opry • Until Sept. 5

BEARING WITNESS Timms Centre, U of A campus (420-1757) • Written by Twilla and Mark Welch, and mental health nurse and a nursing professor. The play reflects the Welch's experience with trauma survivors, and revolves around the parallel stories of a man tortured for his political beliefs and a younger woman who remembers her sexual abuse. (not suitable for all audiences) • Sept. 10 and 14-17 (7:30pm) • \$20 reg, \$10 student

RANCHERS AND RUSTLERS Jubilations Dinner Theatre West Edmonton Mall, Phase III, upper level, #2253, 8882-170 St. (484-2424) • There's trouble at the Circle M Ranch! Over 150 head of cattle have dissapeared and two payrolls have been stolen! Enjoy a 3 act live Musical Comedy and delicious 4 course meal • \$35.25 • Until Aug. 14

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to Glenys at listings@vueweekly.com Deadline is Friday at 3pm

# CLUBS/LECTURES

BOREAL ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISM 7, 6328A-104 St; every Thu (6:30-8:30) • Organic Roots, 8225-122 St • Every third Thu (6:30pm)

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF PREFESSIONAL SPEAKERS (CAPS) PREOFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT MEETING Lister Hall, Comer of 87 Ave. and 116 St. • Free for members; \$35 for non members; \$4 for parking • Aug. 13 (8:30am-12pm)

LAUGH WITH ME (457-5601) everyonelaughwithme@yahoo.ca · Montreal's Laughter Lady is now here to offer her chuckles to Edmontonian's. Learn how to stress a little less, reduce anxiety, decrease insomnia, lighten that heavy hum drum feeling and meet new faces using Tamra's R.E.D. program. • Until Sept. 4

### LIVING FOSTINE

www.edmlivingpositive.ca (1-877-975-9448/488-5768) • Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society • Every Tue (7pm): Peerfacilitated support groups • Daily drop-in, peer counselling

MEDITATION Garneau United Place, 11148-84 Ave (412-1006) Drop-in meditation with with Gen Kelsang Phuntsog; every Thu (7-9pm); \$10 (donation) • Diamond Way Buddhist Centre, 4th Fl, 10314 Whyte Ave (455-5488) free meditations every Wed (8pm) • City Arts Centre, 10943-84 Ave; The Way of Life meditation; last Tue each month (7pm door) • Transmission Meditation, Stillpoint Healing Centre, 10350-124 St (433-3342) every Tue, Thu, Sun (8-9:30pm); free

TOASTMASTERS St. Paul's Church, 4005-115 Ave (476-6963) • Learn public speaking; every Thu (7-9pm) • Baker Centre,

10th Fl, 10025-106 St (477-2613) Upw Bound Toastmasters; every Wed (7pm) University of Alberta, Business 1-23 (45, 0910) Business and Beyond Toastmaster Club, practice and enhance your skills, et al Monday (6:30 pm)

# QUEERILISTING

AGAPE Faculty of Education, U of A Campus • Sex, sexual, gender differences in education and culture focus group • Contact Dr. Andre Grace (andre.grace) berta.ca) for info

AXIOS (454-8449) • A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians

BISEXUAL WOMEN'S COFFEE GROUP bwcoffeegroup@yahoo.ca • Social group for bi-curious and bisexual women • Se on t Wed. each month (7:30pm)

BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 9 (423-5014) • Large tavern with pool - . (\*) restaurant, shows. Members only

BUDDYS NITE CLUB 11725 Jasper Cas (488-6636) • Open daily 9-3, Fri 8pm • Mon: Amateur strip (12:30); DI Alvaro Ashley Love . Tue: retro, top 40 w tr 1 Arrowchaser, malebox night, free po Wed: DJ Eddy Toonflash; Drag shows (12:30) • Thu: Wet undies contest (12:30) w/Connie Lingua and DJ Squiggles • Fil Dance party with DJ Aivaro • Sat DJ Arrowchaser, pool tournament • Sex Sundays with DJ Eddy Toonflash all request dance party

DOWN UNDER 12224 Jasper Ave (482 7960) • Steambath

EDMONTON RAINBOW BUSINESS ASSOCIATION (422-6207) . An organization for gay men and lesbians in business and their non-gay friends to share

SEE NEXT PAGE



BY ROB BREZSNY



You wouldn't plant a rosebush in a spot where a geyser erupts periodically, would you? You wouldn't build a romantic hideaway on the bank of a river that floods every year, right? So please say you won't be careless as you track down the best place to express your love and fertility in the future. Swear to me that you'll research the possibilities with forethought and a passion for detail.



Apr 20 - May 20

About every 90 seconds, there's an earthquake somewhere on the planet. Most are very small and aren't felt by normal human beings. But I predict that in the coming days you may actually be aware of those subtle tremors arising from deep in the planet—just as I expect you'll be highly attuned to every little change in the weather and each minute shift in the emotional atmosphere of your immediate environments. In fact, Taurus, you may soon be more sensitive than you've been in years. You'll probably also be impressionable, perceptive, empathetic, and even psychic.

12 y 21 - June 29

The average major league baseball game lasts nearly three hours, but the time when the ball is actually in play is only about 10 minutes. In other words, there's a lot of waiting around between brief flurries of activity. Sound familiar, Gemini? From what I can tell, your life recently has had a lot of prolonged stretches when nothing much of interest or importance has happened. I bet that will soon change, though. According to my reading of the astrological omens, the action is about to heat up. Get ready to score in double figures.



After mating for the first and only time, a young queen ant burrows underground, where she lays about 20 eggs a day for 10

years. Sometimes you remind me of her, Cancerian—lately, for instance. You have been animated by an almost insatiable drive to create. You've been spinning out little miracles and making everything fresh again and again and again. The astrological omens say you'll need to take a break soon. Do this under your own power, please, so

that fate doesn't have to force you to do it.



July 28 - Aug 22

"Dear Dr. Brezsny: I was wondering if you had any information about Beyonders, people who were born under no star and who are therefore not ruled by the stars. -Leo Goddess, a.k.a. Wannabe Beyonder" Dear Wannabe: It's impossible to be born under no star. However, it's true that periodically we all go through periods when we're relatively free from the authority of the stars we were born under. During these times, we're less susceptible to the whims of fate and the demands of the past and the compulsions of karma. Our willpower has more breathing room. It happens to be one of those phases for you Leos right now. At least temporarily, you're like a Beyonder.



Aug 28 - Sept 22

Writing in the New York Times, Nicholas Kristof reported that the media has been as guilty of ignoring the ongoing genocide in Darfur as the Bush administration has been. In June, he said, the main TV news programs collectively ran 55 times more stories about the Michael Jackson trial than they did about East Africa's crisis. CBS gave three minutes of coverage to Darfur in all of 2004, and NBC five minutes. As soon as you finish reading this horoscope, Virgo, I hope you will take aggressive action to avoid falling victim to equally misplaced priorities in your personal life. Don't you dare let trivial spectacles divert you from healing the sorest spot in your world.



Sept 28 - Oct 22

This week's new word, class, is bravura. Derived from an old Italian word for "bold," it has two meanings: (1) skill and brilliance exhibited in a performance or task; (2) a display of incredible daring. In the coming week, I urge you to write "I have bravura" on your palm, on your mirror, and anywhere else your eyes frequently gaze upon. If you keep reminding yourself that you now have the capacity to pull off acts of bravura, you will in fact pull them off.



Oct 23 - Nov 21

It's unlikely that you or I or anyone we know will become famous enough to earn a mention in the historical records of the future. The odds are probably 10 million to 1. But if you do manage to make such a prominent name for yourself that our descendants will be able to read about your exploits and contributions, it could very well be because of events you set in motion during the next six weeks. The possibility that you will make a mark on eternity is as great as it has ever been.



There's a three-mile stretch of Interstate 880 south of Oakland, California that I call the Singing Highway. For reasons I don't understand, it generates low humming melodies every time I drive over it, similar to the guttural chants of Tibetan monks. Sometimes I swear I can even hear lyrics. Today, for example, I was driving to the airport. My mind turned to you, my Sagittarian readers. Yours was the only horoscope I had left to write for this week, and to pass the time I thought I'd scavenge around for fresh intuitions. Just then I reached the Singing Highway, and I swear I began hearing the same lyric repeating over and over again: "a shortcut to the path with heart / a shortcut to the path with heart / a shortcut to the path with heart." Coincidence? I don't think so.



Of all the animals in the world, the fly is the most unloved. It annoys us with its zigzag buzzing. When it lands in our food, we lose our appetite, knowing it carries residues of the disgusting things it has preyed on. But in the creation story of the Chelan Indians, the fly is given a heroic role to play because of its speed. In modern parlance, people say they'd like to be a fly on the wall in a place where an interesting conversation takes place. And the ancient Roman poet Virgil had a pet fly that saved him a fortune When the fly died, he gave it a large funeral and declared its final resting place a cemetery, thereby avoiding a sizable land tax through a legal loophole. In the coming weeks, Capricorn, I predict you will find similar redemption in an influence you have always regarded as comparable to the fly's



When rock star Courtney Love asked me for advice about her relationship with rock star Trent Reznor a few years ago, I told her the same thing I'll tell you now: Empty your brain of everything you think you know about the person who both excites you and drives you crazy. Drop all of your fantasies and projections and expectations. As soon as you do, you will clearly see that person is not a diabolical angel whose main task in life is to rouse your obsessive thoughts, but rather a flawed human being who has only a partial resemblance to what you imagine him or her to be. When you achieve that enlightened state, then and only then will there be even a shred of hope that you two can have an authentil vital, mutually enriching relationship



Feb 18 - 18 = 21

According to my analysis of the astrological cal omens, Pisces, the week ahead will be overflowing with paradox. Lucky danger may be headed your way, or a risky opportunity that will feel like an ordeal even as it brings out the best in you. I also wouldn't be surprised if you had encounters with benevolent trouble, exacting love, and weighty silliness. To thrive in the midst of these rich anomalies, you should suspend any prejudices you might have againg puzzling evidence. Don't just tolerate the contradictions—love them. O

Continued from previous page

usiness knowledge, learn, make friends id network in a positive, proud space here being yourself is the norm

W NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 5, 10550-102 St (488-5742) • Programs d support services for people affected and ected by HIV/AIDS and related illnesses. unselling, referrals, support groups, harm duction, education, advocacy and public reness campaigns

ISIDE/OUT U of A Campus . Campussed proanization for lesbian, gay, bisexual, ans-identified and queer (LGBTQ) faculty, aduate student, academic, straight allies ad support staff . Third Thu each month Wwinter terms): Speakers Series. Contact is (kwells@ualberta.ca) or Marjorie (mwonam@ualberta.ca) for schedule

MADELEINE SANAM FOUNDATION sculté St. Jean, 8406 Marie-Anne Gaboury 91 St) Rm 3-18 (490-7332) • Program for V-AIDS prevention, treatment and harm duction in French, English and other frican languages • Every 3rd and 4th Sat 5m-5pm) • Free (member)/\$10 (memberthip) • Pre-register

MAKING WAVES SWIMMING CLUB w.geocities.com/makingwaves\_edm • creational and competitive swimming

with coaching, beginners encouraged to participate. Socializing after practices • Every Tue and Thu

MEN TALKING WITH PRIDE Pride Centre, 10010-109 St (488-3234) • Every Sun (7pm): A safe, supportive, confidential discussion group talking about all gay related issues, for men at any stage of coming out . Free • talkingwithpride@hotmail.com

PFLAG Pride Centre, 10010-109 St (462-5958) . Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals/transgenders

PRISM BAR AND GRILL 10524-101 St, back entrance (990-0038) . Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

THE ROOST 10345-104 St (426-3150) • Open Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fri-Sat 8pm-4am • Wed: Amateur strip with Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky, DJ Alvaro . Thu: Rotating shows: Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy • Fri: Upstairs: Euro Blitz: New European music with DJ Outtawak Downstairs: DJ Jazzy • Sat: Every Sat like new years: Upstairs: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy Downstairs: New music with DJ Dan and Mike . Long weekend Sundays: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show: Every long weekend with DJ Jazzy • Tue-Thu \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member); Fri-Sat \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member); Sun \$2

STEAMWORKS 11745 Jasper Ave (451-5554) • Steam baths open daily (24hrs)

WOODYS 11723 Jasper Ave (488-6557) • Open Daily (noon) • Sat-Wed: Karaoke with Annie and Tizzy (7-12pm) • Tue, Sat-Sun: Pool tournaments

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH Pride Centre 10010-109 St, www.members.shaw.ca/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • An adult facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, and straight youth under the age of 25

# SPECIAL EVENTS

**CBI HEALTH NATIONAL FOOD DRIVE** #608 Westmount Cenre, 111 Ave and Groat Road (423-2944) • Also at Burnwood Physiotherapy, 3420-43 Ave. (463-5757) • Raising food, funds and awareness for hunger. • Until Aug. 18

**EDMONTON GHOST TOURS** Rescuer Statue, Walterdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (469-3187) . A walking tour through Old Strathcona • Until Aug. 17, Mon-Thu. (9pm) • \$5

**EDMONTON TRANSIT SYSTEM HISTORI-**CAL BUS TOURS City Hall, North Entrance • Tour the city aboard a vintage 1958 bus • \$4 per person available through TIX on the Square • Tue and Thu, (1:30pm) and (7pm) Until Aug 18

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**GHOST ROCK MEN'S GATHERING 60** mile West of Edmonton (921-3980/477-2057) . An opportunity for men to come together to share experience and fun on a journey of discovery and healing. Includes sharing/healing circle, camping, and more . Aug. 19-21

LABOUR HISTORY DAY Edmonton Room, Milner Library, 100 St. & 102 Ave. • Labour History Day opening with free lunch and coffee (12pm), Official greetings, presentations by local unions, coffee, presentations, and Telecom Workers update (1-5pm) • Aug.13

THE LANDING PAD OPEN HOUSE #201, 10923 101 St. (424-1573) • Join Mile Zero Dance as they celebrate the grand opening of their new studio • Sept 10 (1-4pm)

LEDUC DISCOVERY DAYS 2km South of Devon, Intersection Hwy. 19 & Hwy. 60, in the Southeast corner (987-4323) • Food, Families, Fun. Operating Rigs, Bluegrass Music, Jamboree, Centennial Celebration • Aug. 13-14; Sat. (9am-11pm), Sun. (12-5pm) • \$5 per car

THE LIFE IN YELLOW AND BLUE Multicultural Heritage Centre, 5411-51 St. Stony Plain • Welcoming remarks by Margit Knupp, Exhibit opening by Her Honourable

Donna Cowan and Her Honourable Phyllis Kobasiuk (1pm) • First Aid Demonstrations, simulations, interactive events (1:30-3:30pm) • Ribbon Cutting by His Honourable Stephen Mandell (3:30pm) • Aug. 13

MISSION HILL DAY St. Vital Ave, St. Albert (459-7663) • Return to the roots of St. Albert with programs looking at the people, buildings, and events that shaped the mission • Aug. 14 (12-5pm) • \$1 per person, \$5 per family.

POLE VAULT UP CLOSE AND REAL Sobeys Lakeland Ridge, 100-590 Baseline Rd. • Local female and male athletes pole vault up to five meters, right before your eyes in the parking lot! Includes BBQ, games, and meet and greet. • Aug. 13 (noon-2pm)

SOURDOUGH RIVER FESTIVAL Terwillegar Park and down the North Saskatchewan River to Rafter's Landing (406-0235) • Home crafted rafts race down the river in this annual soaker • Aug. 14 (8am-2pm)

**SUMMER ART VENTURES** Profiles Public Art Gallery, 19 Perron St, St. Albert • WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?: Children start with a life sized drawing of themselves and add details and designs to make their dreams come to life . Aug. 20 (1-4pm) . \$2 per child 6-12 years old

**VOA POTLUCK PICNIC Riverdale Hall** Playgrounds, 9231-100 Ave. • Bring ball gloves, frizzbies, etc. • Aug. 14

If you want to place your Classified ad in Vue Weekly please phone Carol at 426-1996. seadline is noon the Tuesday before publication.

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VUEWEEKLY



AUGUST 11-17, 2005



BY ANDREA NEMERSON

# **Tongues untied**

## Dear Andrea:

Is there any surgery I can get to make my tongue longer, e.g. snipping the bit underneath that seems to hold it in? It would help me and my partner.

Love, Tongue Tied

## Dear Tied:

Funny you should ask. No, I mean that literally—it really is funny, and believe it or not, this happens to be a subject of some personal interest to me.

The "bit underneath," like other bits of webbing distributed randomly about the body, is called the frenulum, in this case, the lingual frenulum. It doesn't so much hold the tongue in as hold it down, although I suppose that's a matter of interpretation. It's not uncommon for a baby to be born with ankyloglossia, or "tongue-tie" (yep, that's the source of the expression), with a frenulum too short, too thick, or extending too far forward to allow the tongue a full range of movement. Minor cases are left alone; more serious ones, which interfere with the baby's ability to suckle, are fixed with surgery. So we know that it's possible to free up some extra tongue with a frenectomy or frenotomy, at least when the frenulum is weird to begin with.

That part of the research was easy. There's far less written about adult, voluntary severing of the frenulum, and some of what there is comes from questionable sources. What I can tell you is that the operation does indeed exist, it's quick and nearly painless, and it's much easier to find a reputable surgeon willing to perform one than it is to get yourself surgically castrated, say, or have a limb removed. There are people out there doing those procedures and more, but you didn't ask about them and I am fine with that.

So, does it work? Will the new, post-surgical you be able to touch your tongue to your nose (or whatever it

can't believe you did it again!" Yep. Her oaf-inflicted injury, acquired some years previously and obviously permanent, was identical to mine. We were the Frenectomy Twins.

ered frenulum, and I cannot perform any extraordinary feats of flexibility or reach with what remains. One assumes that a surgeon, armed with better tools than a dirty rag and rotten aim, would make a deeper, cleaner cut, which (I've heard) might add an inch or so.

I almost hesitate to ask, but why exactly, are you interested in this? There may be some exotic perversion you're longing to try. I hope there is. I can't help thinking, though, of all the guys who go for expensive, invasive penis enlargement when all they really needed was a pep talk, an anatomy book, and lots of practice. I'd be in a better position to judge if I knew what you were trying to reach with your new extendo-tongue and what you wanted to do when you got there.

Love, Andrea 0

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was you had in mind)? Big shrug. Maybe. Dunno. In my limited but very personal experience of frenectomy, the answer is no, but then mine was nei-

ther surgical nor voluntary. Yes, I said what you thought I said. I haven't much frenulum to speak of, and in fact I rarely speak of it at all, except when I'm teaching and someone asks "I've heard there's no such thing as a permanent sex injury, is that true?" Uh, that would be nice, but no. Let's say that long ago you had a couple of playmates, a long-time couple, and you were doing what we will refer to decorously as "rough-housing." Imagine that the male half of said couple thinks it clever to ball up a bandanna and shove it in your mouth as an impromptu ball-gag, but misses, jamming both cloth and fist under your tongue instead of over. Rip, rend, instant frenectomy. Imagine that many epithets are spit in clumsy oaf's direction, along with gouts of blood (mouth injuries being extremely gory). Abject apologies are offered and grudgingly accepted. The evening's festivities end with less of a bang than a whimper. You get the picture. Except, remember how there were two playmates, the oaf and his long-time companion? Well, she was so shocked she was sputtering. It took her a moment to get the words out, but when she did, they were, "I

So there you have it. I have a sev-

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# Continued from previous page

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1-877-446-5877

# for rent

Artist Studios & Storage Space for rent. 200-500 SF. Great Downtown location at the Great West Saddlery Bldg, 10137-104 St. Call Mike 429-4092.

U of A. Bright New 2 Bdrm. basement suite. \$780 + Utilities 11112-75 Ave. 431-2912 or 412-1006

# roomate wanted

ROOM-MATE Wanted 60+ to share 1/2 rent, Apt. next to Southgate & Buses, M or F, Clean, N/Drinker, 989-0405

Fun, big, South East house with 2 rooms avail. Young, fun people only. \$450/mo. incl. util. Close to bus stop (30 min to U of A) Call Cheyenne 974-4863.

# workshops

Intensive movement workshop! Contact Dance Intensive at Mile Zero Dance's new space THE LANDING PAD,

#201, 10923-101St, Aug 13&14 Reg/Info: 424-1573

Manifest Massive Magic Neural Pathway Re-Grooving Telequestlink.com 1-780-795-7310

Want to know more about Stampin' Upl Products, workshops & opportunities? Contact Linda, Stampin' Up Demonstrator at 488-4787

Tranquility meditation with Tibetan nun Ani Kunsang, Wednesdays 7pm (free). 10502 70th Ave. (633-6157) www.karmatashiling.org.

Voice cartoons, write and voice commercials and more. Daily workshops available-auditions to follow www.sharkbytes-studios.com/workshops.htm Call 944-1686

**MEDITATION RETREAT** 

Aug 26-29 at River Lodge in Spruce Grove. Amitabha Kadampa Buddhist Centre. 412-1006 or www.meditationalberta.org

# real estate



Perfect for single professional lifestyle - only \$125,700. Over 1000sq.ft. of newly decorated living space in this 2+2 briam upgraded character home. Forus of double garage, low taxes, central location (2mins. to LRT). Why rent when you can own for less than \$700/mon (oac). CONTACT: RENE BLADON, REMAX RIVER CITY PAGER: 439-7000 • CELL: 984-0096

# FOR SALE NORWOOD 8427-115 Ave.

excellent condition, 2 bedroom bungalow. Hardwood floors, large living room, bedroom and bath in basement. Steel fence. \$118,500.

486-0963, 454-8185

# public notices

# BE IT LEGALLY WITNESSED:

Where as "Spirit of the Rock Ltd." has been incorporated under the laws in the Province of Alberta and is the lawful property, and title of the shareholders of the fore-said Corporation, any use of the name "Spirit of the Rock Ltd." or its' abbreviated form "Sprit of the Rock", or "Spirit Rock" for commercial gain or economic benefit without the expressed written consent of "Spirit of the Rock Ltd.", bears fees and charges of \$20,000 and or

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Concern, communication and complaints regarding the use of the fore-mentioned names can be directed to: Suite 210 10359-82 Ave. Edmonton, AB. T5K 1Z9

# musicians

ix lead singer of tas Vegas Crypt Keepers looking for female players for VOLUME 66. If you like all music, have desire, heart and melody, and want to jam, call me. 485-6069 or 644-0336. Paul

Group of Writers selling Songs. Need female place for studio and gigs. Drums, Bass, skills ... a seeds

Country, Rock, Blues. 20+ years experience. Looking for band. Montil 483-7359

Bassist seeking musicians to Jam with or formal band. Metal, Rock, Funk, Punk. Call Shawn 999-0594 or unk698@yahooga

Bassist needed for Cruise ship coverhand All styles, must sight read, upnight is an asset Contact Avery 919-7528

Reggae Latin Soul singer, songwriter, guitanst seel musicians to form Band. To play immediate shows and Festivals. Auresia 907-3353

Sax player wanted for late 60's early 70's Jazz/Rock band. Call Steve 456-1778

7 string guitarist looking to start serious band. Miss have drive & talent. Females preferred. Call Cam afre 6pm Mon-Fri 418-2610.

# volunteers

OUTGOING and enjoy working with people the learning about science and educating others during and educational volunteer positions @ TELUS World Science. Ph Violet 452-9100.

Bus and Shopping Trips. Volunteers needed to no new immigrants on a short bus trip with a stop its local grocery store. Mornings, weekdays, Appro 24 hours per month. Call Valerie 424-3545

ESL Tutors Needed. Volunteers needed to tead? English to adult immigrants. Daytime, weekdays, for 3 hours once a week. Orientation provided. Call Valerie 424-3545

Volunteers needed in various library locations, Using the library and library materials, help newcomers improve their language skills. Tue. or Thu from 10am-12pm. Call Valerie 424-3545

Big Benefit Show Against Poverty is looking for Bands, Volunteers, and Related Organizations Auresia 907-3353; iondigotracers@hotmail.com

## HELP STOP THE VIOLENCE. Become a RespectED Volunteer Prevention Educate

with the Canadian Red Cross. 10 days of training in Oct. Call 423-2680

Overwhelmed? In a tough spot? Talk to us! No-Fee Walk-In Counselling 482-INFO (4636) Here to listen when life hurts. The Support Network www.thesupportnetwork.com

Volunteer for the YMCA Kids University summer program, (July 4-Aug. 12). Literacy/numeracy. arts/crafts, field trips for inner-city children. Ph 429-5601, chill@edmonton.ymca.ca

Little Moments, Big Magic, Big Brothers Big Sisten Edmonton & Area 424-8181

www.bbbsedmonton.org Commuters Society: volunteer with BikeWorks (lean

about bicycle mechanics), cleaning, organizing etc. http://edmontonbicyclecommuters.ca/

EDMONTON INTERNATIONAL STREET PERFORM ERS FESTIVAL (July 8-17) volunteers to welcome StreetFest, call Linda 425-5162

e-m; volunteer@edmontonstreetfest.com Help immigrant youth improve their math, English

and science skills! Volunteers needed Thu (3/30)

5pm) for intensive work. Ph Suzanne, Edmonton

Mennonite Centre for Newcomers, 423-9677. Volunteer for the New Neighbours Program at

Edmonton Immigrant Services Association. Become friend to a NEW Canadian. Ph Dulari 474-8445

Brain Neurobiology Research Program at Uof A seeds individuals suffering from SEVERE PMS for research study. Ph 407-3775. Reimbursement.

Brain Neurobiology Research Program at U of A seeks



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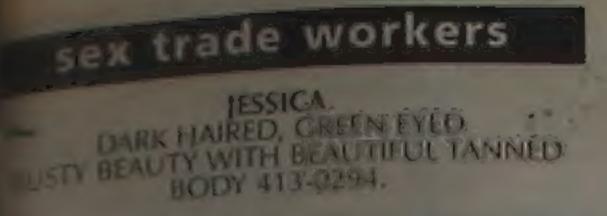
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# adults

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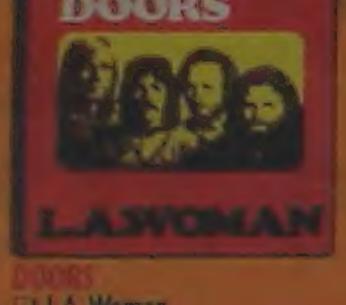
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Greaten Hits Vol. 2

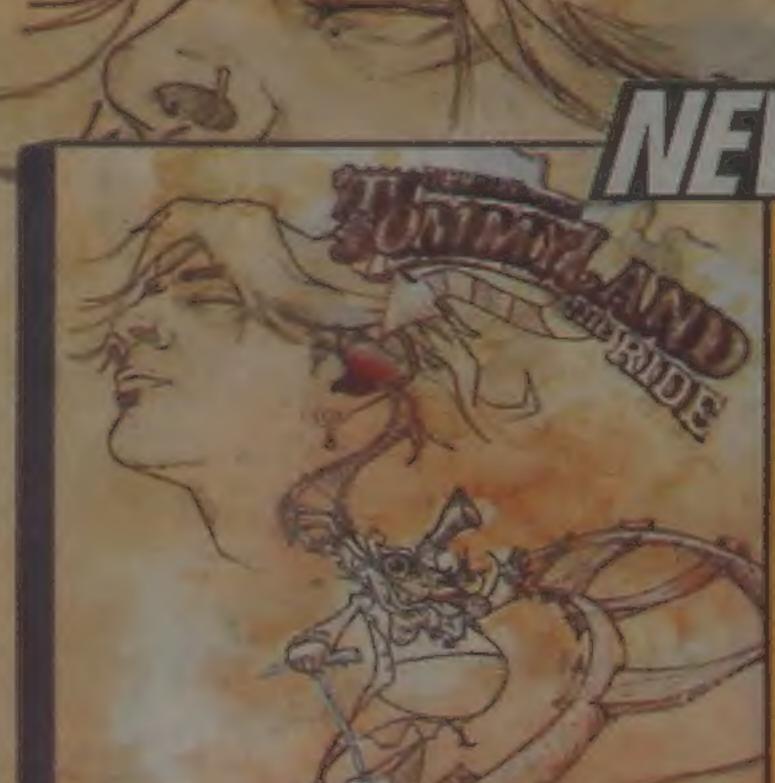


☐ Best Of 1980-1990



□ 1984





TOMMY LEE

Tommyland: The Ride



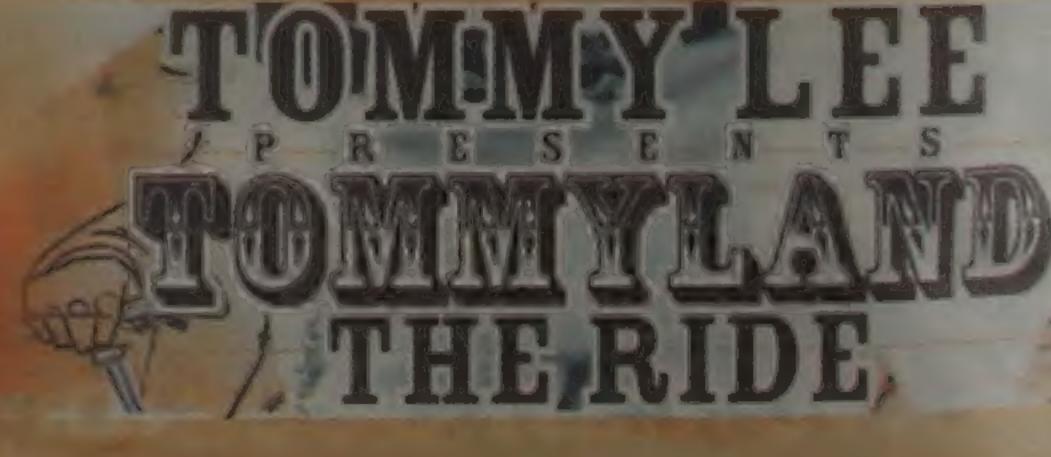


☐ Minorball









Hot off of Motley Crue's reunion tour comes the brand new album from TOMMY LEE! Featuring appearances by Dave Navarro (Jane's Addiction), Deryck Whibley (Sum 41) and more. TOMMYLAND: THE RIDE includes the driving rock single "Tryin' To Be Me" and "Good Times" (the theme to his anticipated reality show "Tommy Goes To College" airing on CTV).

Downtown Edmonton: 10232 106th Street 424-6000 • Edmonton South: 3110 Calgary Trail South 433-6400

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